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THE
LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

Daniell, John

THE
LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT
OF BEMERTON.

"Great Saint! unto thy memory and shrine
I owe all veneration, save Divine."

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

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THE LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

FAMILY OF HERBERT.

THE family of Herbert is said to be descended from Charlemagne, and Hildegardis, daughter of Charlebrand, Duke of Swabia, through Pepin and Bernard, Kings of Italy, and the Herberts, Counts de Vermandois. They were settled in Wales, and possessed of vast heritages, long before history begins. One branch runs up to Henry I., King of England; Herbert Fitzherbert was Chamberlain to Stephen. Peter and Matthew Fitzherbert attested the deed of John's surrender of his kingdom to the Pope. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries this powerful family held estates, not only in Wales, but in eight or ten counties in England.

William Herbert was knighted by Henry V. on the

field of Agincourt. He married Gwladys, daughter of Sir David Gam. Their sons were, I. William ; II. Richard ; III. Thomas.

William Herbert, on succeeding to his father's wealth and power, threw both with vehement enthusiasm into the cause of the White Rose, and was personally engaged in many of the sanguinary conflicts between the Houses of York and Lancaster in the reign of Henry VI. On the triumph of the Yorkists, Edward IV. overwhelmed Sir William Herbert with substantial recognitions of his eminent services, and on May 27, 1469, created him Earl of Pembroke.

A few weeks later, the Earl posted himself on Edgcot Hill, near Banbury, with eighteen thousand Welshmen, to arrest the advance of twenty thousand Lancastrians, but in the heat of the battle Lord Stafford deserted him with his eight hundred archers ; and though the Earl and his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, fought with furious energy, the Welsh troops, suddenly attacked in flank by heavy masses, shouting, "A WARWICK! A WARWICK!" and believing that that fierce warrior himself was leading the charge, fled in irrecoverable rout, leaving on the field five thousand dead. The Earl of Pembroke and his brother were taken prisoners, and by their former friends, Clarence and Warwick, immediately condemned to death.

On receiving sentence the day after the battle, and expecting to be beheaded on the morrow, Lord

Pembroke wrote this hurried letter to his wife, which constituted his will—

"IN NOMINE JESU, AMEN. Item, I to be buried in the Priory of Bergavenny undre charge bytwene my faders tounge and the chancell. And the cost that should have be at Tynterne to be set upon the chancell as my confessor shall say, and you my wife and brother Thomas Herbert. And wyfe, that ye remember your promise to me to take the ordre of wydowhood as ye may be the better maystre of your own to performe my wyll and help my children as I love and trust you. And that c tonne of — (timber) be geven to make the cloystre at Tynterne, and xxl to the Grey Freres where my body shall lygh, and that my body be sent for home in all haste secretly by Mr. Leisone and certain freres with him. To Dr. Leisone ten markes a year to sing for my soule during his life. Item, to two prestes to be found to sing afore the Trinitie at Lanteliowe for my soule, and for all the soules slayn in the feld for two yeres. Item, that my alms howse have as much livelode as shall suffice to find vi power men and one to serve therein. Wyfe, pray for me, and take ye said ordre yt ye promised me as ye had in my lyfe my hert and my love. God have mercy upon me and save you and our children and our lady and all the saints in heven help me to salvation. Amen with my hand the xxvii day of June.

"WILLIAM PEMBROKE."

At his death this mighty noble was found seized of above fifty manors, lordships, hundreds, boroughs, and castles in Wales alone, the very names of which take away an Englishman's breath.

Sir Richard Herbert, second son of Sir William Herbert, who fought with his brother William on that fatal field, was the lineal ancestor of George Herbert of Bemerton.

Of this Sir Richard these records remain:—He was besieging Harlech Castle, one of the strongest

fortresses in Wales, when the commander unexpectedly tendered professions of surrender, on condition that Sir Richard should exercise all his interest with the King, Edward IV., that his life might be spared. The King rejected his suit. Whereupon Herbert requested him to do one of two things—either to restore the Castle into the hands of the enemy, and command one of his best soldiers to capture it; or to take his life in exchange for the commander's. The King now granted him his request, but he gave him no other reward.

Pembroke had apprehended seven brothers in Anglesea, all of whom had been guilty of rapine and murder, and thinking it desirable to root up so wicked a progeny out of the land, he commanded them all to be hanged.

Their mother on her knees besought him to pardon two, or at least one, of her sons, to be a support of her old age, which request his brother, Sir Richard, also supported, but the Earl, in determined anger, declared he could spare none of them, as all seven had been proved to be equally guilty. Then the mother imprecated a solemn curse upon the Earl, saying, "God's mischief fall on thee in the first battle thou shalt make."

After this the Earl, coming to Edgcot Field, and having marshalled his troops, saw his brother, Richard Herbert, standing silent at the head of his men, leaning on his battle-axe, to whom he said—

"*What doth thy great body* (for he was higher by

the head than any man in the army) *apprehend, that thou art so melancholy?*"

Sir Richard replied, "*Brother, I fear lest the mother's curse should fall on thee.*"

Then followed the battle. Richard with his pole-axe had hewed his way twice through the serried columns of the enemy, and had escaped mortal wound, yet he was taken prisoner, and though the Earl, silent about himself, pleaded with all the energies of affectionate eloquence for the life of his brother, they were both executed at Northampton, July 28, A.D. 1469. The Earl was buried in Tintern Abbey under a grand sepulchral shrine, long since destroyed; Sir Richard in Abergavenny Church, where his monument yet remains.

To Richard's son, Sir Richard Herbert, Governor of Montgomery Castle, and Steward of the Marches of York and East Wales, in the reign of Henry VIII., was entrusted the difficult task of repressing the rebellious spirits, disbanded soldiers and outlaws, who had fled in great numbers from England into Wales after the battle of Bosworth. But though by martial law he had power to execute criminals, his mercy and justice could never be impeached. He was buried in Montgomery Church.

His son Edward in early life followed the court, then became a soldier, and led a troop at the battle of St. Quentin under Sir William Herbert (afterwards the first Earl of Pembroke of the second creation, and Lord of Wilton), and made a fortune by his sword.

The hills and woods of Wales were still haunted

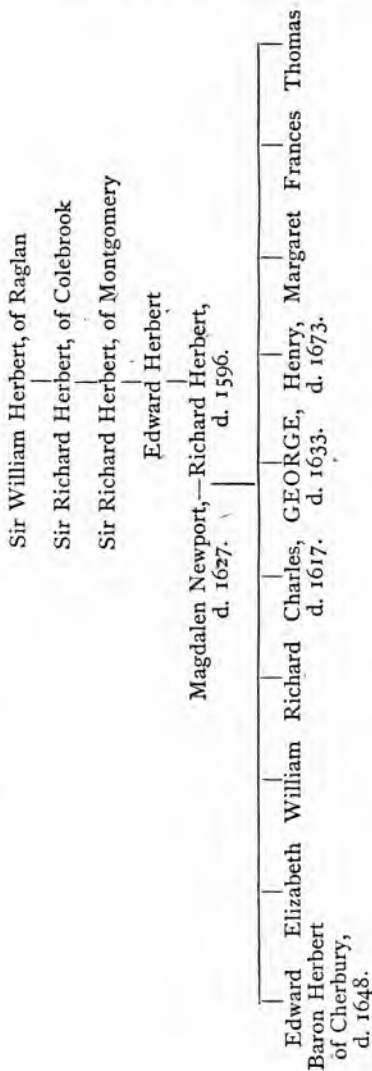
by the fugitives of political commotions, proscribed nobles and gentlemen, who (marked by the significant *legal* brand of an outlaw, "*caput gerit lupinum*," he bears a wolf's head) were, in simple fact, hunted like wolves.

Edward Herbert, in hot pursuit of a body of armed men, was shot at by their leader, and the arrow struck deep into the pommel of his saddle, but dashing through the troop he seized the captain, and then pointed to the arrow. "Ah!" exclaimed the outlaw, "I am sorry I left my best bow at home."

Herbert's power was very great, and he raised his retainers to high estate. His father, Sir Richard Herbert, and himself after him, had lived like petty kings in their embattled mansion of Montgomery Castle; but in later life, and in more peaceable times, when all danger from Welsh forays was past, he built a mansion long and low, and of great extent, at the foot of the Castle Hill, which was called Black Hall. It perished by fire, and its site is barely remembered. Here, for generations, with large families, and a vast array of dependants and servants, the Herberts exercised unbounded hospitality. They kept open house, with tables ever and heavily laden; so that the country people used to cry out whenever they saw game fowl rise, "Ah! fly where thou wilt, thou wilt light at Black Hall."

Edward Herbert died about eighty years of age, and was buried with his fathers, May 20, 1593. To him succeeded the third Richard Herbert, of Montgomery Castle, father of George Herbert.

PEDIGREE OF GEORGE HERBERT.



The arms of the house of Herbert are—Party per pale, azure and gules, three lions rampant, argent. *Crest*—on a wreath, a wyvern with wings elevated, vert, in its mouth a sinister hand, couped at wrist, gules. *Supporters*—dexter, a panther, guardant, argent, spotted of various colours, fire issuant from mouth and ears, gorged, ducal coronet, azure; sinister, a lion rampant argent, gorged, ducal coronet, gules. *Motto*.—"Ung je serviray."

CHAPTER II.

MONTGOMERY CASTLE.

ON the northern brow of a huge mass of sandstone rock, rising abruptly to the height of 150 feet, stand the shattered walls and bastions of the old Castle of Montgomery. Several fortresses have towered above that frowning and commanding eminence. It was seized and fortified in early Norman days as a position of paramount importance, overlooking and overawing all the Welsh Marches from the Severn to the sea.

The last castle was erected by Henry III. in 1221, by masons and excavators from the Forest of Dean. Edward I. greatly increased the extent and the solidity of the fortifications, and thence poured forth his soldiers for the final subjugation of Wales. It was built chiefly of clay slate stone, of which there was a quarry on the neighbouring hill; but the bases and external walls and towers were constructed of the rock on which it stood. It was surrounded by four deep fosses, crossed by drawbridges, and protected by outworks of enormous size and strength.

The fortress was governed by a Constable under the Crown. Mortimer, Earl of March, was in office in 1434. Henry VII. granted the Lordship of Montgomery to Henry Herbert; and, undisturbed in their tenure through many generations, the Herberts came to consider Montgomery Castle a heirdom of their family, and it passed, as a freehold, from father to son.

"GEORGE HERBERT WAS BORN THE THIRD DAY OF APRIL, IN THE YEAR OF OUR REDEMPTION, 1593. THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH WAS NEAR TO THE TOWN OF MONTGOMERY, AND IN THAT CASTLE THAT DID THEN BEAR THE NAME OF THAT TOWN AND COUNTY."

This is Isaac Walton's unhesitating affirmation; and as his opportunities of ascertaining the facts from members and friends of the Herbert family were all-sufficient, and his truthfulness, as far as his knowledge went, unimpeachable, the Church must accept as verities the two averments that—

The place of George Herbert's birth was Montgomery Castle; and that the day of his birth was April 3rd, 1593.

George was the fifth son of Richard and Magdalen Herbert. Their children were, Edward, Elizabeth, William, Richard, Charles, George, Henry, Margaret, Frances, and Thomas; and the question has been raised whether Black Hall, the new house which his grandfather built, was not, rather than Montgomery Castle, George's real birthplace. Indeed, were it not for Walton's unequivocal testimony, we might be

inclined to say that George was not born either in Montgomery Castle, or at Black Hall. For no record of his baptism exists in the registers of Montgomery Church.

Edward, the eldest son, as he himself states, was born at High Ercall, his mother's maiden home in the parish of Eyton, co. Salop, and christened there; and George also, and other of the children might have been christened there, but the Eyton registers fall more than fifty years short of 1593, the date of George's birth. The baptisms of only one daughter and three sons are recorded as having been solemnized in the Parish Church of Montgomery.

ELIZABETH, eldest daughter, baptized 10 Nov., 1583.

WILLIAM, second son, baptized 12 Mar., 1589.

HENRY, sixth son, baptized 7 July, 1594.

THOMAS, seventh son, baptized 15 May, 1597.

There is no record of the baptism of Richard, Charles, George, Margaret, or Frances. There was a Chapel in the new Castle from the time of Edward I., with a bell, a chancel, and all the accessories and ornaments of a high ritual, of which the parson of Montgomery Church was minister, or he was to appoint a chaplain as his deputy. For reasons not known, George and the other children whose names are missing, might have been baptized in this Chapel; and yet, if so, their names ought to appear in the registers of the Parish Church.

It is most disappointing that we cannot recover either the place or date of George Herbert's baptism.

He well knew the *when* and the *where*, and duly
appraised the blessing of his baptism—

“Since, Lord, to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancy
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.”

Of Holy Baptism he avouched—

“You taught the Book of Life my name,”

And again—

“Then there comes into my way
Thy ancient baptism, which when I was foule,
And knew it not, yet cleansed me.”

In the autumn of 1596, Richard Herbert, his father, died, aged fifty years, having held the Castle but four years. He was, like all his fathers, a man of great courage, well-built, with a somewhat stern look, and black hair; his effigy on his monument presents a fine face, which most likely is a likeness. Once in attempting to arrest an offender in Llanervil Churchyard, he was closed upon by numbers of Welshmen, and wounded in the head by a forest bill. He was buried on Oct. 15.

1596 -
died -
buried

The inscription on his monument in the Lymore Chapel in Montgomery Church—

“In sepulchrum Richardi Herberti et Magdalenæ uxoris ejus”—

and the hendecasyllabic lines—

“—duos recludens
Quos uno thalamo fideque junctos,
Heic unus tumulus lapisque signat”—

B

show that it was the intention and expectation of Magdalen his widow to sleep in the same tomb by his side. She died thirty years after, in 1627, and was buried in Chelsea Church, Middlesex. Against the east wall supporting the entablature of the monument in the Lymore Chapel, are four niches enclosing the figures of six sons and two daughters, all of the same size, kneeling; and under the effigy of the lady, in a recess, lies supine the statue of a man in grave-clothes. Northwards of the Herbert monument, recumbent on the floor lie two fine statues of knights in armour, probably Earls of March and Constables of the Castle: and these effigies, as those on the Herbert tomb, and the Church itself, escaped mutilation by the iconoclasts of the Great Rebellion, because Lord Herbert of Cherbury attached himself to the Parliamentary cause.

Of the nine children left to Magdalen Herbert's care, Edward, the eldest, was fifteen; Elizabeth, thirteen; William, seven; George, three; and Henry, two years old. Thomas was born after his father's death. But the difficulty of fixing dates and ages in connection with the early history of the Herbert family is very great.

A few crumbling ruins only crown the majestic heights on which the lordly home of those nine children once stood. Where their voices echoed through the ancestral halls, all is silence. The rooms in which they played, the chambers in which they slept, the chapel in which they prayed, all sank

beneath the destroyer's hand. A piece of plastered wall, a fragment of lead hanging to a window-frame, a shattered fire-place, show that it was once a home. The home is gone; but there is the grim, beetling rock on which that home was built; there are the same glorious views of earth and heaven around; there are the same grassy paths on which the children ran. But where are the parents? Where are the children? The father sleeps under his proud sepulchre in Montgomery Church, amid the graves of his ancestors; the mother in an unknown vault in Chelsea Church; Edward in the Church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Elizabeth in a Church near Cheapside; William in Flanders; Richard in Holland; Charles in Oxford; George at Bemerton; Henry in St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Thomas in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; Margaret—where? Frances—where?

The Herberts seem to have been a family of true nobility and honour, and to have accumulated vast property by courses of strict justice.

Edward, Lord Cherbury, who succeeded his brother Richard, gave orders to his steward to proclaim to the country round, that if any part of the family property had been unjustly acquired, he would either restore or compound for it. He leaves it on record, "Never any man yet complained to me in this kind."

Magdalen, the mother of George Herbert, was daughter of Sir Richard Newport, of High Ercal, Eyton, Salop, and Margaret his wife. Sir Richard Newport was descended from Wenwynwyn, prince

of the Upper Powys; Margaret was daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Bromley, one of the executors of the will of King Henry VIII. Her husband died early, leaving her a large family, of whom Magdalen was the youngest daughter, "doubtless a pious daughter," says Oley, "she was so good and godly a mother." Margaret Newport

Magdalen { "gave rare testimony of an incomparable piety towards God, and love to her children, as being most assiduous and devout in her daily private and publick prayers; she had for many years kept hospitality with that plenty and order as exceeded all of her country or time; she used ever after dinner to distribute with her own hands to the poor alms in money, as she thought they needed it."

| Through his mother, George Herbert was allied to the Talbots, Devereux, Grays, Corbets, and many other noble English families, as by his father he was connected with the oldest and noblest families in Wales.

CHAPTER III.

OXFORD.—*cir.* 1597-8 to *cir.* 1603-4. 7

EDWARD, eldest son of Richard and Magdalen Herbert, was sent to Oxford in his fourteenth year, and matriculated in 1595-6 as a Gentleman Commoner of University College. In 1597 he was summoned to his father's death-bed. Soon after, in very early years, he married Mary, heiress of Sir William Herbert, of St. Gilian's.

After Edward's marriage his mother left Montgomery Castle, with the elder, if not with all the children, and took a house and made a home in Oxford, with the view, partly, of exercising a mother's hallowing influence over Edward's life and studies, and of assisting his young wife in household cares; and partly, under the necessity of providing a higher education for her younger sons, all of whom (with the exception of George, then in his fifth year, and delicate from infancy), were growing robust and handsome boys, with dark hair and eyes, high-spirited, and of great bodily strength, and

"often did their mother bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes, nor in their reason; and very often

reproved them that they did not praise God for so great a blessing."—WALTON.

With deep solicitude she chose efficient tutors for her boys, but from their earliest years the mother had been their true teacher, companion, and friend. A lady of devout soul, gracious and dignified presence, learned and accomplished, exact in discipline and order, in her love and lofty principle she watched over her children as their guardian angel, walked before them as their daily example of duty and holiness, and guided them anxiously along that narrow path on which she herself was but a fellow-traveller with them. She would often say—

"that as our bodies take a nourishment sutable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company"; and again—

"that ignorance of vice was the best preservation of vertue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and keep it burning."

The Herbert family lived in Oxford from four to five years,

"during which time her great and harmless wit, her chearful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gain'd her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near that University, and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place in this time of her being here."—WALTON.

Donne wrote of her—

"I see
That 'tis not a meere woman that is shee,
But must or more or less than woman be."
"No spring or summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face."

The men "of eminent worth or learning" in Oxford at that time, with whom Magdalen Herbert would be conversant, were Sir Thomas Bodley, then engaged in refounding and building his magnificent library; Dr. Howson, of Christ Church, Vice-Chancellor, harassed almost out of his life in his vain endeavour to restrain Puritan preaching in the University; Robert Troutbeck, of Queen's; the two companies of the translators of the Bible—

- Dr. Harding, Professor of Hebrew.
- „ Raynolds, President of Corpus College.
- „ Holland, Professor of Divinity.
- „ Kilby, Rector of Lincoln College.
- „ Smith, Brazennose, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who wrote the Preface to the New Translation.
- „ Brett, Lincoln College.
- „ Fairclough, New College.—

These had to translate the Four Greater Prophets, Lamentations, and Twelve Prophets the Less; and

- Dr. Abbot, Master of University, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.
- „ Thompson, All Souls, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.
- „ Harmar, Professor of Greek, Warden of Winchester School.
- „ Aglionby, Principal of St. Edmund's Hall.
- „ Perin, St. John's, Greek Reader.
- „ Hutton, Canon of Christ Church.
- „ Ravis, Dean of Christ Church.
- Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton—

whose work was to translate the Four Gospels, the Acts, and Apocalypse.

These were the master minds with whom the

Herbert boys came in continual contact during their sojourn in Oxford. Edward and Charles were old enough to value and enjoy their friendship and learning; George could listen and love. Oxford introduced George to Donne, and then began a friendship which developed in mutual affection, and ceased but with life.

It was the mother's care that they should all receive a sound education.

"She went and dwelt in the University to recompense the loss of their father by giving them two mothers."—OLEY.

But there is an education which books and schools cannot give,—lessons of love, piety, prayer, faith, repentance, holiness; these came from the mother. While she took a personal part in the regulation of their studies, and reined in their chafing tempers with a salutary discipline — (George speaks of her as "*severa parens*")—she taught them herself—for, thirty years after, he thus sadly celebrated the memory of his mother's home-lessons—

"Tu vero, Mater, perpetim laudabere
Nato dolenti; literæ hoc debent tibi
Queis me educasti"—

"And as to thee, O dearest Mother mine,
I owe all learning, earthly and divine,
'Tis meet that of that learning I should raise
To thee a monument of grateful praise."

Yet it is of his mother's spiritual influences, the sanctifying effect of her lessons on his soul, that George Herbert spoke such grand words. No son

has ever written of a mother as George Herbert wrote of his mother Magdalen—

“PER TE NASCOR IN HUNC GLOBUM,
EXEMPLOQUE TUO NASCOR IN ALTERUM—
BIS TU MATER ERAS MIHI.”

“TO THEE I OWE MY BIRTH ON EARTH—
TO THEE I OWE MY HEAVENLY BIRTH—
AS THOU DIDST LEAD I FOLLOWED THEE ;
THOU WAST A MOTHER TWICE TO ME.”¹

¹ Bishop Hall, contemporary with Magdalen Herbert, celebrates the worth of his mother Winifred, also in memorable language—

“She was a woman of that rare sanctity, she was worthy to be compared to Monica herself. How often have I blest the memory of those passages of experimental divinity I heard from her mouth! Never any lips have read to me such feeling lectures of piety.”

But go back to the earlier day—

* When the Constantinopolitan congregations, in their ecstatic admiration of the eloquence and doctrine of Chrysostom, exclaimed, “Better that the sun should not shine than Chrysostom should not preach”—the Father might strive to calm their vehement applause by saying, “Give glory to God, and to my mother Anthusa.”

Gregory Nazianzen, that mighty champion of the Catholic Faith, could tell in his old age, in the joy of his heart, how his spiritual life began from that hour when his mother Nonna took him into church, put the Holy Gospels into his infant hands, and dedicated him to the Lord.

Monica prayed twenty years for her son's conversion. The old Bishop counselled, “Pray on, Mother, pray on.” In God's hour Christ is born in Augustine's heart. He laboured, he prayed, he ruled, he preached, he wrote ; and when on that hot day in August, A.D. 430, the greatest Latin Father, and the last great man of Africa lay down to die, if they had whispered to him and said, “Tell us, we pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth,” he could have replied—“Monica was my mother !”

Well might the heathen orator, Libanus, exclaim—“What mothers these Christians have !”

These words speak a volume. They are pregnant with this immortal truth, that whenever, and as often as, the child had fallen into sin, his mother took him by the hand, and led him to the Cross of the Lord Jesus, and bending underneath its awful shade, they craved the pardon ; and the child was washed, and the sin forgiven.

In the second poem of "Parentalia" Herbert seems to sketch the routine of his mother's life at Oxford.

"She rose early ; she wasted no time in dress ; she piled no proud structures on her head ; and after a brief space spent in decent adornment of her person, she approached her God in importunate and fervent prayer. Then she addressed herself to the duties of her family and home, assigning to children and servants their various tasks with a gracious rule. As the highborn lady she received the visits of the nobility, dignified clerics and scholars, with whom she held converse in graceful and sensible language, avoiding foolish and frivolous talk ; she corresponded much with men of letters ; she played music so sweetly that she raised the rapt soul to heaven. And what a friend was she to the poor ! She visited their homes, soothed their sufferings, and relieved their indigence."

"A common balm on throbbing bosoms shed,
While public blessings hover round her head."

And when the plague invaded Oxford in 1603, Magdalen Herbert had an opportunity of exercising all her Christian charities. The times in truth were very sad ; there was moaning and death in every street. Colleges and shops were closed ; only doctors, and such nurses as Magdalen Herbert, were abroad ; not so much as a dog or cat was seen. The Churches were seldom open, only a few College

Chapels for the twos and threes who wearied God to take pity on His people.

About 1603-4 all the family removed to London. Charles was sent to Winchester School, and George to Westminster. Magdalen Herbert's MS. Book of Household Accounts, recording the expenses of her family in Oxford, between April and September, 1601, was in Bishop Heber's Library, and after his death, in 1826, was sold for £60.

CHAPTER IV.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—1603—1608-9. 7

THERE might have been a small school at Westminster in the days of Edward the Confessor, coeval with the Saxon Abbey, held by the Master of the Novices in the western cloister. Westminster was then a village on the Thames, surrounded by fields. When the majestic Norman Church arose, and the grand Benedictine Monastery was added on the south, a town grew up with them, and nestled under their sacred shadow ; the school increased in numbers and importance, so as to support a Master of Grammar distinct from him who instructed the choristers. Stow, writing in 1565, says that the Westminster scholars used to meet the boys of other Grammar Schools for disputations in logic, rhetoric, grammar, and poetry, according to the strictest rules of art,—

“When one scholar hath stepped up, and were opposed and answered, till he were of some better scholar put down ; and in the end the best opponent and answerer had rewards.

Henry VIII. reanimated the old foundation, increased the revenues, remodelled the statutes, and

located the Scholars and Masters in the large buildings of the Benedictine monastery, which he had dissolved.

But Queen Elizabeth, in 1561, transferred to the School such munificent endowments, exercised so much personal interest in drafting a scheme and system fundamentally new,—determining the permanent future tone and distinctive characteristics of her Royal School, the mode of election into College, and of passing into the Universities, the books to be read, the hours of study, the times and stations of play, with the minutest injunctions in reference to the religious discipline, the manners, and even the dress and food of the boys, that Queen Elizabeth must be regarded as the true founder of St. Peter's College, Westminster.

The number of Queen's Scholars, resident in College, remained at forty. But PENSIONARII, OPPIDANI, or PEREGRINI, *i. e.* Day Boys, sons of gentlemen, might be received on payment of fees for the advantages of a high education. PENSIONARII lived with the Dean or Prebendaries. The College boys were supposed to be educated and boarded free of cost, but in course of years certain dues were exacted of them. All the scholars were taught in the same school-room. The maximum number was to be 120; it often exceeded 300. The Head Master was nominated *alternatim*, by Christ Church, Oxford, and by Trinity College, Cambridge; and though the College, School, and Abbey were in close connection, he was absolutely supreme in the government of the School.

It was the evident purpose of the Royal Founder to constitute a community, as of advanced classical scholarship, so of pronounced moral merit, and on a foundation of solid and healthy religion. The Second Master was especially charged with the care of the morals and religious life of the boys.

No Chapel was built, nor was it much required, as continual services were celebrated in the Abbey. There is a low narrow undercroft beneath the old School-room, the arches of which are thought to be Saxon, of the day of Edward the Confessor, and which might have led from the School into the Cloisters. Prime or First Matins was said in Henry VII.'s Chapel at six a.m. In the College, Sacred Offices, prescribed by the statutes, Prayers, Lections, Anthems, and Graces, embracing almost the whole service of the Church, were chanted ten times a day.

The Scriptures were put into the hands of the boys from the day they entered the School till they left. In the Upper School they read and translated the Gospels in Latin and Greek, and the Psalms in Hebrew; all the Historical Books, and most of the Prophets, passed under review every year. The most laboured lesson of the week was the Evidences of our most holy Religion; and later, "*CHRISTIANÆ PIETATIS PRIMA INSTITUTIO*," the famous Catechism written by Alexander Nowell, Master of Westminster School in 1543, became the general text-book of religious instruction.

To a Westminster boy no place on earth was like

the old school-room. It was a lofty, spacious, venerable chamber, three hundred years old, with a hammer-beam roof of massive chestnut timber, said to have been the Dormitory of the monks. A curtain suspended on an iron rod divided the Schools. At the east end was a recess, a semi-circular apse, afterwards occupied by the Shell, one of the Forms. Near this was the Birch-room, where the rods were kept, and where that Spartan discipline was administered which made the Westminster boys such renowned scholars.

The Forms, or Classes, in the Upper School, were the Sixth, the Shell, the Fifth, the Fourth; in the Lower the Third, Second, First, and the Petty. The Statutes recognized only two Masters, the ARCHIDIDASCALUS, and the HYPODIDASCALUS. Four tiers of desks, heavy oaken benches, stood longitudinally along the wall, in course of years cut and maimed unmercifully, but so solid that they still held to their duty, and names were marked with nails on the floor, and painted or carved on the walls almost to the roof.¹

Scholars on the Foundation boarded in College, subject to a stricter rule than the Town boys, who lived at home, or in boarding-houses. Each Collegian wore a cap and a gown, breeches and hose, heavy shoes and buckles; but the texture of the cloth provided by statute was so coarse that the friends of

¹ "The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat, while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed."

COWPER.

the children furnished apparel of finer material, but of statutory garb.

The College Dormitory in which Herbert slept, one long lofty room, once the Abbot's granary, was removed in 1771. Only two meals a day were allowed by law—dinner and supper in the summer months, luncheon and dinner in the winter. The College Hall, a dark and venerable room, used for meals, adjoining the Jerusalem Chamber, is said to be of the time of Edward III., and was probably the chamber in which Abbot Osney received Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., and her two children, when she fled to Sanctuary on the usurpation of Richard, Duke of Gloucester. The floor of the Hall was paved with Turkish marble in chequers. The boys dined on four massive tables of Spanish chestnut, made of the wreckage of the timbers of ships captured, it was said, from the Armada, and bearing the marks of English cannon-balls. This room was heated by wood on a large circular hearth, the fumes ascending through a louvre in the roof. The original statute enjoins that—

“The Dean and Prebendaries doe keep Commons together in the Hall, with the School-master and ushers, and her Majestie's scholars, and also the servants and officers of the saide College.”

Races, Fives, and Bowls, with the graver pastime of Archery, were the chief games. Westminster boys were famous for their daring and skill in swimming, boating, and sailing up and down the Thames; the boat-house was on the Surrey side, close to Lambeth Palace.

Such was the School, such its rules and organization, such the pervading influences and atmosphere under which George Herbert was brought, when in his twelfth year, in 1604-5, the tall, dark, delicate boy became one of its *alumni*. But what does the man mean by saying of the child—

“My tender age in sorrow did beginne ;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne
That I became
Most thinne.”

Even in those early years did his conscience lie under a deep sense of sinfulness ; even from his youth did he feel the burden and endure the penalty which he bemoans so feelingly in his poems.

He was entered as a Town boy, and could live daily under his mother's care, who now permanently resided in London.

When Herbert came to School, Dr. Lancelot Andrewes was Dean of Westminster. He was not educated at the School, but was a very nursing-father and spiritual friend to the boys.

“What pains he did take,”
writes Bishop Hacket affectionately,

“to train up the youth bred in the Public School, chiefly the *Alumni* of the College. How strict he was to charge our Masters that they should give us Lessons out of none but the most Classical Authors ; that he did often supply the Place both of Head School-master and Usher for the space of a whole week together, and gave us not an hour of Loitering-time from morning to night. How he caused our Exercises in Prose and Verse to be brought to him to examine our Style and Proficiency. That he never

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walked to Chiswick for his Recreation without a brace of this young Fry, and sometimes thrice in a week, sometimes oftner, he sent for the uppermost Scholars to his Lodgings at night, and kept them with him from eight till eleven, unfolding to them the best Rudiments of the *Greek Tongue*, and the Elements of *Hebrew Grammar*; and all this he did to Boys without any Compulsion of Correction; nay, I never heard him utter so much as a word of Austerity among us. Indeed he was the most Apostolical and Primitive-like Divine in his age; of a most venerable Gravity, and yet most sweet in all Commerce; the most devout that ever I saw, when he appeared before God; full of Alms and Charity, of which none knew but his Father in secret. I am transported with rapture to come near the Shrine of such a Saint. He was the first that planted me in my tender Studies, and water'd them continually with his Bounty."

The name of Herbert would be a sufficient introduction, and Magdalen Herbert would soon make friendship with the Dean of Westminster, amongst the great, and noble, and learned, in London. He was chairman of the Westminster Translators of the Bible. And though her boy would not share at first much of the Dean's mere literary teaching, yet he would hear the elaborate evangelical sermons of the Great Preacher—"STELLA PREDICANTUM," as they called him—in the pulpit of the Collegiate Church; sermons sown so thick with quotations from the Vulgate and the Fathers, that it might be said he preached in Latin, as much as in English—to the great delight of the advanced scholars. George Herbert, as soon as he was known, would often be invited to the Deanery, and often would be the Dean's companion in his walks into the country; and the saintly Christian man, the profound theologian, the consummate

scholar of thirty-eight years, and the thoughtful, noble boy of fourteen, would be drawn together by the mysterious attraction and communion of soul with soul, and mind with mind. The man might see the future poet in the boy; he would teach him, if not Hebrew and Arabic, yet Latin and Greek; above all, he would unfold to him the duty, the manner, and the power of prayer; he might give him a copy of his Greek and Hebrew "Devotions" in manuscript. And it never will be known how far, during that one memorable year of Herbert's intercourse with Andrewes at Westminster, his plastic nature was impressed, and his intellect and spirit were moulded by the powerful mind and heavenly example of that friend of his youth; nor how much of the intense spirituality of his Poems must be attributed to the Christianity, and lofty principle, and purity of soul, and effusive sanctity of Lancelot Andrewes.

It is not a chimerical idea, an attempt to establish a connection where no connection exists, to maintain that from his childhood upward through all his life, the example of Bishop Andrewes was the high mark which Herbert strove to attain. His letter in Latin, written from Cambridge in 1619-20, while it reveals the familiarity of their friendship and his profound reverence for the Bishop's character, testifies also to his wish and determination from his earliest years, to take Andrewes for his master, and to follow his saintly steps.

"Ego, non nisi meditate, obrepsi ad favorem tuum ; perfectionibus tuis meis desideriis probe cognitis, excussis, perpensisque. Cum enim vim cogitationum in vitam meam omnem convertissem et ex altera parte acuissem me aspectu virtutum tuarum, huc, illuc commeando, eo deveni animo *ut nunquam cessandum mihi ducere, nunquam fatiscendum, donec Lacteam aliquam Viam ad candorem mentis tuæ ducentem aut reperissem aut fecissem.*"

"I have long known, and sifted, and weighed thy perfections ; and it is my heart's desire after mature deliberation, to deserve thy good opinion. After I had well examined my own past life, and then stimulated myself with the admiration of thy transcendent virtues, I came to the conclusion that I would never rest until I had either discovered or made a Milky Way to the whiteness of thy soul."

As this letter plainly reveals the influence which the Bishop exercised over Herbert's life, so his epigram on the Bishop renders equal testimony to the power of his controlling genius over his poetry.

"Sancte Pater, cœli custos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident ;
Cum mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
Claudi, pene tuas præteriere fores.
Sed propere dextreque reduxit euntia sensus,
Ista docens soli scripta quadrare tibi."

"O holy Father, heavenly guide, than thou
No man more learned treads this earthly vale ;
There is no greater saint than thou, on whom
The stars of God look down at evening pale.
My thoughts were folly, and my verses naught,
And of thy thought and care unworthy all ;
With grace and wisdom thou didst interpose ;
Thou didst my weak and lifeless words recall ;
And all their passionate career didst bind
By the calm measures of thy mighty mind."

Another potent factor was operating in forming Herbert's character—the Dean's prayers for the boys. Amongst his "Devotions" he especially prays for—

"The Youth among us,
Students in Schools,
Those under instruction,
Children, Boys and Youths,
Charge formerly or now."

His best legacy to the Church was his volume of Devotions in Greek and Hebrew, a copy of which, in the Bishop's own hand, and given by him to Archbishop Laud, has lately been recovered. This manuscript, as his chaplain testified,

"was rarely out of his hand during his last days, happy in the glorious deformity thereof, being slubbered with his pious hands, and washed with his penitential tears."

And amidst all the long intercessions of the dying prelate,

"Τοῦ Ἐπιζευγίου Μοναστηρίου."

"The Church and School in the West"—

found their place of remembrance, and were carried up with his last breath to God.

Richard Ireland was Master of the School during the term of Herbert's residence; he had been elected out in 1587; in 1599 was appointed to the Head-mastership, and remained in office till 1610. Herbert was under him about three years. Nothing is known of him, except that he is mentioned on Archbishop Laud's trial.

"And thus he (Herbert) continued in that school till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after prov'd an excellent critick."—WALTON.

Entered in the Lower School, he might have reached an Upper Form within a year. Besides dead and living languages, he learnt, or taught himself afterwards, the elements of various physical sciences.

"I know the wayes of Learning : both the head
And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne ;
What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good huswife, spunne
In laws and policie : what the starres conspire,
What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire ;
Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and historie,—
All these stand open, or I have the keyes."

In his poem, "Sinne," he briefly refers to his school-days—

"Parents first season us : then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us, bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin."

He was in School, as a Town boy, about two years ; in his third year, in Lent 1608-9, he passed by challenge into College.

Not being robust, he would not be found often in the playground, or joining in athletic exercises ; he would take more interest in the annual performances of the Latin Play, an institution peculiar to Westminster, of statutory obligation,

"—quo juvenus tum actioni, tum pronunciationi decenti melius assuescat."

The School was entitled every year to £3 of the Maundy money, given by the Sovereign on the Thursday in Passion Week, which was awarded by the Master as prizes to the best boys, and was greatly valued, as Philip Henry, Cowper, and Southey attest. The Westminster boys also had the privilege of being present, without an order, at debates in the House of Commons, a prerogative highly appreciated by some of the pupils, who afterwards became eminent statesmen.

But why enter into so particular a description of the school where the boy, George Herbert, spent so few of his early years, and received, after all, but a small part of his education? Why hover about the places he haunted near three hundred years ago, a mere child?

Let the great Roman answer—

"MOVEMUR NESCIQ QUO PACTO LOCIS IPSIS IN QUIBUS
EORUM QUOS DILIGIMUS AUT ADMIRAMUR ADSUNT VESTIGIA ;
UBI QUISQUE HABITARE, UBI SEDERE, UBI DISPUTARE SIT
SOLITUS."—Cic. de Leg. lib. 11, cap. 2.

Therefore we wander around, amidst, within, without the sacred precincts of old Westminster, and ponder, and dream, and say, "Here George Herbert walked, here he played—his eyes looked certainly on this building, and on that. In this School-room he learned his lessons—these walls heard his voice—on the benches, at the tables of this Hall he sat—he walked through that archway—he roamed up and down these cloisters—he worshipped and sang in that Abbey.

Where was he confirmed? Did he make his First Communion at that Altar? Who were his teachers? who his comrades? who his particular friends? What books did he love? Where is his Bible, his Greek Testament? What were his joys, his crosses, his fears, his sins, his punishments, his prayers, his graces, his daily walks with God?

He seems at one time to have been full of health and happiness, and religion also—

“At first Thou gav’st me milk and sweetnesses—
I had my wish and way;
My days were strawed with flowers and happinesses,
There was no moneth but May.”

“My sudden soul caught fire,
And made my youth and fierceness seek Thy Face.”

It is Lent, 1607. There is great excitement in Westminster School. Heath, Wilson, and Simpson have gone up from College to Oxford—Grammage Tuckney, and Neville to Cambridge.

Herbert, amongst many other boys from the Upper School, has sent in his name as candidate for election to College. No shallow scholarship will avail to attain that honour.

The mode of election was unique, antique, and thorough. The examination was conducted wholly by the boys themselves, before the whole school and a public audience, in the presence of the Head-master, who sat as umpire to control the fairness of the questions, and to judge of the accuracy of the scholarship. The disputants *challenged* (as the term was)

each other in pairs in Latin and Greek translations, parsing, and *vivâ voce* composition. Only Latin might be spoken. Each candidate, according to custom, had engaged a friend already in College to prepare him for the ordeal ; and it is scarcely possible to imagine the intense interest which the senior boys took in their "men," or their unsparing sacrifice of time and games, for months together, in anticipation of the coming contest, priming them to speak Latin tersely and fluently, and to ask and answer questions put rapidly in all the various involutions of grammar.

A Greek epigram was set for the morning exercise ; a passage from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* for the evening. The age of the candidates was from twelve to fifteen. The youngest boy began the battle. He called on his opponent to translate, analyze, and parse the thesis, probing him with puzzling questions, and watching eagerly to catch him at fault.

The Queen Scholars, who had tutored their friends, sat as assessors, and watched with keen solicitude how their "men" weathered the storm. Instantly the respondent stumbled, and his antagonist had detected and corrected his error, the latter took the place of the former, and became the defendant of the position. When the theme had been well threshed out, and still the balances hung even, a new exercise was given, and the excitement increased, and the strife of words went on, and another unfortunate slip occurred, and down went the one, and up went the other, till the better scholar was clearly manifested.

The victor then challenged the next candidate, and the contest continued ten or twelve days, or if there were many candidates, seven or eight weeks, so that the strain on the intellect, nerves, and health of the candidates was very severe, the same boy sometimes carrying fifteen or twenty places. Often question and answer were prompt and brilliant, struck off from mind in collision with mind, like sparks from flint and steel; an honour to themselves and their tutors; and the election of both candidates was carried by acclaim.

Herbert, with seven other successful candidates, passes into College, to partake of its privileges, and to be subject to its stricter rule. He seems to have worn his cap and gown about a year.

The books read, and the subjects taken up by the Upper School, embraced a very wide area of superior literature. The examination for Scholarships to the Universities was held in the open School on Rogation Monday and Tuesday in every year. Fifty years after Herbert's election, John Evelyn recorded his admiration of the prowess of Westminster Scholars—

"1661. May 13. I heard and saw such exercises at the election of Scholars of Westminster School to be sent to the University, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew,¹ and Arabic, in themes and extemporary verses, as wonderfully astonished me in such youths with such readiness and wit, some of them not above twelve or thirteen years of age. The examinants or posers were Dr.

¹ A Westminster boy of a later day confessed—

"Though I have long with study mental
Laboured at language Oriental;
Yet in my soil the Hebrew root
Has scarcely made a single shoot."

Duport, Greek Professor at Cambridge ; Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, Oxon ; Dr. Pierson ; Dr. Alstree, Dean of Westminster, and any that would."

Three students, at least, every year were drafted into each of the Universities. Those for Oxford went thither at once, and succeeded in due course to the Studentships at Christ Church ; those for Cambridge were admitted into Trinity College in October, but were not elected to Scholarships till Easter of the next year ; the value of these scholarships was £40 ; those of Oxford were worth more ; but generous aid was accorded to meritorious endeavours.

In 5 James I., 1608, Royal Letters Patent reached Trinity College, commanding the Fellows to elect Westminster men to all their Scholarships, but the Fellows presented a hostile front, and the School succumbed. In 1727, the Royal Instructions were repeated, with a like result.

The issue of the examination of 1609 was that Wallington, Henry King (afterwards Bishop of Chichester), and John King (Canon of Windsor), went up to Oxford ; and Hacket, Shirley, and Herbert to Cambridge. On Hacket and Herbert leaving Westminster, Dr. Ireland, the Head-master, assured them—

"that he expected to have credit from them two at the University, or would never hope for it afterwards by any while he lived ; and added withal that he need give them no counsel to follow their books, but rather to study moderately and use exercise ; their parts being so good, that if they were careful not to impair their health with too much study, they would not fail to arrive to the top of learning in any art or science."—PLUME.

Hacket became Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry ; of Shirley nothing is known, except that he took Holy Orders.

Thirty years after Herbert had left Westminster School all the services in the Abbey were suppressed ; the clergy were driven from their offices ; the altars and shrines plundered and profaned ; the pulpit was occupied by fanatics, the Committee of Divines sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber. Dr. Richard Busby was Head-master ; appointed in 1638, he held his post till 1695, a term of fifty-seven years. Dr. Owen, the famous Independent preacher, used to say it never would be well with the nation till Westminster School was torn up from its roots. Nevertheless Busby was actually protected by Parliament, which passed an Act for the continuance and support of the School. Though ejected from some of his preferments, he was allowed to retain his Studentship at Oxford, and his Mastership at Westminster ; the Committee of Sequestration dared not silence him because of his unimpeachable character as a Christian man, and from his pre-eminent qualities as a successful teacher—

“the most eminent Schoolmaster of his own, or perhaps, any day, having educated the greatest number of learned men that ever adorned at one time any age or nation.”

As a very rock of honour, he stood unquailing before the usurping powers, and without any concealment or concession of principle, he piloted Westminster School in all orthodox integrity through those

lamentable days, and kept it true to its Church, its Country, and its King.

In 1642, a Puritan mob, led by one Wiseman, a Knight of Kent, assailed the Abbey with intent to destroy the organ and other ornaments; they had forced out a panel of the North door, when they were confronted by the boys of the School, choirmen, and servants, and beaten back; and the Abbey was saved. Wiseman was killed by a tile thrown from the roof.

Dr. South extols the unshaken fidelity of Westminster in a sermon he prepared, but never preached—

“Westminster is a School which neither disposes men to division in Church, nor sedition in State; a School so untaintedly loyal that I can truly and knowingly aver that in the very worst of times (in which it was my lot to be a member of it) we were really King’s Scholars, as well as called so. Nay, upon that very day, Jan. 30th, of the King’s murder, I myself heard, and am now a witness, that the King was publicly prayed for in this School, but an hour or two (at most) before his sacred head was struck off.”

In the year 1731, a mere child of ten was sent to Westminster School. He remained there till he was eighteen. Fifty years after he described in a thousand lines of scathing irony, in deepest bitterness and indignation, his experience of a Public School. He denounced the Masters, “the sage intendants of the whole,” as supplying to the pupil—

“No nourishment to feed his growing mind
But conjugated verbs, and nouns declined.
For such is all the mental food purveyed
By public hackneys in the schooling trade,

Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
Of syntax, truly, but with little more ;
Dismiss their cares when they dismiss their flock,
Machines themselves, and governed by a clock."

He affirmed that they taught

"much mythologic stuff,
But sound religion sparingly enough."

He says that whatever seeds of religion he might have carried to Westminster were all stifled and blighted before his seven years' apprenticeship to Virgil and Homer were expired, and that he left school tolerably well-furnished with grammatical knowledge, but as ignorant of all kinds of religion as the satchel at his back. His biographer relates—

"Crossing St. Margaret's churchyard late one evening, a glimmering light in the midst of it excited his curiosity, and he went to see from whence it proceeded. A grave-digger was at work there by lantern-light, and just as Cowper came to the spot, he threw up a skull which struck him on the leg. This gave an alarm to his conscience, and *he remembered the incident as among the best religious documents he received at Westminster.*"
—SOUTHEY.

Yet he confesses—

"That I may do justice to the place of my education I must relate one mark of religious discipline which, in my time, was observed at Westminster ; I mean the pains which Dr. Nichols took to prepare us for Confirmation. The old man acquitted himself of his duty like one who had a deep sense of its importance, and I believe most of us were struck by his manner, and affected by his exhortations."

And he allows—

"Ye once were justly famed for bringing forth
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth ;

And in the firmament of fame still shines
 A glory—
 Of poets raised by you, and statesmen, and divines.
 Peace to them all ! ”

“OF POETS RAISED BY YOU.”

Undoubtedly Cowper refers primarily to Herbert.
 Read his affecting story—

“ I was struck with such a dejection of spirits as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was on the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had been closely attached. The Classics no longer had any charms for me. I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it. AT LENGTH I MET WITH HERBERT'S POEMS, AND GOTHIC AND UNCOUTH AS THEY WERE, I YET FOUND IN THEM A STRAIN OF PIETY WHICH I COULD NOT BUT ADMIRE. THIS WAS THE ONLY AUTHOR I HAD ANY DELIGHT IN READING. I PORED OVER HIM ALL THE DAY LONG ; AND THOUGH I FOUND NOT HERE (WHAT I MIGHT HAVE FOUND) A CURE FOR MY MALADY—YET IT NEVER SEEMED SO MUCH ALLEVIATED AS WHILE I WAS READING HIM.”

This is one of the highest testimonials ever rendered to the spiritualizing power of Herbert's poetry ; that in the sufferer's darkest days, when he was struggling for life with the foul fiend, only the pious strains of Herbert's poems could calm and comfort his distracted soul.

Therefore when an American citizen in 1876 made the generous offer of presenting a stained glass window to Westminster Abbey, it was a happy and gracious suggestion that the window should be placed in the Baptistry, overlooking Westminster School, and

that it should bear the effigies of Herbert and Cowper, two Westminster scholars, and both religious poets of eminent merit. There Herbert stands in his cassock at the Church porch, his hand upraised and blessing his flock, with the lines subscribed—

“Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue ; play the man.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains ;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.”

Cowper, in the second light, appears in his dressing-gown, with his hares at his feet in the garden, and Olney Church in the background ; he is looking at his mother's picture, and crying—

“O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Voice only fails ; else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away.'”

CHAPTER V.

CAMBRIDGE.—1609—1627. >

TRINITY COLLEGE, Cambridge, was founded by Henry VIII. in 1546, certainly with a noble design—

“To the glory and honour of Almighty God, and of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the increase and strengthening of Christianity, extirpation of error, development and perpetuation of religion, cultivation of study in all departments of learning, knowledge of languages, education of youth in piety, virtue, self-restraint, and knowledge, charity towards the poor, and relief to the afflicted and distressed.”

The King threw together the buildings, possessions, and revenues of nine Halls and Hostels, and some dissolved monasteries, “and compounded there-out one fine College, the stateliest and most uniform in Christendom.”

Of Trinity College, Cambridge, of which Herbert was a member from 1609 to 1627, for eighteen years, very few buildings remain on which he looked. He passed under the Great Gate at the entrance; he saw the Chapel on his right hand, the Master's Lodge, the Hall, and Fellows' Room in front; the southern side of the Quadrangle, and the Gateway and Old

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Library on the north—almost all the other buildings are new. Nevile's Court was in process of erection in the year he came up, and it is surmised (but there is no safe tradition whatever on the subject) that as specially commended by his mother to the Master, he would have rooms assigned to him in the earliest finished portion of the new court, near the present Library.

"About the age of fifteen, he being then a King's Scholar, was elected out of that (Westminster) School for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608 (1609); and his prudent mother did procure the generous and liberal Dr. Nevil, who was then Dean of Canterbury and master of that college, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellencies of his mother, and how to value such a friendship."—WALTON.

Dr. Nevile died May 2, 1615, just after Herbert had secured his Fellowship.

The Bursar's books of Trinity College record that Herbert was elected Scholar of the House on May 5, 1609. From the Grace-book of the University we find that he matriculated on Dec. 18, 1609, first among the pensioners of Trinity College. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1612-13, in his nineteenth year. He became Master of Arts in 1615-16, being then twenty-two, at the same time with Shirley, and John Hacket, who had been elected with him from Westminster School: in the same year Humphrey Henchman (who afterwards assisted at Herbert's ordination to the priesthood), took his M.A. degree. He was admitted Minor Fellow on Oct. 3,

1614; Major Fellow, Mar. 15, 1615-16; and was advanced Sublector Quartae Classis in 1617, being then twenty-four years of age.

In his first year at College he sent his mother a New Year's gift of a sonnet and a letter.

In 1609, about the same time that he went to Cambridge, his mother, after a widowhood of twelve years, took for her second husband, Sir John Danvers, brother and heir of Baron Danvers, Earl of Danby, lord of Dauntsey Manor, Wilts. His magnificent mansion at Chelsea, on the banks of the Thames, with its beautiful park and Italian gardens, henceforth became her permanent home, and through the lavish hospitality of its owner, the frequent residence and rendezvous of her children for many years.

In his letter to his mother, Herbert speaks as if already he were writing some kind of verses, and he bewails "that so few poems are writ that look towards God and heaven." And he says further—and they are solemn and memorable words as spoken by a youth of seventeen—for they witness at that early hour the purpose and resolve of his heart:—

"FOR MY OWN PART, MY MEANING, DEAR MOTHER, IS,
IN THESE SONNETS, TO DECLARE MY RESOLUTION
TO BE, THAT MY POOR ABILITIES IN POETRY SHALL
BE ALL, AND EVER, CONSECRATED TO GOD'S GLORY."

And his sonnet attests the same mind—

"Sure, Lord, there is enough in Thee to dry
Oceans of ink: for as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth Thy Majesty;
Each cloud distils Thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use."

As at Westminster, so at Cambridge, he suffers from attacks of the ague, and fears that its feverish "heat may dry up the springs by which scholars say the Muses used to take up their habitation."

"If during this time he exprest any error, it was that he kept himself too much retir'd, and at too great a distance with all his inferiours, and his cloaths seem'd to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage."

He would not join the College clubs in their several muscular exercises of tennis, bowls, &c.,¹ nor would he row much on the river, but he would often visit Hobson's stables, and ride far out into the country; and would love to wander and meditate in the pleasant gardens and walks belonging to the various Colleges. He would stand on the little wooden bridge over the Cam, then leading from King's College to the fields, and admire the lovely views which Cambridge there presents; he would walk up and down the long avenue from Trinity Bridge; he never looked on the limes now forming that fine avenue, but there are ancient elms in the grounds of St. John's College, under whose shade he might have rested. He would often stand entranced before King's College Chapel, and gaze on that magnificent

¹ "Much as Bishop Andrewes, who hath been sometimes heard to say, that when he was a young scholar in the University, and so all his time onward, he never loved or used any games or ordinary recreations, either within doors, as cards, dice, tables, chess, or the like; or abroad, as bats, quoits, bowls, or any such; but his ordinary exercise and recreation was walking either alone, or with some companion with whom he might confer, and recount his studies."—ISAACSON.

monument of piety and munificence, the groining of its stone roof, the perfection of woodwork in the screen, the painted glass without a rival in the world.

But read again in his devoted chronicler—

“During all which time all or the greatest diversion from his study was the practice of musick, in which he became a great master, and of which he would say, ‘that it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raise his weary soul so far above earth that it gave him an earnest of the joyes of heaven before he possest them.’”

The Chapel of Trinity College, begun by Queen Mary, 1556, and completed by Queen Elizabeth, 1564, is a plain Tudor-Gothic building. Everything is altered within and without that Chapel since Herbert's day.

In this Chapel for many years Herbert sang the Latin hymns and anthems, and worshipped God; here he might have often retired for spiritual communion; here anew dedicated to God his life, and the powers of poesy, now beginning to stir in the depth of his soul.

During the military occupation of Cambridge by the Parliament these entries were made in the steward's accounts—

To diuerse souldiers at seuerall times that behaued themselves very devoutly in the Chappell	... 00. 05. 00
To some souldiers who defended the Chappell from the rudeness of the rest	 00. 05. 00

In 1643, Will Dowsing's commission found but few objects in the Chapel on which to wreak their vengeance—

"We had 4 cherubims and steps levelled." But the organs and hangings had been removed, and some figures (pictures) whitewashed. Mistress Comber, wife of Thomas Comber (Master of Trinity College from 1631 to 1644, and then ejected) "out of great Piety, Zeal, and Devotion secretly conveyed away the altar with all its appurtenances that it might escape those most sacrilegious hands." This must have been the altar at which Herbert was wont to communicate. It was replaced at the Restoration, 1660. But—

"On 30 Nov., being Advent Sunday, a very sad accident came to the High Altar recently erected in Trinity College Chapel. Evensong being ended, the candles, not having been safely extinguished by the Chapel-clerk, set light to the wood-work in the Chancel, the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, burnt down the Traverse, made of most rich Mosaic work, and the new-erected altar, with all its costly furniture, Book of Common Prayer, holy vestments, of choristers and singing men, consecrated Plate, not only that on the Altar, but a great chest of other Plate also."

At 5 a.m. the Master, Fellows, and Undergraduates met in the chapel for Matins; at 6 a.m. the students went to the Hall to read with their tutors, and perform exercises; at 9 a.m. to the Lectures of the Professors; at 11 a.m. they all dined together, while one read the Scripture; at 1 p.m. they returned to Declamations and Themes; from 3 to 6 p.m. they were at liberty; then at 6 to Compline in the Chapel, then to supper, and immediately afterwards they withdrew to their chambers. Neglect of lectures and other minor offences were visited with corporal cas-

tigation in the Hall in the presence of the whole society ; for which purpose rods were kept in store. John Milton was whipped by his tutor at Christ College after he was sixteen.

Herbert's advancement in his College was rapid, as his abilities were great, and his pursuit of knowledge passionate. He had read deeply into the classical authors, Latin and Greek (and those were days of hard, honest, comprehensive reading) and had obtained a fair familiarity with Hebrew ; as regards modern languages he probably taught himself, guided and encouraged by his eldest brother Edward, who writes—

"During this time of my being at the University or at home, I did, without any teacher, attain the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, by the help of some books in Latin and English, and the dictionaries of those languages."

George certainly might adopt his brother's words in reference to other studies—

"I delighted ever in the knowledge of herbs, plants, and gums, and in a few words, the history of nature ; I consider it is a fine study and worthy a gentleman to be a good botanic."

Concerning Mathematics the brothers differ. Edward thought—

"The end of mathematical doctrine was but ignoble in respect of other sciences, and not much useful for a gentleman, and can by no means be adequated or proportioned to the dignity of our souls"—

while George commends

"the Mathematics as the only wonder-working knowledge, and therefore requiring the best spirits."

In 1612, being then nineteen, he published two Latin poems on the death of Henry, elder son of James I.—“*Epicedivm Cantabrigiense in obitum immaturum semperque deflendum Henrici Illustrissimi Principis Walliæ.*”

King James used to come to hunt in the neighbourhood of Newmarket and Royston, and generally visited Cambridge, and occupied the Royal Chambers at the Master's Lodge in Trinity College, when the Fellows feted him with sumptuous magnificence, and when (says Walton) his entertainment “was comedies suted to his pleasant humor.” On March 9, 1614, the comedy of *Albumazar* “was presented before the King by the gentlemen of Trinitie Colledge.” James visited the Colleges in turns, and left this apophthegm—

“If I lived in the University of Cambridge, I would pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study and sleep at Jesus.”

James, with Prince Charles, was also in Cambridge in 1615, when he paid a special visit to Emmanuel College, and on his attention being called to the circumstance of the chapel standing north and south, and not as all others, east and west, the Master interposed a remark that the same was said to be the case with the Royal Chapel at Whitehall; on which the King pertinently observed—

“The Almighty will always hear the prayers of the upright and devout, irrespective of the points of the compass.”

In 1617, when Herbert had been nine years at College, and was now twenty-three, he writes to thank his generous stepfather, Sir John Danvers, “for the

diversity of your favours." Whatever Sir John Danvers' life and character may have been after his first wife's death, during her life his kindness and munificence to her son George evoke expressions of unbounded gratitude. He had sent him a horse, a most acceptable present, and every way fit for him. He says it is impossible to acknowledge his infinite kindness; but for the future he will take heed how he proposes his desires, since his generous friend is so willing to yield to his requests.

March 18, of the same year, he writes—

"I want books extremely. You know, Sir, I am now setting foot into divinity, to lay the platform of my future life. Can I write coldly in that wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that Spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of atchieving my (I dare say) holy ends."

He is of age to be ordained Deacon, for which his Fellowship would render a sufficient title: he had entered into a course of theological study, and he wanted books on divinity, and could not be always borrowing. The pole-star of his heart is still the service of his God. Some of his friends objected that he was sickly, and studied too hard. He allowed that he was weak, and that every day he was making one step towards his journey's end. Others said, "What becomes of your annuity?" He found it too little to keep him in health. Last Vacation he was sick, and had not yet recovered, and he was ever and anon obliged to buy something tending towards his health, for infirmities were both painful and costly—

"Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain to dyet in my chamber at my own cost; for in our publick halls, you know, is nothing but fish and white meats; out of Lent also twice a week, on Fridayes and Saturdays, I must do so, yet sometimes I fast."

He had on hire a cottage at Newmarket, with a pretty garden, and he found his horse very useful, as he would sometimes ride thither, and remain there a day or two for fresh air. In the hunger of his mind, the languid scholar, weak in body also, in a state of semi-starvation, pleads piteously for food—

"I protest and vow I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it: yea, sometimes of ten shillings."

His income, at most, was then £150 a year.

In 1618, Parliament met, and King James (as Bishop Hacket rehearses) feasted them with a speech than which nothing could be apter for the subject, or more eloquent for the matter. In reference to this speech the Bishop interpolates—

"Mr. George Herbert, being Prælector in the Rhetorique School in Cambridge, anno 1618, Pass'd by those fluent Orators that Domineered in the Pulpits of Athens and Rome, and insisted to Read upon an oration of King James, which he analysed, shew'd the concinnity of the Parts, the propriety of the Phrase, the height and Power of it to move Affections; the Style utterly unknown to the Ancients, who could not conceive what Kingly Eloquence was, in respect of which those noted Demagogi were but Hirelings, and Triobulary Rhetoricians. The Speech doth commend Mr. Herbert for his Censure."

Sir Francis Nethersole, Public Orator, received an appointment under the Crown, and as there was a probability that he would eventually resign his post in Cambridge, Herbert at once becomes a candidate for the office about to be vacant, and arouses all available interest in his favour, in London, as well as in Cambridge.

He writes to Sir John Danvers—

“The orator's place, that you may understand what it is, is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest, yet that will be about 30*l.* per an. But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue, for the Orator writes all the University letters, makes all the orations, be it to king, prince, or whatever comes to the University; to requite these pains, he takes place next to the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors, is regent or non-regent at his pleasure.”

Valuable presents are continually reaching Trinity College from the lord of Danvers House, and his stepson reiterates his conviction that he never shall be able to find time or paper enough to record his benefits. He would come to London to render personal thanks, but he has been on a long journey to Lincoln, and has to make a Latin oration to the University of an hour's length: he begs Sir John, and his mother, and his sister, to pardon him, as the necessities which tie him to Cambridge are so many. He encloses a letter of recommendation on his behalf from the Master of Trinity, Dr. Richardson, which expresses the University's inclination to him, and which he begs him to send to Sir Francis Nethersole before he leaves England; he is working the Heads

of Houses, and hopes he shall secure the Orator's place without his London helps, to show that he can stand on his own legs.

Yet he seems to have found time to pay a hurried visit to Chelsea, but was obliged as hurriedly to depart, for in another letter he fears he has displeased his sick sister by spending so little time with her; yet he loved her even in his departure, for he took charge of her son; he has forty businesses on hand, as the election for the Oratorship is to be decided next Friday. Trin. Coll., Jan. 19, 1619.

1619, Oct. 21, a Grace passed the Senate, permitting Sir Francis Nethersole to go abroad on his Majesty's service (Secretary to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia), and on the same day nominating George Herbert Deputy Orator.

Sir Francis Nethersole and Herbert were of ancient acquaintance, and he writes to Herbert to express his fears that he had not fully considered the matter, since the place, being civil, might divert him too much from the study of divinity,

"at which (he says) not without cause, he thinks I aim, but I have wrote him back that this dignity hath no such earthiness in it but it may very well be joined with heaven; or if it had to others, to me it should not."

He remembers his most humble duty to his mother, and hopes she will not feel neglected, as he had ridden two hundred miles to see a sister, in a way he knew not, in the midst of much business; and all in a fortnight.

1619-20, January 18, Sir Francis Nethersole's resig-

nation was accepted by the Senate, and Mr. George Herbert was elected Public Orator. There is a paragraph in the Orator's Book in Herbert's autograph, recording the appointment.

"Franciscus Nethersole Oratorio munere cessit 19 Jan. 1619. Procancellario Rev^{do} D^{no} D^{ro} Scott Procuratoribus M^{ro} Roberts et M^{ro} Mason. Eidem successit Georgius Herbert."

Thus, as he sadly complains in the Temple—

"I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life."

He loved his books—his life was in his learning—
he ascended the heights of scholastic honour.

"Thou often didst with academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage."

The temptation was too strong—he confesses

"I took the sweetned pill, till I came where
I could not go away."

In another direction, ambition allured him away from the Church into the Court, into the world, into the hope of political office. He assumed as his right, by birth and merit, companionship and equality with the loftiest of the Church and State. He almost became a statesman. But he died, as God had ordained, as his mother had prayed, as he himself had vowed,

GEORGE HERBERT,

PRIEST OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

AUTHOR OF

THE TEMPLE, SACRED POEMS, AND OTHER
EJACULATIONS.

His poem 'Affliction' (the first of the five under that significant title) was probably written at Cambridge after his election. It is his biography.

"At first he thought God's service happy work—many joys—natural delights—grace's perquisites—God's furniture fine, His household stuff glorious—heaven paying him wages—a world of mirth—joys of God—no place for grief or fear—milk and sweetness—flowers and happiness—all life a May—This seemed his portion.

"Then came grief, sickness, agues, groans—Sorrow was all his soul.

"Then health restored ; but with health, death of his friends, temptations of learning, fashion, society, and the world, bonds he could not break.

"Then more sickness, till he read and sighed, and knew not what to do, and felt that his dear God had clean forgotten him."

But in the innermost man was the consecrated soul. Again and again, from youth to manhood, he had dedicated himself to the Lord alone. He had never abandoned his early resolve. He was setting his foot into divinity, and laying the platform of his future life, at the very time he was canvassing for the Oratorship ; he was obeying the spirit which had guided him thus far, and was aiming to achieve his holy ends, and it was well understood among his friends that his ultimate object was ordination to the ministry of the Church of England. His holding a secular office in the University for a time would not disqualify him for Holy Orders. The very man who succeeded him as Orator became Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The new Orator, though his income is increased by £30 a year, has yet an eager craving for books. His

brother Henry is studying French in Paris. George had written to him—

“You live, brother, in a brave nation, where you cannot but see brave examples. Be covetous of all good which you see in Frenchmen, and play a good merchant by transplanting French commodities to your own country.”

There were certain books which “were not to be got in England,” and George commissioned Henry to buy them for him in France. He hears the coveted volumes are coming over, but he has no money to pay for them. In his necessity he again appeals (he says for the last time) to Sir John Danvers. His sister had engaged to pay five or six pounds towards the cost of the books, but had deferred her promise. So he asks Sir John’s kind services in carrying out an alternative he had before proposed, that his family would consent to double his annuity on condition that he should waive all title to it after he had succeeded to a benefice, and thus he would be able to pay for the books, and would ever cease his clamorous and greedy requests.

As the public voice of the Senate, the Orator was commissioned to receive, answer, and record every letter sent to or from the University, and to present with an appropriate speech all candidates for Honorary Degrees.

The two Orationes which were published, and the letters still to be read in the Orator’s Book at Cambridge, though Herbert’s in composition and expression, are acts and resolutions of the Vice-Chan-

cellor and Senate, accepted and endorsed by the whole University. The language of these documents, especially that of the Letter of Thanks to King James for his Book, and that of the Oration on the return of Prince Charles, to our ideas, savour of odious and nauseous adulation; but they are written in the recognized conventional style of complimentary address of that day, as witness the Epistle Dedicatory of the Translators of the Bible to King James in 1611, and Milton's Letters to Cromwell, of a later date. Herbert's compositions are masterpieces of learning, wit, and happy conventional compliment, though he may have been disgusted at the foulness of the incense he laid on the altar.

1619. One of the first duties of the newly-elected Orator was to congratulate George Villiers, Earl of Buckingham, on his creation as Marquis by James I. He reminds him that he is a M.A. of the University, which honour amongst his ivy and laurels he may forget. He acknowledges that they had received favours from him, and now gratefully rejoice in his elevation, and pray that further honour may be conferred upon him according to his merit, till he has run through all the degrees of earthly dignity to an everlasting reward.

1620. The Vice-Chancellor and the rest of the Senate, in full house assembled, present thanks to King James, for his book *Basilicon Doron*.¹

¹ "Whosoever will read his *Basilicon Doron*, particularly the last two books, 'The Free Law of Free Monarchies,' and his

“Amidst such convulsions on earth, hast thou leisure to compose a book? Scotland was too narrow for thee: even the empire of the British Isles is not wide enough for the expansion of thy wishes. By this book thou dost compass the world; nations not subject to thy power acknowledge thy learning. We have borne thee in our hearts; thou wishest to be held in our hands. Kings of old built us colleges, endowed them with ample revenues, and gave us libraries, but they did not write the books. In addition to noble gifts, thou hast presented to Alma Mater a book written by thyself. We humbly submit that it is utterly impossible to render to thee due thanks. We are besprinkled with Royal ink. If a Jesuit should confront us, we can grind him to powder, on the spot, by thy arguments. We embrace this thy offspring, thy second Charles, this embodiment of wisdom, the King of books. Mansions are destroyed. Statues are thrown down. Thou dost overcome time and decay. In thy Irish Kingdom grows a tree which is an antidote to all poisons; thy book defies the ravages of years and the venom of heretics. As to the future, we pray that as thou already wearest two crowns, the crown of Britain and the crown of learning, the Holy Trinity may, at a distant day, crown thee with a celestial diadem.”

“When scholars come to Cambridge, and boast of the treasures in the Vatican and Bodleian Libraries, we say, ‘All *our* Library is contained in one book.’”

“This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the king, that he enquired the orator’s name, and then ask’d William Earl of Pembroke if he knew him; whose answer was, ‘That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but he lov’d him more for his learning and vertue than for that he was of his name and family.’ At

‘Answer to Cardinal Perron,’ and almost all his speeches and messages to Parliament, will confess him to have possessed no mean genius.”—HUME.

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which answer the king smil'd, and ask'd the earl leave 'that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university.'"—WALTON.

In the thirteenth century the sea had broken over the eastern coast of England, and left a morass of 400,000 acres, 40 × 40 miles, extending into six counties, Lincoln, Northampton, Cambridge, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Various efforts were made through succeeding years to drain the Fenland, but with little success till a company was formed, about 1600, and application made for parliamentary sanction.

The Town and University of Cambridge took immediate alarm, fearing that the gigantic measures and machinery proposed would draw off the waters of the river Cam. This project for reclaiming so vast an area of submerged land was an undertaking of national interest and importance; there were few safe roads in the district, the swamps were in some parts ten feet deep, many of the villages were unhealthy oases in the waste of stagnant water, with which there was no available communication except by boat. The Cam was but a small river, formed by the union of several smaller streams from the southwest of the county and from Essex, which joining at Grantchester, flowed through the town of Cambridge into the Ouse. But though shallow, and in parts so narrow that two boats could not be rowed abreast, the little river was essential to the health of the town, and beyond all price to the Colleges for the boating and bathing of the students. With grassy

banks down to the margin, lofty trees and rich meadows on one side, on the other, College buildings and grounds, its limpid waters went meandering on under the picturesque wooden bridges, from St. Peter's College in the south to Magdalen in the north, presenting lovely views in its gracefully curving course, and adding freshness and beauty to the lawns and gardens, both of the Colleges and of the town.

1620. Wherefore Alma Mater is sorely agitated, and ever keenly jealous of any invasion of her ancient privileges, commands her Orator to exert all the power of his learning and eloquence in obstructing the company in their endeavour to obtain a charter. Many friends came forward to protect the interests of the University, to whom the Orator is commissioned to return letters of thanks, amongst others, to the King, Lord Chancellor Bacon, Secretary Sir Robert Naunton, and Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. He reminds King James that he has already put the University under great obligation by presenting to them his book *Basilicon Doron*, sacred to the Muses; and now he has secured to them the waters over which the Muses delight to reign; he has presented them with a whole river; they are overwhelmed by his munificence; their gratitude cannot reach the heights of his princely consideration.

To Sir R. Naunton he writes that the University rejoices that her son should preserve for his mother the fountains at which he himself had once drunk.

Sad would it be for so noble a mother to suffer from dry teats. For if the Cam be drained, and from want of water the Colleges be abandoned, and the Muses, like withered widows, be bereft of children, can any doubt that England would shed tears enough to cause another river to flow? The University does not keep the waters of knowledge to itself, but refreshes the whole realm. Its enemies are like Xerxes, who scourged the Hellespont; but Naunton had beaten off the tyrants from the Cam. Again the Orator writes to record the kind offices of the Secretary of State, not only in protecting the river, but for a scheme which he had advanced for saving the College buildings, (which then were only thatched with rushes or straw,) from the ravages of fire; thus he had shown a loving care that the Muses should neither die of thirst, nor be burnt in the flames; and if he could do them as much favour in land and air, as he had done in fire and water, Alma Mater would hail him her greatest son.

Lord Brooke is thanked thus—

“Well hast thou done in preserving our river Cam by the river of thy eloquence, and hast washed away the drainers from the marshes, who have been at work as if the sun had ceased to draw up exhalations from bogs: we offer thee the river of our thanks, as for this service, so for thy generous aid to our scholars, who are making hard fight against moths and cockroaches.”

And thus Sir Francis Bacon, the Lord Chancellor, is remembered—

“That river, on the banks of which so much learning and poetry flourish, which flows through our College gardens, and strews

flowers all around, is of far higher value than all the swamps and morasses in the land. Fortunately the season has been so dry that it has mocked the grand concern, and done more for us than a thousand speculators could have done. Some of our foes are envious not only of our river, but of our sovereign immunities, and these, not only the ignoble masses, who think there can be no religion with learning, but persons of gentle birth, who cry out aloud against deep scholarship, as waste and useless."

But notwithstanding all the opposition aroused and presented by the University, Parliament granted a patent to the Corporation of Bedford Level; vast drainage works went on for many years; deep canals were cut, miles of embankment raised, mosses and meres drained; rivers turned into new channels, roads laid and bridges built, and thousands of acres of valuable land reclaimed, and brought into cultivation. And the Cam flowed on in the same volume as before.

Herbert left no memorials of his life at Cambridge. He makes no special reference to his residence there; or to his College tutors. Though he continued connected with Cambridge nearly twenty years, he never utters an expression from which we may divine what were his feelings towards the place of his education, or to the men of his day, or who were his fellows and intimate friends.

Abraham Cowley was elected from Westminster School to Trinity College in 1636. One of the brightest lights of Cambridge University, a great poet, a staunch loyalist, a devout Christian as Herbert before, he overflows with enthusiastic affection for Alma Mater. Of the University he gaily carols—

“O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia nomen,
 O penitus toto corde receptus amor !
 O pulchræ sine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,
 Splendida paupertas, ingenuusque decor !”

Of his College—

“O chara ante alias magnorum nomine Regum
 Digna domus ! Trini nomine digna Dei !”

And as there is no place on earth so delightful as Cambridge, no home so dear as Trinity College, so there is no river in the world so pregnant with poetic inspiration as the Cam—

“O sacri fontes, O sacræ vatibus umbræ,
 Quas recreant avium Pieridumque chori !
 O, Camus Phæbo nullus quo gratior amnis,
 Omnibus auriferis invidiosus, inops !”

Bishop Hacket is still more emphatic ; writing to the Master and Senior Fellows of Trinity, he exclaims—

“Most worthy gouvernours of that societie which is more precious to mee next to the Church of Jesus Christ than anie place upon earth—I was once an unworthy member of your Bodie, and will be euer a most affectionate deuotee vnto it.”

But the most enthusiastic testimonial of love and gratitude to his College and University was that of Bishop Ridley, written in his prison while under sentence of death—

“Farewell, Cambridge, my loving mother and tender nurse, where I found more faithful and hearty friends, received more benefits (the benefits of my natural parents only excepted) than ever I did even in my own native country wherein I was born. Thou didst bestow on me all thy school degrees ; of thy common offices the chaplainship of the university, the office of the proctorship and of a common reader ; and of thy emoluments in colleges what was it that thou madest me not partner of?

First to be a scholar, then fellow, and after my departure from thee thou callest me again to a mastership of a right worshipful college.

"I thank thee, my loving mother, for all this thy kindness : and I pray God that His laws and the sincere Gospel of Christ may ever be truly taught and faithfully learned in thee.

"Farewell, Pembroke Hall, of late mine own college, my cure, and my charge. Thou wert ever named since I knew thee to be studious, well-learned, and a great setter forth of Christ's Gospel, and of God's true word.

"In thy orchard (the walls, butts, and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness) I learned without book almost all Paul's epistles, yea, and I ween all the canonical epistles, save only the Apocalypse. Of which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof I trust I shall carry with me into heaven."

In 1624 a youth of sixteen was entered at Christ College, Cambridge. He must often have seen Herbert, and heard his public speeches. He thought no country so barren and uninteresting as Cambridge ; he found no place so little appropriate for study as Christ College, and he considered no rivulet so contemptible as the little, sleepy, weedy Cam.

"Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles ;
Quam male Phæbicolis convenit ista locus !
Iam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum"—

and all that he hears in College is—

"Duri verba magistri, et
Murmura rauca scholæ.
JOANNES MILTONUS."

The Orator writes to Sir R. Naunton, January 13, 1620, to announce to him that in a crowded Senate by a unanimous vote he was elected M.P. for the University—

“With perfect confidence they entrust to thy charge all the colleges, charters, revenues, and estates, together with the river. It is no slight honour to be the representative of such a University, but thy kind offices of old and thy eminent talents have encouraged Alma Mater to lay her head upon thy bosom. Her noble benefactors have deprived thee of the honour of founding a University, but thou mayest secure the glory of preserving one. God grant thee great honour in heaven.”

Sir Thomas Coventry is thus congratulated on his appointment as Attorney-General, 1620—

“We congratulated thee before, do so now, on thy present honour, and will again and again, if additional dignities are conferred upon thee. Fail not in regard to our interests, and befriend us in the Courts of Law, for we are busied with books, and with eternity, and desire to be relieved of earthly cares.”

Certain London booksellers had combined to procure a patent from the Crown for the exclusive sale of foreign publications, and thus they infringed the University's Charter, granted by Henry VIII. The Senate, through its Orator, prays the Archbishop of Canterbury (George Abbot), that he will use his influence in thwarting these unjust confederations, which are threatening their privileges, increasing the price of books, and militating against the common interests of scholarship and scholars; and may God, the best and greatest, reward his services.

The same day, January 29, 1620, the Orator addresses the Lord Chancellor Bacon—

“The purse of the students even now pines and groans, but if through the monopoly of the London publishers the cost of books is raised, as the number of necessary books increases, a purse must be bottomless to compete with the cost. But it is a

miserable thing that want of money should cripple the heavenly genius of scholars, and force them to work in the mines."

January 1620. Sir Robert Heath, St. John's College, became Solicitor-General. The Orator complimented him and the country on his just promotion, and begged him not to forget the University. ✓

1620. James Ley, of Teffont Evias, Wilts, was raised to the office of Lord Chief Justice, 1620-21, and afterwards created Earl of Marlborough. Cambridge expresses her joy at his promotion, and hopes he will exert his watchful endeavours to protect her immunities. ✓

1620. Who is so worthy to be set over the Royal Treasuries as he who has proved himself eminently sagacious, eminently upright, in the administration of justice? "May further honours be added to thy name; and to whatever official height thou mayest ascend, the respect of the University shall ascend to thee." Thus is addressed Henry Montague, Lord Treasurer of England in 1620: in 1625 Earl of Manchester. ✓

1620, Dec. 6. The former letters, given in a summary, were written by Herbert, officially and professionally, as Orator of Cambridge University. Now he writes as a Brother, in a Brother's words, with a Brother's heart; it is a gracious letter.

For my dear sick Sister.

"MOST DEAR SISTER,

"Think not my silence forgetfulness; or that my love is as dumb as my papers. Though business may stop my hand, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you; and,

which is more, with our good and gracious God, incessantly begging some ease of your pains, with that earnestness that becomes your griefs, and our love. God, who knows and sees this writing, knows also that my soliciting Him has been much, and my tears many for you. Judge me then by those waters, and not by my ink, and then you shall justly value your most truly, most heartily affectionate brother and servant,

GEORGE HERBERT."

Trinity College, December 6, 1620.

This sister was Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the family, married to Sir Henry Jones, of Abermarle, Carmarthenshire: she had one son, and two daughters: of her Lord Herbert of Cherbury writes—

... "the latter end of her time was the most sickly and miserable that hath been known in our times; while, for the space of about fourteen years she languished and pined away to skin and bones, and at last died in London, and lieth buried in a church called — near Cheapside."

She seems to have spent her later life with her mother at Chelsea.

1620. Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, presented to the University his grand book, *Instauratio Scientiæ*. He had entered Trinity College at twelve and a quarter years of age. In mature life he had risen rapidly through the various stages of Court preferment, till in 1619 he was created Lord Chancellor of England, but becoming involved in the fierce political intrigues of the day, he fell under the charge of corruption, was fined, and committed to the Tower.

"As he fell, one said to him, 'It is time for thee to look *about* thee.' He calmly replied, 'It is time for me to look *above* me.'"—AUBREY.

From his commanding, comprehensive, and majestic mind emanated a vast number of philosophical, literary, and professional treatises, abounding in profound and original thoughts, clad in grand and solemn language; and the question is not decided whether Bacon be the greatest thinker that England has produced. His writings on religious subjects are few, but are full of sublime sentiment; they are *Meditationes Sacræ*, his noble *Confession of Faith*, and three remarkable prayers—*The Student's Prayer*, *The Writer's Prayer*, and *The Prayer of the Man in trouble*—that is, himself in 1621; of which last prayer Addison wrote—"It seems rather the prayer of an angel than a man."

If Walton's affirmation is absolutely correct, that—

"The great Secretary of Nature and all learning did put such a value upon Mr. Herbert's judgement that he usually desir'd his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed,"—

it reveals the high esteem in which Bacon held the intelligence and discernment of so young a man. Walton adds—

"He thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the prophet David's Psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron of them, by a public dedication of them to him; as the best judge of Divine poetry."

The following is the dedication referred to by Walton—

"To his very good friend, Mr. George Herbert.

"The paines that it pleased you to take about some of my Writings¹ I cannot forget ; which did put me in minde to dedicate to you this poore Exercise of my sicknesse. Besides, it being my manner for Dedication to choose those that I hold most fit for the Argument, I thought that in respect of Divinitie and Poesie met (whereof the one is the Matter, the other the style, of this little Writing), I could not make a better choice. So with signification of my Love and Acknowledgement, I ever rest your affectionate friend,

FR. ST. ALBAN."

In his letter of thanks, sent by command of the Senate for the *Instauratio*, Herbert hardly rises to the dignity of his subject—

"We welcome thy book, with sincere felicitations, as revealing sciences and regions unknown. Thou hast made a more illustrious name than the discoverers of a new world. They found new lands, thou the boundless subtleties of undiscovered art. They relied on the magnetic needle : thou on the piercing acumen of thine own mind. Thy book is thy child of surpassing genius ; and the University, thy mother, by the birth of thy offspring is become a grandmother. Thou hast carried off the palm of five thousand years. God grant that what proficiency thou hast reached in the sphere of nature, thou mayest attain to higher knowledge in the realms of grace, and in due season perfect the conceptions of thy mind to the glory of God, the benefit of thy country, and thy own eternal welfare."

But when the Orator can free himself from the trammels of office, and throw off fulsome, academic phraseology, he writes as he feels, and pours forth a torrent of eloquent ejaculations in admiration of his noble friend, and of his incomparable powers.

¹ Herbert had translated part of the *Instauratio*.

After reading *Instauratio Magna*—

“Who is this? He does not pass by every day.

He is—

Leader of Thought.

Pontiff of Truth.

Lord of Induction and Verulam.

Master of Creation, not only ‘Master of Arts.’

Tower of Profundity and Elegance.

Diviner of the Secrets of Nature.

Treasury of Philosophy.

Umpire of Experience and Theory.

Standard-Bearer of Justice.

Emancipator of Science.

Steward of Light.

Dispeller of Phantoms and Clouds.

Associate of the Sun.

Quadrant of Exactitude.

Scourge of Sophisms.

Brutus of Learning.

Arbiter of Reason.

Refiner of the Mind.

Atlas of Physics.

Door of Noah.

Worm of Subtleties.

Heir of Time.

Hive of Honey.

Axe of Error.

Oh! I’m so tired—Good-night.’

In March 1626, driving near Highgate on a snowy day, Lord St. Albans, then in his sixty-fifth year, and very sick, left his coach to gather a little snow to stuff a fowl, that he might test the power of cold to preserve flesh. He caught a chill, and died on April 9. Walton would say, “The great Secretary of Nature died in the study of Nature.”

Herbert sweetly sang his requiem—

"Dum longi lentique gemis sub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede—
Quid voluit prudens fatum, jam sentio tandem ;
Constat Aprile uno te potuisse mori ;
Ut flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis
Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ."

"Wasted with sickness, long and slow,
Thy groans and sufferings come and go ;
But when God willed thy death was nigh,
In April only thou couldst die ;
That birds and flowers thy death might wail,
The primrose and the nightingale."

"In short," Aubrey concludes, "all that were great and good loved and honoured him" ; but the highest, and perhaps the truest, eulogium on Bacon's works and character is that of this day—

"He stood like a prophet on the verge of the Promised Land, bidding men leave without regret the desert which lay behind them, and enter with joyfulness and hopefulness into the rich inheritance spread before them."—NEW BIOG. DICT.

1621. King James had advanced Lionel Cranfield to the function of Lord Treasurer. Cambridge congratulated him on his honours, and craved that as the King had set him in a deserved position over the Royal Treasury, he would consider the University to be one of his treasures. He was created Earl of Middlesex, but being suspected of various political crimes, was impeached by Nicholas Ferrar, and dismissed from his office.

Don Charles de Coloma, the Spanish Ambassador, and Ferdinand, Baron of Boyscot, Ambassador of

Isabella, Archduchess of Austria, were presented to the Senate for the honorary degree of M.A. by the Orator. This is the first of Herbert's public addresses which has come down ^{1622. Feb. 27.} to us; it is in Latin, in which language all his official documents were written. It was published in Latin and English in London, 1623.

"MOST EXCELLENT AND MAGNIFICENT LORDS,

"We salute you Masters of Arts. We welcome the officers of the Catholic King, whose glory, wide as the world itself, as with a cord, ties both the Indies to Spain. St. James is the patron saint whom Spain worships. James is the august sovereign whom England obeys. The virtues of your princess Isabella also sound through our land. We have nothing here answerable to your greatness, or worthy of your acceptance. Here are cultivated the arts of quietness, silence, literature, poverty, and peace (except to moths). We pray you despise not our books and labours. For unless the old historians had written the life of Alexander the Great, how could it be shown that you were as famous as he?"

1622. May 29. Lady Danvers is ill at Chelsea. When her son George had paid her his last visit he had hoped she would recover. He now writes that "he is sorry to hear her sickness increases, and would quickly make good his wish to see her, but he cannot leave Cambridge, as it is only a month to the Commencement. The more earnest and constant shall be his prayers for her to the God of all consolation. The God of all comfort is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. The earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys. The thread of

life is like other threads, or skeins of silk, full of snarles and incumbrances. For himself he always feared sickness more than death, because sickness disabled him from worldly duties. His mother had abundantly discharged her part in the care of her family. If she turned her thoughts on the life past, or on joys to come, she had strong preservatives against disquiet. If we have riches, we are commanded to give them away, so that the best use of them is not to have them. The blessings of Holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. It is not said, 'Blessed be the rich,' or 'Blessed be the noble,' but 'Blessed be the meek,' 'Blessed be the poor,' and 'Blessed be the mourners.' But most live as if they not only not desired, but feared, to be blessed.

"If any of his mother's trials should seem a Goliath-like trouble, she might say, 'The Lord, Who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He also will deliver me out of the hands of this Philistine.' God intends our soul to be a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as immoderate grief, or that any sadness shall be His competitor. Above all must be remembered those admirable words of the Psalmist, 'Cast thy care on the Lord, and He shall nourish thee' (Ps. lv.). To which may be joined that of St. Peter, 'Casting all your care on the Lord, for He careth for you' (1 Pet. v. 7).

"To conclude, there is one place more (Phil. iv. 4), where St. Paul says, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice.' What, shall we rejoice in tribulations? Yes. It is not left us to rejoice, or not to rejoice; but whatever befalls us, we must always rejoice in the Lord."

Charles, the second son of James I. and Anne of Denmark, (after negotiations for his marriage with Christina, Princess of France, had been broken off,) was sent by his father with the Duke of Buckingham to seek the hand of the Infanta Maria of Spain. Political and religious difficulties frustrated the design, and Charles returned to England, October 5, 1623.

The news of the return of the Prince reached Cambridge on Monday, October 6. The Orator is enjoined to prepare an Address of Welcome. It was delivered on the following Wednesday, and must have been chiefly extempore, but it was published by Legge, the University printer, 1623.

A letter dated from Christ College, of October 11, says—

"Our belles rung all that day (Oct. 6), and the Towne made bonefires at night. Tuesday the belles continued ringing. Every College had a speech, and one dish more at supper, and bonefires and squibbes in their Courts, the Townsmen still continuing to warme their streets in every corner also with bonefires, least they should not be merry when we were. Wednesday the University assembled in the forenoon to a gratulatorie Sermon at St. Marie's, in the afternoon to a publick oration. The close at night was with bonefires, drummes, gunnes, fireworks, till past midnight all the Towne about."

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The Oration extended over four hundred lines—

“VENERABLE HEADS, MOST HONOURABLE SIRS, MOST
WORTHY YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

“We are most fortunate in recovering our Prince safe and sound, with the ring of espousal, which may be now disposed as the judgement of a King most wise and experienced in things divine and human shall direct. What nation ever had a better Prince? Rummage out your book-shelves, ye omnivorous scholars, and find us such another. My words are serious. Give rattles and bubbles to boys. The journey of the Prince shows his wisdom. He went to seek a bride. He is a man, not a marble statue. He courted a Princess of a most noble family. The eagle of Austria does not fly at gnats. In the life of man is no event of greater moment than marriage: by marriage we take revenge on death, and bind the broken threads of life in the knot of eternity. Marriage is a solemn undertaking in all, especially among Princes. The word ‘King’ is said to be derived from ‘König,’ and means ‘I can, I know, I dare.’ A King is not to be formed out of any log of a wife. Children generally follow the nature and disposition of their mother: our Prince would choose his wife with a view to posterity. Also by his journey he would secure to his country a lasting peace: war is thought glorious, but peace is devoutly to be preferred. In peace sons bury their parents; in war fathers bury their sons. In peace the birds warble; in war the trumpets bray. In peace there is safety in the fields; in war not even in the towns. Peace has opened the New World; War destroys the Old World. How great a blessing to our own republic, to our University, is peace! How would our colleges, our libraries, our manuscripts, our literature fare under the murderous discharge of the sulphureous cylinder? Learning, like a delicate flower, must be handled gently. While Archimedes was tracing problems on the ground, the sword of the Roman soldier reached his heart, and his dead body effaced the lines he had just described. Read the pages of history: fields are drenched with human blood; noble cities are burnt to ashes; hunger, misery, sickness and wounds rage among the people. In time the British lion will roar loud enough. You may see with one eye how the Prince sought peace at the danger

of his own life. The summer was cold, and the sky cloudy, while the Prince was away. He disregarded the pleasures and comforts of home to take this distant journey. Some Princes have so pampered their bodies as if they never would be resolved into dust, but into pancakes and sugar-plums. But in the grave there is no difference between the Monarch and the subject, and the stench from the rotting carcases of slaves makes as loud a thunder as from the putrifying corpses of Kings.

"It is a good thing for a King sometimes not to reign. Thus Alfred won a famous victory.

"But there is a querulous old woman amongst us, in the Senate House to-day, who squeaks out, 'Twas a pretty business, sure! a fine journey, indeed! fit for a lover.' But, my dear old lady, if the love of a maiden took him to Spain, what but the love of his Fatherland brought him back? The saw cuts both a straw and a plank. We teach mathematics at Cambridge, which seem folly to the unlearned, but carried out into practical use, they show engineers how to construct machines of terrible power. That love which has been centred upon a maiden's face, when circumstances shall demand, will defend a kingdom. Envy devours itself, as a grub in a nut the kernel which gave it life. British curs are famous for barking.

"Now, gentlemen, rejoice. Charles has come back laden with honours, like a bee with thighs full of thyme.

"We are to have a holiday to-day. Illustrious Sirs, it is no time for serious looks even from you. Ye hard readers, who sit and devour your books, turning over three hundred acres of paper in a day, throw your books away. Alma Mater, though now growing old, will lead the dance. Even an old woman, capering up into the air, may make a good deal of dust.

"Only let us pray immortal God that our good Prince may propose to himself no other journey, but remain at home. Enough has been given to duty, enough to his country."

During one of James's last visits to Cambridge, "he was attended by Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Virulam, and Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desir'd friendship with our Orator."—WALTON.

Reference has been made to the earlier reciprocation of kind offices between Bacon and Herbert; and it has been shown that as regards the friendship between the Bishop and Herbert, it had begun while Herbert was a boy of thirteen at Westminster School; and it is certain that as the years rolled on, and their mutual adoption was tried, the two friends grappled each other, soul to soul, as with hooks of steel.

Herbert writes in Latin from Cambridge to the Bishop at Winchester, in 1619-20. Apparently he had lately been on a visit to the Palace at Winchester, and says, "From the comfort of thy countenance and with the *viaticum* of thy blessing, I returned to Cambridge full of joy." He refers to a letter he had before written to the Bishop, which he feared savoured more of the impetuosity of youth than of mature judgment, but assures him those heated emotions had now subsided, and he would for the future endeavour to subdue the "*quickness of his feelings*." His heart is full of his friend; but he had not so earnestly sought his regard till, after long and serious reflection, he had ascertained and experienced the merits and perfections of his character. From childhood upward, through the whole course of his life, he had kept before his eyes the Bishop's holy example, and felt it his duty never to rest till he had found some Milky Way to the whiteness of the Bishop's soul. That his friend had received him into his affection was not due to his merit, but to the Bishop's condescension; and the loss of his esteem

would be like the loss of the sun. He had often visited the Bishop, but says he must now plough less frequently in the Winchester Field, as in addition to his duties as Orator, he is Professor of Rhetoric this year; and he feels that public duties have a stronger claim on him than those of a private nature. No heart can burn with a deeper glow than his for his friend, and if the reverend Father will believe this, and give him a full measure of his blessing, he will make his obedient son most happy.

Walton refers to the intimate spiritual communion between Andrewes and Herbert—

“And for the learned Bishop, it is observable, that as at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about predestination and sanctity of life; of both which the orator did not long after, send the bishop some safe and useful aphorisms in a long letter written in Greek: which was so remarkable for the language and matter, that after the reading of it, the bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to scholars, both of this and foreign nations: but did alwayes return it back to the place where he first lodg’d it; and continu’d it so, near his heart, till the last day of his life.”—WALTON.

It is almost vain to hope that, after the lapse of two centuries and a half, this letter of Herbert’s will ever be recovered. Either, after the freed spirit of the Prelate had returned to God who gave it, and the body was prepared for burial, some pious hand religiously placed the hallowed treasure upon the bare bosom of the dead, and it went down with him in his coffin to the grave; or, it was devoutly removed by his chaplain, and was lost amongst the mass of his manuscripts.

Bishop Andrewes was translated to Winchester in 1619, just as Herbert succeeded to the Oratorial office ; and he died in 1626, a year before Herbert finally severed his connection with Cambridge. "God translated him to heaven just as he was about to be translated to Canterbury."

Whenever the King came to Cambridge—

"Mr. George Herbert was to welcome him with the gratulations and the applauses of an orator ; which he alwayes perform'd so well that he still grew more into the King's favour ; insomuch that he had a particular apppointment to attend his Majesty at Royston : where, after a discourse with him, his Majesty declar'd to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, 'that he found the orator's learning and wisdom much above his age.'"

Herbert had perfected himself in foreign languages, hoping that, as he was very high in the King's favour, and commanded the interest of the nobility about the Court, he might, as his predecessor, obtain some post under Government.

"This, and the love of a Court conversation, mixt with a laudable ambition to be something more, drew him often from Cambridge to attend the King wherever the Court was : who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sydney, and valued to be worth £120 per annum."

Walton refers to the Rectory of Whitford.

This sinecure, in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, was held in 1564 by Hugh Whitford, a layman, who was deprived by the Queen ; and the same year, on her presentation, Philip, son of Sir Henry Sydney, a boy ten years old, at Shrewsbury School, was instituted and inducted by Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph.

Laymen and children were often appointed to prebends, and other ecclesiastical offices. Bishop Jewell of Sarum, speaks of "one Harvee, prebendary of my Church, not having or using priestly apparel, in all respects going as a serving-man." At Norwich, Parker found his authority scorned by "a prebendary of the Church there, a man not ordered, a mere lay body." At York, a prebend was solicited "for a mere boy, a child of tender age." The great Camden, a Master of Westminster School, never ordained, held a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral. King James himself endowed a lay professorship at Oxford with a prebend of Sarum.

In the reign of Charles II. a law was passed making it illegal for laymen to hold prebendal stalls.

The Rectory of Whitford was not conferred on Herbert. His name never appears amongst the prebendaries and canons of St. Asaph. The following list embraces all the Rectors of Whitford from 1563 to 1633, a term of seventy years—

RECTORS OF WHITFORD.

Hugh Whitford	...	...	1563, deprived.
Philip Sydney	...	...	1564 do.
Griffith Jones	...	...	1565
J. King	...	...	1608
Robert King	...	...	1624
Bishop Owen (<i>in commendam</i>)			
George Griffith	...	...	1632
William Thelwall	...	...	1633

But neither Bishop Parry, to whom Walton refers as Bishop of St. Asaph, nor Herbert, was ever Rector of Whitford.

Herbert's income now might be £200 a year. "With this he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and court-like company, and seldom looked toward Cambridge (unless the King were there)." He gets leave of absence for six months, on condition of his appointing a sufficient deputy (June 11, 1624). The deputy he appointed was Herbert Thorndike, Fellow of Trinity (afterwards Prebendary of Westminster).

"He had often design'd to leave the University, and decline all study, which he judg'd did impair his health; for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and to other infirmities, which he judg'd were increas'd by his studies; for he would often say, 'he had a wit like a penknife in a narrow sheath, too sharp for his body.'

"His mother would by no means allow him either to leave the University, or to travel; to which, though he inclin'd very much, yet he would by no means satisfie his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother."

His advancement to the Oratorship had thrust him at once into prominent notice, into touch with the great scholars of the day; and while he occupied that position—though, as he had said to Sir Thomas Nethersole, "This dignity hath no such earthiness in it, but it may very well be joined with heaven"—yet it tended to defer his ordination.

Then had followed his introduction at Court; his gracious reception by the King; his unrestrained admission into the society of nobles and aristocrats; with the flatteries of life; the painted pleasures and the glittering gauds of the world, and the probability of attaining the loftiest pinnacle of human ambition, and becoming a Cabinet Minister.

Entangled—snared—bound in the meshes of the world's net—overcome—apparently, for a while, he forgot his covenant with God. He (it is faithful Walton's own concession) expected some good occasion to remove him from Cambridge to the Court. But it was not to be. The purposes of God's grace were not to be frustrated, nor was England to lose her greatest Christian poet.

"God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of his most powerful friends, and with them to all Mr. Herbert's Court hopes."

As he tenderly laments—

"Thou tookst away my life,
— for my friends die."

The solemn death-bell was continually sounding in his ear. The Duke of Richmond died in 1623; the Duke of Lennox in 1624; the Marquis of Hamilton in 1625; King James the same year; Lord Bacon and Bishop Andrewes in 1626.

Herbert left Cambridge, and Trinity College, probably never to return, and as he departed, the world stood by, and curled its scornful lip, and hissed out its derisive taunt—"Ah! Nature intended thee for a courtier, but disappointed ambition may make thee a saint."

But now let Ferrar speak, and he is worthy to be heard, who knew the secrets of Herbert's inmost soul, and he will speak the truth—

"Quitting both his deserts, and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuarie

and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's altar than to seek the honour of State-employments."

PASS but a few weeks, and Herbert stands, and looks at the world, and now it is his turn to speak, and his words are these—

"I now look back on my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attain'd what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud and titles and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures : pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed ; but in God and His service is a fulness of all joy, and pleasure, and no satiety."

But before he could speak thus, he had to pass through the deep waters. Sad, discomforted, disappointed, displeased with himself, sickly, and sick, Herbert went to London, and as his mother had long been suffering from a painful disease, he would spend much time with her at Chelsea ; this would be in the spring of 1626. At Danvers House he would often meet some of his brothers—Edward (recalled suddenly from his important post of Ambassador to France by James I., and created Lord Castle-Island just before that monarch's death ; and now not much in favour with the new King, Charles I.)—Henry, in his frequent visits to London from Paris, and the other brothers as often as they returned from the wars abroad. George and his mother would talk together with alarm at the crude, strange, daring speculations on religion now festering in Edward's mind, and of disloyal and almost treasonable language

towards the King and Constitution spoken both by his brother and Sir John Danvers.

George Herbert remained a short time in London, and then

“presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he liv’d very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness as was judg’d to impair his health more than his study had done. In this time of retirement he had many conflicts with himself whether he would return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a study of Divinity, and enter into sacred orders, to which his dear mother had often perswaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know who have endur’d them ; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside : but at last God inclin’d him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar.”—WALTON.

It is impossible to ascertain where, or with what friend, he sojourned in Kent ; but there is some place in that county, some sacred arena of the struggle between sin and grace, known to God alone, on which Herbert bowed his knees and poured out his heart like water before the Lord, and cried—

“Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis—
Gere curam mei finis.”

“AT LAST GOD INCLIN’D HIM TO PUT ON A RESOLUTION TO SERVE AT HIS ALTAR,”

and he trod Satan and the world under his feet, and rose triumphant in conquering grace, and said—

“I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST, WHICH
STRENGTHENETH ME.”

He could not have remained many weeks in Kent, for before the summer of 1626 he returned to London, and resided there.

When it became known that it was his intention to enter into Priests' Orders, one of his friends at Court, to whom he had communicated his resolution, used his influence to induce him to abandon the design, saying that a clergyman's life was below his worth and his excellent abilities.

To this man of the world he replied—

"It hath been formerly judg'd that the domestick servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth ; and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God who gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him that has done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

Immediately upon this act of devout re-consecration, and this second self-surrender, came the presentation to the prebend of Leighton Bromeswold, in Huntingdonshire, or as Walton calls it, Layton Ecclesia, which is the name it bears in the records of Lincoln Cathedral.

CHAPTER VI.

EPIGRAMMATA APOLOGETICA.

SOON after the accession of James I. to the Crown of Great Britain, some Scotch ministers petitioned him to assimilate the constitution of the Church of England to the model of the Reformation which John Knox had inaugurated in Scotland. The English Universities at once took fire, and launched vehement "Reasons and Resolutions" against the Petition. Andrew Melville (or, as his name was Latinized, Melvinus) was pushed forward by his party to sustain the appeal, and minimize the force of the Resolutions.

"He was a man of learning, and was the master of a great wit, a wit full of knots and clenches, a wit sharp and satirical; he had scattered many malicious, bitter verses in Latin against our Liturgy, our ceremonies, and our Church government, which were by some of that party so magnified that they were brought into Westminster School, where Mr. Herbert, then and often after, writ and scatter'd answers and reflections of the same sharpness upon him and them: I think to the satisfaction of all uningaged persons."—WALTON.

Melville concentrated his attack on the Church into a Latin poem of fifty stanzas in Sapphic verse, under

the odd title of "*Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria*," meaning "The Impeachment of Oxford and Cambridge." It has little point or power.

It was published in 1604, while Lancelot Andrewes was Dean of Westminster, and would soon fall under his lacerating censures. Watchful for the interests of the Church and School, it was only natural that he should bring the satire to the notice of the best scholars, expose its misrepresentations, arm them with such arguments as would neutralize its venom, and encourage and inspire them to embody the antidote in their themes and verses.

It speaks well for Herbert, for his talents, (a boy so young in the School,) and for his knowledge of the history and economy of the Church, that his verses should have been considered by his Masters worthy of preservation, and of sufficient force and ability to compete with the rancorous denunciations of the Scotch Reformer.

And as his caustic epigrams continued to be written, their merit was so apparent, that he was stimulated to proceed, till in the course of years he grappled with almost all of Melville's objections. His verses, composed as life went on, and probably most of them at Cambridge (with others without any reference to the controversy), formed the little book by name "*PRO DISCIPLINA ECCLESIAE NOSTRAE EPIGRAMMATA APOLOGETICA*," dedicated to King James, but not published in entirety till 1662, by Dean Duport.

Melville died in 1622, while Herbert was Public

Orator at Cambridge, so that he never saw the EPIGRAMMATA in print; but it is evident, from Herbert's personal addresses to him, that copies in manuscript were put into his hands, after the manner with scholars in that day; and Herbert, perceiving dark clouds arising in the Church's horizon, seems to have thought that his verses hereafter might be useful and before his last illness he drafted a careful copy, reviewing Melville's strictures almost *seriatim*, as with a view to publication.

Melville declares that he only contends for truth, and for the salvation of souls. He brands the Bishops as proud, insolent, covetous, pugnacious, with gorged paunches, ready for hell, polluting the House of God.

He extols the piety and learning of the Genevan Reformers, Bucer, Beza, and Calvin, greatest of all. He denounces the rights and ceremonies of the Church of England as stupid, impure, impious; he reviles Church music and chanting as the bellowing of bulls and the clash of Phrygian cymbals; he condemns with scorn the sign of the Cross, the Surplice, the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, Baptism of infants, Confirmation, the ring in Marriage, and Churching of women, all as unspiritual, unprofitable.

Herbert's defence of the Church is styled "Poems of George Herbert, Englishman, in reply to Andrew Melville, Scotchman." There are in all forty-three poems, in Latin verse of all measures; three are

addressed to the King, one to Prince Charles, one to Bishop Andrewes, and the rest to Melville.

Herbert allows that he is a bold youth to enter the lists against an old man, but the occasion justifies the deed ; and Melville shall be the boy, and Herbert the old divine. He has no quarrel with Melville's religion ; but with his unjust and ungenerous charges against the Church. He asks derisively why Melville wrote his *Categoria* in effeminate Sapphics, and not in grand heroic verse ;—is his Latin only for women ?

"You libel Bishops," says the young champion, "because they are of high position ; but do they not nourish the poor ? Libel the sun, because he shines aloft, and call him proud, while he warms the earth."

"You attack the Universities, as if we were all fools, and you and your sect the only wise men on earth. Learn to look at yourselves as others see you."

"You allow a friend to act as guardian for an unconscious infant in the charge of earthly properties, and to bind him under engagements which earthly laws compel him to fulfil. But you carp at God-parents, when in ward of immortal concerns, they lay the vows of God upon the soul of the child."

"Devils tremble and flee at the sign of the Cross—but you seem so to hate the sacred symbol, that you neither tremble nor flee."

"Which of you was it that said he could not sign the Articles, because he had the gout in his hand ? Have you all got the gout in your heart and head ?"

"You scoff at a mother offering thanks to God for

the birth of her child. Do not we thank God for daily bread? Ought we not to thank God for the gift of children? Perhaps, friend, your mother never gave thanks to God for your birth, and so you received no blessing."

"Why, with your black teeth, do you gnaw at our Surplice, because it is white?—are not the Saints in glory arrayed in white robes? The old and honoured name of England is *Albion*—and *Albion* means *white*."

"Let Albion's foes malign her name,
And daub her Church with slime and shame :
While she maintains her ancient right,
Her snowy robe, and name of *White*."

"If as you say, Bishops are so bad, how is it every man among you, if he will, may be a bishop? A Scotch weaver, who wove shirts, read that the Lord chose His first Apostles from among fishermen. 'But,' said he, 'a shirt is a nobler thing than a net,' and forthwith he left off weaving, and went a-preaching."

Objected—"The Church of England is full of blots and blemishes."—"Granted, good sir; we own it; we are men. But why did the Lord Jesus die for His Church, except that He might wash away our sins in His own Blood?"

"And are you, Puritans, altogether so pure? Listen, friend. One day an astronomer was looking for spots in the moon; he fell into a ditch, up to his neck; scrambling out, and covered with mud, he looks no more for spots in the moon."

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"Hark! Do I not hear angel-songs? The choirs antiphonal, yet symphonious, are chanting psalms, and hymns, and alleluias to the most Holy Trinity. My soul, divorced from the body, ascends with their melodious anthems to the highest heavens. O refreshment celestial! O balm of aching hearts! O ecstatic delight! O foretaste of the harmonies of the harps of God!"

"Our hymns and organs rumble
Like bellowing bulls, you say;
But if 'tis bulls that bellow,
'Tis asses, friend, that bray."

"Do you, ye preachers, disfavour music and singing in your conventicles, that ye may gain longer time to thump the pulpit, and thunder out your undigested rhapsodies?"

"'We shall win an easy victory over these naked barbarians,' cried Cæsar, when he saw the bare bodies and scant armour of the defenders of Albion. You would strip the Church of her holy rites and vestments that you may expose her to the mockery of the devil."

"You wrangle, captious sir, about the ring in marriage; pluck the rainbow out of the sky."

"Is it credible that any mortal dare to dishonour and repudiate the mighty Sevenfold Prayer, which because He could leave no gift greater or dearer, the Lord Jesus bequeathed to His Church as a legacy of grace and power for ever? Take care, whoever you are, lest, while you abjure the words of the Lord, the Word of the Lord abjure you."

"When you preach, my friend, your cravat, your shirt, your bands, your coat, your gown, are all saturated with sweat. But, friend, it is you only that sweat; the people are as cold as ice. Give them something to make them warm."

"In your sermons you cry, 'Sirs, we are brethren'; yet you hate Roman Catholics with intense malignity, and scream out in elegant phrase, 'All beware of the she-wolf of the Vatican puddle!' We understand you, gentlemen, and we know how to steer clear of your Charybdis, and their Scylla; and we are ready to discharge our arrows both at the British fox and the Roman wolf."

"Is it not better, as our clergy do, to impose (lay) hands on humble heads, than for you to impose your deceits on the ignorant masses? Is not *Imposition* (laying on of hands) better than *Imposture*?"

"O Scotland, quench your burning rage against the Church in one of the seas which wash your shores; or better, in Christ's Blood, which is nearer and nobler. But where there are any pure souls among you, living in holiness, faith, and love, my censures are not aimed at them, but at your preachers who have led them astray."

"Now, Melville, I have done; and you cannot say that in this controversy, which you provoked, I have treated you in an envenomed or supercilious spirit; on the contrary, you must allow that my language has been courteous if caustic, and my sarcasms playful and toothless. You have vomited on us and our

Church torrents of falsehood and invective, and your verses are only fit for the fire ; and had I chosen to assault you as you deserved, I could have overwhelmed you with cutting reproach and scalding ridicule. But I forbear—nay, I grant that you are a scholar, a poet, and a man of honour, and worthy of better confederates than those among whom you move. Friend, farewell.”

A few of Melville’s stanzas are reverent, and command admiration.

. . . . “—pia cura Regis
Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
 Temperat horis ;
Cujus æqualis Soboles Parenti
Gentis electæ Pater atque Custos ;
Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque
 Spiritus almus :
Quippe Tres-Unus Deus ; unus actus,
Una natura est tribus ; una virtus,
Una majestas, Deitas et una,
 Gloria et una ;
Una vis immensa, perennis una
Vita, lux una, et sapientia una,
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et
 Una voluntas.”¹

¹ Herbert allows of this passage—“Plena Deo est.”

CHAPTER VII.

LEIGHTON ECCLESIA.—1626—1633.

THE Manor of Leighton Bromeswold was given by Waltheof, the last Saxon Earl, to Lincoln Cathedral. Probably by lease it passed from the D'Arcys and Clintons to the Duke of Lennox, and he, being a friend of George Herbert, might have interested himself in his behalf with John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, by whom the prebend of Leighton, in Lincoln Cathedral, was conferred on Herbert.

Leland had visited the parish in 1552, and records that the prebendary lived in a "praty house with a moat." Attached to the prebend was an estate of 500 acres, which was leased out on lives, as was then the custom. Herbert's income from that source might have been very small, or nothing.

The Church of St. Mary, a Latin cross, built (or rebuilt) by the Lincoln ecclesiastics, an edifice of great loftiness and expansion, was evidently intended for another purpose than that of supplying a sanctuary for so small a parish as Leighton. The parish gives its name to the Hundred—*Leightonstone*; and the

Church might have served for the mustering of provincial synods in Saxon times. Some portions of this fine building are very old, showing evidence of very early Saxon, Norman, and First-Pointed work. The chancel alone would have contained Herbert's Chapel at Bemerton.

The history of the Church after the Reformation is in uncertainty. It seems to have been seized by the Commissioners of Henry VIII., and left desolate. On Herbert's succession to the prebend, the tower was in ruins; the roofs had fallen in, and with them the upper courses of the walls; no religious offices had been celebrated within the building for nearly twenty years. The parishioners worshipped in the large hall of Leighton House, the mansion of the Duke of Lennox.

The Vicar of Leighton had made efforts to restore the Church, and had obtained a brief from the Crown, but the estimated cost of restoration was £2000 (equal to £6000 of this day), and no sufficient funds were attainable. The walls of the nave, chancel, and transepts in their lower courses stood substantially sound; some of the beautiful tracery yet remained in many of the windows; high on its lofty site was seen from all the country round this conspicuous monument of ancestral piety, but it was a mere wreck and skeleton of a Christian Church.

Walton ascertained from the Registers of the Diocese of Lincoln that Herbert was instituted to the Prebend of Leighton Ecclesia on July 15, 1626, on

the presentation of the Bishop, John Williams ; but he could find no record of his ordination to the Diaconate. He also afterwards ascertained from the registers of the diocese of Sarum when Herbert was instituted to the Rectory of Foulstone-cum-Bemerton, but could find no record of his ordination to the Priesthood.

It was not a necessary consequence, as has been shown, that a prebendary of a cathedral must be in Holy Orders, but, as Walton says, Herbert *was* in Deacon's Orders before he was instituted to Leighton. The Institution Registers of Lincoln for the year 1626 are lost, but in the Muniment-room of the Dean and Chapter exists the following document—

LINCOLN CHAPTER ACTS.

Institutio G. Herbert ad prebendam de Leighton Ecclesia.

5 July, 1626. "Eodem die anno tempore et loco immediate post preces vespertinas in partiloquio in choro ecclesie Cath. B. Marie Lincoln coram superscriptis (Decano, Cancellario et al.) comparuit personaliter Petrus Walter clericus et exhibuit procuratorium suum literarie pro Georgio Herbert diacono in artibus magistro alias ad Canon et prebendam de Leighton Ecclesia in dicta Ecclesia Cathed. fundat per resignationem ultimi prebendarij vacantem instituto, et fecit, &c., &c."

On July 5, 1626, Peter Walter, clerk, appeared before certain officials of the Cathedral of Lincoln as Proctor for George Herbert, Deacon, M.A., and was instituted to the Prebend of Leighton Ecclesia, and took the customary oaths.

As it is stated in the above instrument that the Prebendary was already in Deacon's Orders when in-

stituted to Leighton, he might have been ordained (as Walton implies), early in 1626 on the title of his fellowship in Trinity College; and if so, his name would appear in the books of the Bishopric of Ely, in which diocese Cambridge lay; but there is no register existent at Ely for the whole of the seventeenth century, from 1600 to 1700. Or was Herbert ordained Deacon by Bishop Williams on the title of Leighton?

On Trinity Sunday, June 11, 1626, Nicholas Ferrar had been ordained Deacon in Westminster Abbey by Bishop Laud; and at once settled down at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, and proceeded to the repairs of the Church and manor-house, for the permanent home of his mother and his family.

In the following July, Herbert was appointed to the prebend of Leighton. Gidding and Leighton are five and a half miles distant from each other. Ferrar was born in Feb. 1592-3; Herbert the same year, in April. Ferrar matriculated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1604; Herbert, at Trinity College, in 1609. Ferrar left Cambridge in 1613; Herbert took his B.A. degree in 1612. The time the two friends spent together at College could not have extended much over four years, yet then was laid the foundation of a most devoted friendship, unbroken through twenty years, till Herbert's death.

Though there was no legal claim whatever on the Prebendary for the reconstruction of the Church, he saw at once the necessity—he felt the pressing dis-

honour—he knew that no blessing would rest on himself or the parish while the House of God lay waste ; he took no counsel with alarming apprehensions, but vowed to God he would exert all his powers for its immediate restoration. And as soon as he heard, in the summer of 1626, that Ferrar had actually entered on his home, and had begun his work at Gidding, and when he ascertained that the distance between the two villages was under six miles, he earnestly implored his friend to accept the emoluments of the prebend, and undertake the repairs of the Church.

Ferrar declined, as all his thoughts and powers were concentrated on one great object, the establishment of his religious community at Gidding. Herbert, on his side, reiterated his urgent request, when Ferrar made the proposition that Herbert should use his influence amongst his personal friends, and raise what sums he could toward the repairs of the Church, and he, on his part, would contribute towards the expense ; and though he could not make himself responsible for much personal supervision, he would undertake that his brother John should visit the Church three times a week, and should overlook and direct the works. This offer Herbert gratefully accepted, surrendered his prebendal income, and excited his friends to extend their sympathy to Leighton.

As soon as Lady Danvers heard that her son was nominated to Leighton, and that he proposed to restore the Church, she sent for him from London,

where he was then visiting, to her house at Chelsea, and "apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was like to draw upon himself, his relatives, and friends," like a *prudent* mother she said—

"George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to rebuild churches,"

and advised him to resign the prebend. He desired that he might have a day's time to consider; and, returning to her on the morrow, he first knelt and asked her blessing (which she gave him), and then said—

"Mother, I ask you to allow me, at the age of thirty-three years, to become an undutiful son, for I have made a vow to God, that, if I am able, I will rebuild Leighton Church."

And now, like a *Christian* mother, when she heard that the vows of God were upon her son, and saw his zeal for the Lord's House, it pitied her also concerning its stones; she bade him "God speed" in his holy purpose, and promised assistance of her own substance. On her intercession, William, Earl of Pembroke, subscribed £50, which sum he doubled on receipt of a persuasive letter from his kinsman; Arthur Woodnoth, a wealthy gold merchant of London, a relative of Ferrar's, beside his own bounty, collected money for the work, kept all the accounts, and, as he was frequently at Gidding, visited Leighton Church, acted as Ferrar's deputy, and efficiently carried out Herbert's wishes.

It has been regarded as a singular fact that there is no evidence of Herbert's ever having visited Leighton

all the seven years he held the prebend. There were reasonable causes for his absence. The ague seems to have been cruelly racking his feeble body. He could not ride two hundred miles on one journey as in earlier days. His mother's lonely home, and prolonged sicknesses, claimed his frequent presence. He had perfect confidence that Leighton Church was in competent hands.

It is more remarkable that he never paid a visit to his old dear friend and brother at Gidding, though it is undeniable enough that his heart and prayers were there continually ; and in that memorable venture of ascetic piety, devoted self-surrender, and unwearied *λατρεία*, which Ferrar consecrated to God at Little Gidding, Herbert's advice was anxiously sought, and his suggestions reverently regarded and adopted.

But the works at Leighton progressed very slowly, and four or five years later, when Herbert was settled in Bemerton Rectory, the Church was not finished, and it lay very heavy on the conscience of the Prebendary, and upon his purse also, when, at the same time, with a meagre income from his living, he was responsible for the repairs of the Church, Chapel, and rectory of his new parish.

From Bemerton he wrote to his "exceeding dear brother," expressing the sense of his extreme gratitude for Ferrar's interest in Leighton Church and parish.

"I shall ever put your care of Leighton upon my account, and give you myself for it, to be yours for ever."

He adds solemnly—

“God knows I have desired a long time to do the place good, and have endeavoured many ways to find a man for it. And now my gracious God is pleased to give me you for the man I desired ; for which I humbly thank Him.”

His anxiety to be wholly relieved of Leighton increased after he was fully entered on his work in Wiltshire ; and he renewed his former appeal to Ferrar ; but Ferrar’s energies and life, his body and soul, were now absolutely absorbed in Gidding, and he could only promise unabated interest in the Church. Herbert then resigned the restoration entirely into Ferrar’s hands, suggesting only certain details of internal arrangement.

Herbert’s brother Henry (the best of all his brothers, and himself a generous friend to Leighton) writes to say that Catharine, daughter of Lord Clifton of Leighton Bromeswold, Duchess of Lennox, and her son, had presented £200 to the Restoration Fund ; he had also interested Lord Manchester and Lord Bolingbroke in the undertaking. In devout acknowledgment George replies—

“I am glad, dear brother, I used you in it ; and you have no cause to be sorry, since it is God’s business.—From Bemerton, March 21, 1631.”

His last pious, gracious thoughts on the subject were breathed when he was going down fast to the gates of the grave ; in answer to a letter to Ferrar he says—

“You write very lovingly that all your things are mine ; if so, let this, of Leighton Church the care, be amongst the chiefest.

I thank you for your care, your counsel, your cost. And as I am heartily glad for the thing, so no less glad for the heart that God has given you and yours to pious works.

"Blessed be my God and Master, the spring and fountain of all goodness."

Leighton was on his heart in his dying hour. With his own hand he wrote his will, in which appeared the bequest—

" . . . fifteene pound shal be bestowed vppon Leighton Church."

All the wood-work in the Church is Herbert's, of solid, substantial oak, very thick and heavy, not of conventional ecclesiastical pattern, but a costly and admirable specimen of the semi-Italian style of the day; the seats are all open. There are two large pulpits, richly carved in oak; one for prayer, the other for preaching, exactly of the same form and height, both with heavy sounding-boards. By Herbert's order—

" . . . the reading-pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say 'they should neither have a precedency, or priority, of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.'"

From a note of Ferrar's it appears that the cost of the restoration fell chiefly on the Prebendary himself—

"the reparation whereof having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own, and some few others' private freewill offerings successfully effected."

Herbert could not compass the tower, which was afterwards raised at the expense of James, the sixth Duke of Lennox; it is a noble erection, lofty,

well-proportioned, and solidly built, probably from an existing Italian model; and probably also from the design of Inigo Jones. He had returned from Italy, where William, Earl of Pembroke, had sent him for his education, and Herbert would constantly come into contact with him, as Court Architect, and as directing the works at Wilton House. It is likely all the new work at Leighton passed under his review. The large tenor bell bears, in Lombardic letters, the names of Esmé and Catharine, father and mother of the Duke of Lennox.

The lead work of the rain-pipes is singularly elaborate and ornamental, charged with scrolls and crests; one of the figures is a wyvern, the crest of the Herberts; another may be a coronet, affixed by Ferrar in memory of other re-storers of the holy place.

From the date 1632 on a battlemented bowl of lead, it might be inferred that a general restoration was effected in that year, before Herbert died; but the date, 1634, on another, suggests indirectly that all the works were not finished till after his death. Perhaps that is the date of the building of the tower. Herbert and his friends rebuilt no new Church; they only worked on old foundations; they inserted four new windows in the walls of the chancel, and re-roofed, repaired, and re-seated the whole.

Though there is not the slightest evidence that Herbert was ever in Leighton parish, or ever discharged any Divine Offices in the Church, yet it seems to have been a traditionary belief that he was at one

time Vicar of Leighton. About a hundred and thirty years after, Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the most learned and distinguished of Methodist ministers, and contemporary with John Wesley, writes thus—

“On the road we passed by (I think it is called) Leighton Church, where that blessed man of God, Mr. Herbert, author of the most excellent collection of poems, formerly preached ; the sight of the place where such an eminent minister of God hath dispensed the Word of Life, impressed my mind with solemnity and reverence.”

Allow that Herbert, in the body, never looked on Leighton Church ; never worshipped God in its aisles ; yet Leighton Church was very dear to Herbert's heart ; it was hallowed by his prayers ; it was washed by his tears ; it is ever to be remembered as incensed by his memory. It is sacred also to English churchmen from the memories of John and Nicholas Ferrar, and Arthur Woodnoth.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHELSEA—PARENTALIA—SIR JOHN DANVERS.—
1608—1655.

IN the year 1608-9 Magdalen Herbert was married to Sir John Danvers, of Chelsea. The parish of Chelsea was then a beautiful, well-wooded district, in the country ; a few cottages clustered round the village church ; handsome seats crowned the slopes adown to the river, nearest of which to Danvers House was that of Sir Thomas More.

Danvers House was sumptuously adorned, and the gardens were laid out in the new Italian style.

"'Twas Sir John Danvers, of Chelsey, who first taught us the way of Italian gardens. He had well travelled France and Italy, and made good observations. He had in a fair body an harmonical mind. In his youth his complexion was so beautiful and fine that the people would come after him in the streets to admire him. He had a very fine fancy, which lay chiefly for gardens and architecture."—AUBREY.

When he married Magdalen Herbert, he had only just entered his twentieth year ; she was about forty years of age, the mother of ten children, of whom Thomas, the youngest, was about eleven, George was fifteen. "He married her for love of her wit"; he

was fascinated by her beauty yet abiding, her grace and graciousness, her accomplishments, her refined and commanding intellect. She, though a woman of mature judgment, and old enough to be his mother, might have been captivated in a degree by his handsome form, more so perhaps by the elegancies of his house and the exquisite beauty of the gardens; and as he was presumptive heir to a vast estate, she would be able to receive her younger children into a competent home, and aid them in their upward struggle to an honourable position in life. Nor were her pleasurable anticipations unfulfilled. As long as George Herbert's mother continued the wife of Sir John Danvers, there is testimony enough that the stepfather was a true father to his adopted children; the three girls made Chelsea their home till they were married; Edward, sometimes from Montgomery Castle, sometimes from the Low Countries, afterwards from Paris, where he was ambassador for six years; Charles from Oxford; George from Cambridge; Richard, William, Henry, and Thomas, first on their return from school, afterwards from their continental campaigns, all received a cordial welcome to that lordly mansion.

Here Lady Danvers, in becoming state, could receive her illustrious visitors. Statesmen, nobles, clergy of every grade, poets, scholars, converged to Danvers House, as a centre of dignified life; refined, elegant, literary society; gracious courtesy, and exuberant hospitality.

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King James himself might have been the guest of the mother of the Cambridge Orator, who so incensed him with his complimentary speeches.

Lord Bacon was often there.

"His Ls^h much delighted in that curious garden at Chelsey. He did meditate in those delicate bowers, and as he was walking there one time, he fell down in a sowne. My Lady Danvers rubbed his face, temples, &c., and gave him cordiall water. As soon as he came to himselfe, he said, 'Madam, I am no good *footman*.'"—AUBREY.

Chelsey
Bishop Andrewes, Laud, the Ministers, bishops, and nobles, but especially Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's (the friend of the Herbert family for so many years), shook off awhile their absorbing anxieties for Church and State, and refreshed their spirits in that Elysium of beauty and grace.

At a later day, John Aubrey frequently sojourned at Danvers House. He probably never saw George Herbert, being only in his eighth year at Herbert's death; but he was a Wiltshireman by birth, as was Sir John Danvers; and was connected with the family, his grandmother having been Rachel Danvers; and he says of his *curious* London anecdotes—"Most of these informations I have from Sir John Danvers."

Donne speaks favourably, though cautiously, of Sir John up to 1627. "His birth, his prospects, his noble presence, might have made him acceptable in any family, or with any woman on whom he set his affections"—and he allows their married life was happy; and, at least, till some years after his wife's death, her children had no cause to complain of the demeanour

of the stepfather towards them. George had confidence in him to the last, for he left him overseer of his will, in 1633.

But though he was knighted by James I., as early as 1624, to his wife's and his brother's (the Earl of Danby) great disgust, he began to disclose unsympathetic sentiments towards the Crown. Charles I. appointed him Gentleman Usher, but he was already associated with seditious spirits, who widened the gulf between him and his Master day by day.

His wife's later years were darkened and saddened by his open alienation from Church and State; her house was no longer the pleasant rendezvous of eminent courtiers and honourable Churchmen; dark cabals were held under her roof, and ominous whispers met her ear, and wounded her heart.

In May 1627 Herbert was at Chelsea, probably in attendance on his sick mother. On the 6th he writes in Latin to Robert Creighton, who had succeeded Thorndike as Deputy-Orator—

"Your letters are kind and elegant. You feed on the fine wheat of the University, I on acorns and pulse, like an ancient Briton. Please occupy my place until it is seen thou art acceptable to the University, and then it will not be my fault if thou do not succeed me. Ask our friend Thorndike to put into thy charge the Orator's book and lamp.¹ Consider when thou writest a speech, what is due to Alma Mater; do not dress her up like a young maiden; she is a matron, sacred, reverend, antique. A perfect speech is grave, dignified, clear, concise. It is long since I wrote my best Latin, but sometimes I like to chatter. I seem to be an old man in letters.

"Farewell, my Pro-Orator, and love thy G. H."

¹ The Orator's book remains; the lamp is not.

Lady Danvers still continued, as from the first, and as far as her health allowed, her course of religious obediences and unbounded benevolence. She attended the daily services of the parish church, which was just outside the park ; she received the few select friends who were not repelled by the coldness of her lord ; she watched over the spiritual, as well as temporal, concerns of her household ; and from her loneliness and disappointment she sought in prayer and meditation that consolation which our Holy Religion alone can supply.

Her health had been waning many a day, and through all the spring of 1627 she grew weaker and weaker, till, in May, all the children within reach were summoned to repair with all haste to Chelsea to receive a dying mother's blessing.

No record tells who, or how many of the children, or what friends, gathered round the dying woman's bed. George, apparently sometimes sojourning at the houses of his brother Edward or Henry in London, would visit his mother day by day, and would weary his God with unceasing prayer either for her early recovery, or for her beatific dissolution. But the secrets of that chamber of tears, of prayers, of sickness, and death are revealed only, and in a few brief sentences, in the funeral sermon preached by Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's.

George was absolutely unconsolable at his mother's death. He sat alone for hours by her bed, held her cold hands, and kissed her pallid brow. He wandered

up and down the corridors where her last footsteps faintly fell. He went out into the garden, then blooming in all the loveliness of spring, and looked on the parterres of her favourite flowers planted and watered by her own hand. He gazed on the silvery waters of the Thames, as she was wont to gaze, stood on the spot where she last stood leaning on his arm, till the burden of woe seemed too heavy to bear, and his heart was ready to burst in his breast.

Then came the funeral. Magdalen Danvers was buried in Chelsea Church on June 8, 1627, without a funeral sermon, as her friend, Dr. Donne, who was asked to preach, "was bound by pre-obligations and pre-contracts in his own profession."

It has been recorded in an early chapter that a stately monument, charged with proud, heraldic symbols, stands in the Lymore chantry of Montgomery Church, erected, as the inscription records, in memory of Richard Herbert and Magdalen his wife ; and Latin verses rehearse that the tomb covers two persons, united both in life and death. The marble lies. Undisturbed since his widow Magdalen laid him down to rest in 1596, Richard Herbert sleeps alone in his honoured grave. Magdalen Herbert became Magdalen Danvers, and her body never came to the sepulchre which she had prepared with such love and lavish cost for her first husband and herself. Her children may repeat their impassioned protestations, and may entreat that their mother may be laid by their father's side in the place she had herself pro-

vided ; they may plead her own intentions ; they may point to her effigy on the monument, to the empty vault, to the inscription testifying that a man and his wife lie below. The widower shakes his head ; she is not a Herbert now ; and she is hurried to earth in the Parish Church hard by, and sleeps alone in the distant, alien, unknown, unhonoured grave.

George has returned to his mother's vacant home. Do we see him sitting in his mother's room, at his mother's desk, sobbing over his mother's books and letters, holding in his fingers his mother's pen ? What does he write ?

“ Ah Mater, quo te deplorem fonte ? Dolores
Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos ? ”

He is pouring out his soul and his sorrows in spontaneous verse. These verses are the first breathings of—

“ PARENTALIA—POEMS SACRED TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY.”

He wails in Latin and Greek, as his great master, Bishop Andrewes, prayed in Greek and Hebrew.

There were twenty-two days between the burial and the funeral sermon. Where did the son spend those days—and nights ? Sometimes at his mother's grave, in Church, sometimes in her garden—more often in her chamber, prolonging his lamentations in the mournful measures of the “ Parentalia.”

They are nineteen poems of various length and metre, and they first appear in print appended to

Dr. Donne's sermon. As the sermon was published (in a quaint little duodecimo) immediately after it was preached, it may be accepted as more than probable that all the poems of the "Parentalia" were written by Herbert in Danvers House, between his mother's death and the delivery of Donne's sermon, and chiefly, (say, wholly, if you will) in his mother's chamber.

On July 1, there is a vast auditory in St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. Slowly and solemnly the preacher ascends the pulpit. It is well known with what pathos and sweeping eloquence he wields the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. He speaks as a dying man to dying men. His face is wan, his tears fall. His body trembles. His voice quivers. She, of whom he has to speak, was a friend, an old friend, a true friend, a friend to his wife and children, when they wanted a friend—inexpressibly dear, intensely admired, devotedly venerated. He prays—

THE PRAYER.

"O eternal and most glorious God! enable us in life and death seriously to consider the price of a soul. It is precious because Thy image is stamped upon it—precious, because the Blood of Thy Son was paid for it—precious, because Thy Blessed Spirit, the Holy Ghost, works upon it—precious, because it is entered into Thy revenue, and made a part of Thy treasure. Suffer us not, therefore, O Lord, so to undervalue ourselves, nay, so to impoverish Thee, as to give away those souls, Thy souls, Thy dear and precious souls, for nothing. We know, O Lord, that our rent due to Thee is our soul—and the day of our death is the day, and our deathbed the place, when this

*Donne's
Parentalia
Prayer*

rent is to be paid. He that hath sold his soul for unjust gain, or given away his soul for sin, or lent away his soul by a lukewarmness, he comes to that day and that place, his death and deathbed, without any rent in his hand, without any soul to render unto Thee. Let, therefore, O Lord, the same hand, which is to receive them *then*, preserve their souls *till then*. Let that mouth, which breathed them into us at first, breathe always upon them whilst they are with us, and suck them into itself, when they depart from us. Preserve our souls, O Lord, because they belong to Thee, and, preserve our bodies because they belong to those souls. In the straits of death open Thine eyes wider, and enlarge Thy Providence towards us, that no fever in the body may shake the soul, no apoplexy in the body benumb the soul. So make our bed in all our sickness, that being used to Thy hand, we may be content with any bed of Thy making, whether Thou be pleased to change our feathers into flocks, or our flocks into dust, even the dust of the grave. And though Thou dividest man and wife, mother and child, friend and friend, by the hand of death, yet stay them that stay; and send them away that go, with this consolation, that though we part, at divers days, and in divers ways, here—yet we shall all meet at one place and at one day—a day that no night shall determine, the day of the glorious Resurrection. Hasten that day, O Lord, for their sakes, that beg it of Thy hands from under the altar—hasten it for our sakes, that groan under the manifold encumbrances of these mortal bodies—hasten it for her sake, whom we have lately laid down in this Thy holy ground—and hasten it for Thy Son, Christ Jesus' sake, to whom then, and not till then, all things shall be absolutely subdued."

THE SERMON.

The text is—"NEVERTHELESS, ACCORDING TO HIS PROMISE, WE LOOK FOR NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW EARTH."—2 St. Peter iii. 13.

I propose—I. To instruct the living. II. To commemorate the dead.

I. Whether we look up to the throne of heaven for the one, or to the stones of the grave and that pavement for the other, we need no other words than those of the text. We look for something we have not yet—we expect greater, future things. We

are on a voyage through a Mediterranean Sea between two lands—the land of possession, and the land of promise. We lay hold on God for an everlasting possession. Christians must expect scorn, and jests, and tentations; but God with one word, “FIAT,” made all—with one word, “PEREAT,” can destroy all. He spake the word, and it was done. He can speak, and all shall be undone. It is not “ECCE, VENIAM,” but “ECCE, VENIO”—the future is reduced to an infallible present. It is so sure He will do it He is said to have done it. I do not only not know *when* that night shall be—but I do not only not know *what* night,—that is, *which* night—but not *what* night, that is, what kind of night He means. He may mean all kinds of night—my night of ignorance—my night of wantonness—my night of melancholy and suspicion of His mercy—my night of raging sickness. We that have laid our foundations in faith, and made our super-edifications in sanctimony, come what terrors, “IN CHRISTO OMNIA POSSUMUS.” I shall look upon Him then, and see all my sins, substance and circumstance of sin, weight and measure of sin, heinousness and continuance of sin, all my sins imprinted in His wounds. I have nothing to plead with God but His promises. All my plea is that to which He carries me so often in His Word, “QUIA FIDELIS DOMINUS.” Gracious, He meant to sacrifice Himself for the world, and faithfully He did it. God hath had a long forenoon, as He shall have an afternoon. God wrapt me in His covenant, and derived me from Christian parents—the first sound I heard in the world was the voice of Christians—the first character I was taught to know was the Cross of Christ. What sins God forgave me this morning, yet God forgives me seven more sins to-morrow—and seven, in this arithmetic, is infinite. Hath Christ gone to prepare a place for us, and would we not have Him come to fetch us to it? He that hath seen the marks of election, in both editions, in the Scripture first, and then in his own conscience; that finds himself truly incorporated in Christ, may be sure if the Day come now, he shall be able to stand upright in the Judgement. We have some ears, but wait for the sheaves. If God will have us stay a little longer, it is but a few minutes, for this “NOVISSIMA HORA EST.” Of the new heavens and new earth, when we have travelled as far as we can with safety, yet we must say, it is a country inhabited

with angels, cherubim and seraphim, and that we can look no further into it with these eyes—'tis the habitation prepared for the blessed angels, where all their minutes are ages, and all their ages eternity.

That's my comfort, that when I come thither, I shall have mercy at God's hands. Though I have put on the garment of my Saviour's righteousness in baptism, and girt it to me closer in the other Sacrament, and in some acts of holiness, yet my sins of infirmity slacken this garment, and it falls from me; and in my sins of rebellion I leave it off, and throw it away myself. But God shall impart to us all a mysterious gavelkind—equality of fulness of glory to us all. God shall not whisper to His own Son a "SEDE A DEXTRIS," nor a "HODIE GENUI," nor a "PONAM INIMICOS TUOS," and no more—but as it is said of the armies of Israel, "*They went forth as one man*"—so the whole host of God's saints incorporated in Christ Jesus shall be as one man—and that One Man, Son of Man and Son of God too, shall say to us all, "SEDETE A DEXTRIS"—and to us all, "HODIE GENUI VOS"—and to us all, "PONAM INIMICOS VESTROS"—and we shall not only have, but be, a part of that righteousness which dwells in the new heavens and earth.

II. The Text is for the Commemoration of the dead. Close we here this Book of Life, whence we have had our first text, and "SURGE QUÆ DORMIS IN PULVERE"—"ARISE, THOU BOOK OF DEATH." Thou that sleepest in this consecrated dust, and hast been going into dust, now almost a month of days—thou dost deserve such commemoration. Arise thou, and tell us what this new heaven and earth is in which now thou dwellest. But we do not invoke thee as thou art, a saint in heaven. Appear to us, as thou didst appear a month ago—appear in thy history—appear in our memory, that when one shall have seen thee, *the best wife*—and a larger number *the best mother*—and more than they, a whole town, *the best neighbour*—and, more than a town, a large body of noble friends, *the best friend*—and more than all they, all the world, *the best example*—because thy body is still within these walls, be content to be one of this congregation, and to hear some parts of this text re-applied to thee.

She lived in a time when that prophecy of St. Peter was superabundantly performed, that there should be scoffers and jesters of divine things, and matters appertaining to God. Who

ever saw her, who ever heard her countenance a profane speech? As her inclination and conversation was naturally cheerful, and lovingly facetious, I testify her holy cheerfulness and religious alacrity (one of the best evidences of a good conscience) that she came to this place, God's House, duly, not only every Sabbath, but even in those week-days, when it was only a House of Prayer, hastening her family, and her company with cheerful provocation; and the last act of that family, united in itself and with God, shut up the day at night with a cheerful singing of psalms.

In the declination of her years, sicknesses would sometimes cast a cloud and some half-damp upon her natural cheerfulness and sociableness, and sometimes indeed dark and sad apprehensions—nevertheless, who ever heard her murmur or repine, or dispute upon any of God's proceedings, or to lodge a jealousy or suspicion of His mercy and goodness toward her, or interrupt her confidence and assurance in God? The text is, "Nevertheless we"—and here, in this consideration, she—"according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth."

Being left a widow, she proposed to herself, as her principal care, the education of her ten children; and to advance that, she came and dwelt with them in the University, and recompensed to them the loss of a father in giving them two mothers—her own personal care, and the advantage of that place.

She continued thirteen years in a state of widowhood, and then returned to a second marriage; and I would not consider her years at so much more than forty, nor his at so much less than twenty, but as their persons were made one and their fortunes made one, by marriage, so I would put their years into one number, and think them thirty apiece. She had a cheerfulness agreeable to his youth, and he had a sober steadiness conformable to her years. Her fortune was fair and noble, derived from her first husband, and fairly and nobly dispensed by herself, with the allowance of her second; and as God's true steward and almoner, her time and money passed in a continual doing of good. As she received her daily bread from God, she daily distributed it to others, even what had been prepared for her own table.

Her house was a Court, in the conversation of the best—an

Alms-house, in feeding the poor—a Hospital, in ministering to the sick. The love of doing good, the disposition that dwelt in her children and kindred, the studies and knowledge of one, the hand of another, and the purse of all, and a joint facility, and openness, and accessibleness to persons of the meanest quality, concurred in the blessed act of charity, and was the perfume that breathed over all her house. Of which myself, who had the favour to be admitted into that family, must testify that when a late affliction fell hotly on the town, when every door was shut up, and lest death should enter into the house, it was made a sepulchre—then, then, in the time of infection, divers persons, visited with the infection, had relief from this house.¹ The rule of her actions was Religion, so the rule of her Religion was the Scripture; and her rule to understand the Scripture was the Church. She never diverted to the Papist in undervaluing Scripture, nor toward a Separatist in undervaluing the Church. But in the doctrine and discipline of that Church, in which God sealed her to Himself in Baptism, she brought up her children—she dedicated her soul to God in her life, and surrendered it to Him in her death. And in the form of Common Prayer, as ordained by that Church, and to which she had accustomed herself and her family thrice every day, she joined with that company that was about her deathbed, with a clear understanding, with a constant memory, and a distinct voice not two hours before she died.

She expected this—that she hath received—God's Physic, and God's Music, a Christianly death. By the Gospel the second death is taken off; and though we die still, we die according to His promise; that's a part of His mercy. Consider us fallen in Adam, and we are miserable that we must die; but consider us restored, and redintegrated in Christ, and we were more miserable if we might not die. We get not heaven but by death. This she expected till it came, and embraced it when it came. Her last words were—"I submit my will to the will of God." That body upon which you tread now—that body now crumbling into dust—that body which was eyes to the blind, and hands and feet to the lame—that body at last shall have her expectation satisfied,

¹ In 1625, London was scourged by the plague; 35,000 persons died in the year; the streets were forsaken and overgrown with grass. In the small village of Chelsea twenty-two people died.

and she shall dwell bodily with that righteousness in the new heavens and new earth for ever—and ever—and ever—and infinite and super-infinite evers. "His left hand is under my head, and His right hand embraces me," was the spouse's valediction, and "Good-night," to Christ then, when she laid herself down to sleep in the strength of His mandrakes, and the power of His spices—in the influence of His mercies. In His Name, and in her behalf, I say that to all you, which Christ said then—"ADJURO VOS"—"I charge you that ye wake her not." But if you will wake her—wake her—and keep her awake, with an active imitation of her holy virtues—that so, her example working upon you, and the number of God's saints being the sooner by this blessed example fulfilled—we may all meet—and meet quickly—in that kingdom, which hers and our Saviour hath purchased for us all with the inestimable price of His incorruptible Blood. Amen.

Thus Donne preached. Thus he honoured God. Thus he remembered his friend. That dense crowd, held, bound in a spiritual spell, for two hours by the theme and tone of the mighty preacher, "melted and moulded by his words, and looks, and sighs, and tears," draw their breath, and disperse hither and thither over all the land.

Who they were, what they were, whence they came, whither they went, God knoweth. But there was one man in Chelsea Church that day on whom the Holy Ghost set His seal, whose name is known, revered, and loved—shall be known and revered and loved while love shall last—ISAAC WALTON.

Forty-three years afterwards he wrote—

"I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul's), weep, and preach her funeral sermon in the parish Church of Chelsey."

Was that the day also, and was that the occasion,

the only occasion, on which Isaac Walton saw George Herbert?

"Mr. George Herbert was to me a stranger, as to his person, for I have only seen him."

As Herbert went into complete seclusion after his mother's death, and six years after died in his retired home under Salisbury Plain, it is not likely Walton would ever meet him again.

These three saintly men, John Donne, George Herbert, and Isaac Walton, great men, truly great, met together in St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, on July 1, 1627; and Walton (then not with the remotest idea of being their biographer), afterwards wrote the lives of Donne and Herbert.

Walton wrote—and thus he preserved (what but for him would have perished), for the honour of the God of saints, and for the treasure and service of the Church, the memory and memorial of these good men, now indelibly graven on the rock of time, and on the heart of universal Christendom.

"There are no colours in the fairest sky
 So fair as these; the feather whence the pen
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men
 Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
 We read of faith and purest charity
 In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
 O could we copy their mild virtues, then
 What joy to live, what happiness to die!
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright
 Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night,
 Or lonely tapers, when from far they fling
 A guiding ray; or seem like stars on high,
 Satellites turning, in a lucid ring,
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."—WORDSWORTH.

PARENTALIA.

Barnabas Oley—Herbert's second biographer—judged, and rightly judged—

" . . . that the many Latin and Greek verses, the obsequious *Parentalia*, which he made and printed in his mother's memory, though they be good, very good—they be dull and dead in comparison of his Temple Poems."

Oley's critical antitheses are faithful to religion and truth.

PARENTALIA.

1. To write those he made his
ink with water of Helicon.
2. In those are weak motions
of nature.
3. In those he writ flesh and
blood, a fraile, earthly
woman, though a mother.

THE TEMPLE.

1. These inspirations propheticall
were distilled from above.
2. In these raptures of grace.
3. In these he prayed his
Heavenly Father, the God
of men and angels, and
the Lord Jesus Christ his
Master.

Lovers of Herbert read his *Parentalia* with feelings of disappointment. They naturally expect that the subject of death—the death of such a mother, sublimed by religion and immortal hope—would fill a poet's soul with divinest inspiration, and that Herbert would have written the grandest poem on Death, in the most spiritual strains, that language could afford. They are startled at his free and frequent references to Pagan mythology, and offended at the exaggerated expressions of his filial affection, redeemed with scarcely a Christian thought.

They do not find in the *Parentalia* that recognition

of an ever-present God ; those direct appeals to Him as an all-sufficient Friend ; those awed confessions, and submissions, and communions with Him ; that love and apprehension of the promises of the Word, with which the Temple Poems are so richly imbued.

It may be assumed that Herbert's feet were not yet firm in the ways of God—the secret of the Lord was not yet with him.

Again, as just fresh from the Schools, he thought, he wrote, he wept, he prayed in classic modes and phraseology ; it was the natural outcome of his highly cultured mind ; he composed elegiacs as an Ovid or Tibullus.

Allow, that for a while, for a month, until perhaps Donne (himself sternly disciplined by suffering, bodily, mental, and spiritual, and seeing from the *Parentalia* that his friend was not sorrowing after a godly sort), by his counsels and prayers opened to him the Fountain of Consolation, and taught him to say—

“Nec sim membrum delicatum
Sub spinoso Capite”—

allow that the scholar overbore the Christian. Soon the Christian will triumph over the scholar.

The only threnody in the English language that can be compared with Herbert's *Parentalia* is Cowper's Ode “On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture,” and while there is in it excess of acute anguish, ardent veneration, and pathos indescribable, there is the like absence of resignation to the Will of God, and justification of His decrees.

The wailings of the *Parentalia* may be thus briefly gathered up—

“What fountain can supply me with tears? What tears can express my love for my mother? What words can celebrate her virtues? She blended in herself all that was noble, good, and beautiful in woman. I go and stand by her grave, and say, ‘Here lies the pride and praise of woman, the pure maiden, the faithful wife, the just mother.’”

“It is not only I that bewail her. All that knew her lament her loss, as though she had been their mother as well as mine. The ladies, as they talk of her, let fall their embroidery, and weep.”

“Am I blamed for so passionately extolling my mother? Do you say I grieve immoderately? You never had, you never lost, such a mother. All are singing her praises, why not I, who owe my all to her?”

“The physicians say that I am sick, and feel my pulse, and pronounce that I have a fever. So I am sick, sick at heart; but their drugs and nostrums cannot cure my disease. I am in a fever: but don’t give me medicine. My mother is in my throbbing heart. I am excited in writing of my mother’s love and virtues. My fever is my health.”

“I see my mother in my dreams, but oh! her face is so changed; so pale! Not as I remember that face, so pure, so sacred, so august. Oh! if I might see her again, I could spend all my life at her side.”

“I have in the country a pretty cottage and garden, small, but large enough for us. O that my mother and I might wander together amongst the flowers! But she must come as I remember her in my sunny days, with my mother’s face, and my mother’s smiles, or my new-born joys would wither at once.”

“The affairs of the Church and nation proceed as usual, but I take no interest in them, for I think only of my mother. I am like a tree, felled by the stroke of the axe. Once I stood firm by my mother’s side. Now I am motherless. I am tossed to and fro like the waves of the sea. I seem to have died with my mother.”

“Her children are left in the midst of tears and dangers. They will never share again her wisdom, her love, her prayers, her blessings.”

"I walk in the gardens by day. She has a heavenly garden now. I walk in the gardens at night, I look up at the starry skies, and think my mother is a star. Through the night I write and extol her goodness to me ; I say—

"Per te nascor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum—
Bis tu Mater eras mihi."

"She joyed in her flowers ; we plucked them and laid them on her coffin ; they are withered now. Already the gardens miss their mistress. It seems to me that the flowers have an earthy and funereal smell. It will be better they bloom no more. Her roses are scented with their mistress's death, her violets bow their florets, and look at their mistress's grave. The gardens are lovely now, but I call them not gardens, but churchyards ; for every parterre bemoans its absent lady. The flowers may as well all die at once, as they will never share her smiles again."

"Now I have finished. I have been goaded on by the spirit within me to fulfil this duty towards my mother. I have done it ; I may have been guilty of weakness ; I will never speak again."

But how sweetly, at last, how sufficiently, does the Son of the weeping eye and bleeding heart atone (though in one short poem) for the omission of deeper religious sentiment and of the spirit of un murmuring obedience !—

"Parvam piamque dum lubetner semitam
Grandi reaeque praefero,
Carpsit malignum sidus hanc modestiam,
Vinumque felle miscuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio,
Ipsis severus orbibus.
Tandem prehensa comiter lacernula
Susurrat aure quispiam,
'Haec fuerat olim potio Domini tui.'
Gusto, proboque dolium."

May we dare paraphrase it thus?

“My spirit sighs to walk with God,
To do His will, and kiss His rod,
A holy, humble path to tread
And curb my pride, and bend my head,
But rebel nature thwarts and shames
My prayers, my hopes, my holiest aims ;
And self, that traitor self malign,
Has dashed with bitterest gall my wine ;
And then I murmur, and complain
That God is harsh, and dare arraign
His will divine, His just decree,
The purpose of His acts with me,
Until I feel a gentle hand
Laid on my head, which bids me stand
And listen to a gentle voice—
‘My child ! It was thy Saviour’s choice !
He drank that cup in agony,
That bitter cup He drank for thee.’
I take the cup—I drink—I see—
The draught is sweetness now to me.”

Herbert said he would never speak of his mother again. He kept his vow. There is not the slightest reference to her memory in any of his after poems, writings, or letters. Once again, and only once, he mentioned her name. It was upon his deathbed—

“—— These eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus, and with Him see *my dear mother*.”

Queen Mary said that CALAIS would be found engraven on her heart. Herbert might have said—
“MOTHER will be engraven on my heart.” But did he say so? He did *not* say so. What did he say? He said—

“JESU IS IN MY HEART ; HIS SACRED NAME
IS DEEPLY CARVED THERE.”

The figure of that mother lies, as in prayer, on the altar-tomb in Montgomery Church. It is evidently the living likeness of a lady in fulness of youth and health, sweetness and beauty. It is the only *persona* we have of Magdalen Herbert. Did her son George, after her funeral, take one long, last pilgrimage to the tomb on which her effigy reposes? Did he enter, all silently and alone, the Lymore chapel, and bend over the shrine, and take one long, last look of that sweet familiar face, and wash it with tears, and kiss the cold cheek, and embrace the marble frame, and kneel, and bow the head, and say in meekest resignation—

“THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY.
BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.”

SIR JOHN DANVERS.

In 1628, a year after the death of his wife Magdalen, by whom he had no issue, Sir John Danvers, then in his fortieth year, married Elizabeth Dauntsey (who died in 1636, leaving several children), and with her became possessed of the valuable manor of West Lavington, Wilts, where, at most extravagant expenditure, he formed plantations, terraces, and gardens on the slope of a hill, of much larger extent, and of much more elaborate and artificial design, than those at Chelsea.

His first wife, with her high sense of justice and honour, and with her knowledge of the world, had kept his purse, and controlled his reckless wasteful-

ness; but soon after her death he plunged into a wild and prodigal career, and from 1630 to 1640 was harassed by debts, and hunted by creditors. Discarded by his brother, the Earl of Danby, and his family, stung by the disgrace, and in the base hope of recovering his fortunes, he threw himself openly into the ranks of rebellion, and, in 1642, accepted a commission in the Parliamentary army.

The Earl of Danby, an enthusiastic Royalist, "full of honour, wounds, and days," died in 1644; and passing over his degraded brother, left his magnificent estate partly to his sister, but, in chief, to his nephew Henry, John's eldest son. Sir John Danvers disputed his brother's will, and induced the Commons to pass a resolution that he was mulcted of his lawful inheritance for his affection to Parliament. Henry died, *vitâ patris*, in 1654, and in a noble and thoughtful spirit, conveyed certain properties to trustees to cancel his father's responsibilities, and rescue him from the fangs of the law.

In 1648 Danvers married a third wife, Grace Hewet, who bore a son. Clarendon paints his character in very dark colours.

He was busy and mischievous in the county of Wilts in 1645-47, sitting in committee at Falstone House, near Salisbury, with Philip Earl of Pembroke, Hungerford, Baynton, Ludlow, and other Parliament leaders, to levy fines and exactions on the Royalists, which they extorted with extreme severity. They arrested and amerced (amongst thousands of other

sufferers), Edward Poore, of Herbert's village of Bemerton, who in the profession of carrier to Oxford, had often conveyed, during the war, letters and provisions to the King's forces. Danvers allowed himself to be nominated one of the Commissioners to try the King, assented to the sentence, and signed the death-warrant, on which his name stands the seventh.

But afterwards, neglected and cashiered by the Protector, he promoted one of the many murderous machinations against him, was obliged to flee the country, and for a time lay concealed. He is known to have returned to Chelsea; was left unmolested; and there died, April 16, 1655.

Thomas Fuller, prebendary of Sarum (a friend of Herbert's while living at Bemerton), author of the *Worthies of England*, though a chaplain of the late King, by the forbearance of Fairfax, and in consideration of his piety and eloquence, is exercising a cautious ministry in London.

He is a friend of John Danvers, though none but he. He often preached in Chelsea Church, and he had ministered the spiritual office at the deathbed of Sir John's promising son, Henry, and had preached his funeral sermon in Lavington Church. He now stands beside the sick-bed of the outcast father. He probes his conscience to the very core. He bids him confess every sin, and crave in faith the sprinkling of the Atoning Blood. John Danvers is dying. But there is hope. Is this the last word that is breathed from

the lips of the penitent man, "God be merciful to me a sinner"?

He was buried at Dauntesey, April 28, 1655. Probably the place of his burial was cautiously kept secret; and thus, though his name appeared in the Act of Attainder, July 12, 1661, his body escaped being exhumed, and hung in gemmaces, as was the fate of the other regicides.

Danvers House and park at Chelsea descended to the Marquis of Wharton, and, at the beginning of last century, were sold for building; a street of mean pretension, called Danvers St., now occupies part of the site. In 1822, the foundations of the old mansion were laid open, and stones, pillars, capitals, &c., reappeared, covering a wide area.

The place must not be forgotten. It was the home, for eighteen years, of the mother of George Herbert.

CHAPTER IX.

DR. JOHN DONNE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

JOHN DONNE, born 1573, at the age of eleven was entered at Hart Hall, Oxford ; and after three years (leaving Oxford in 1587), studied three years at Cambridge, but took no degree at either University, as he could not then conscientiously subscribe the obligatory oath ; and in 1590 became a member of Lincoln's Inn. His friends were Romanists, and in the faith of their Church he was educated, but at the age of nineteen he

" . . . began seriously to survey and consider the body of divinity as it was then controverted between the Reformed and Roman Church : and as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him (they be his own words) "—

he studied Bellarmine as the best defender of the Roman cause, and after much consideration and long prayer, he renounced all Roman error, and continued to the end of his life a faithful son of the Church of England.

In 1596 he accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expedition to Cadiz and the Azores, and afterwards

travelled through Spain and Italy, but, through unavoidable obstacles, was prevented accomplishing his purpose of visiting the Holy Land.

On his return to England he became Secretary to the Lord Chancellor Egerton, in whose home he lived five years; and while there, in 1600, privately married Anne More, niece to Lady Egerton; she was sixteen years of age, Donne twenty-seven. Her father, Sir George More, was so transported with anger at the marriage, that he gave the Chancellor no rest till he had dismissed his secretary; and Donne wrote to his young wife, who had been forcibly taken from him—

“John Donne }
Anne Donne } Undone.”

Donne was thrown into prison, with Samuel Brook, the clergyman who married them (afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge), and Christopher Brook, his brother, who gave Anne away. After a long and expensive lawsuit, which reduced his income to the narrowest limits, he recovered his wife; but the young couple, pursued by the father's irreconcilable resentment, suffered bitter privations. Without a home, in want of necessary food and clothing, and with a family rapidly increasing, it was a piercing sorrow to Donne's feeling heart, that his young and elegant wife, brought up in the midst of refinement and affluence, should be compelled to bear part in sufferings which he had not foreseen, and which he could not now prevent.

Sir George More knew their pinching difficulties, and though he would not contribute to their support, he did request the Lord Chancellor to restore his secretary to his office. The Chancellor replied severely, that though he was unfeignedly sorry to lose such an estimable friend, yet it was not consistent with his dignity or disposition to discharge and re-admit servants at the suit of passionate petitioners.

Dr. Morton, Bishop of Durham, well aware of Donne's eminent abilities, offered to ordain him and present him to a living at once, but Donne could not overcome his conscientious scruples of utter unworthiness.

His family found a home for a year or two in the house of a kinsman, Sir Francis Woolley, who shortly before his death effected a reconciliation between Sir George More and his daughter, to whom her father made an allowance of £80 a year. Afterwards Donne took a small house at Mitcham. He writes—

"From my hospital at Mitcham.

"There is no person but myself well ; my wife ill, one child dying, no physic, no money—not enough for a funeral. It is now spring, every other tree blossoms, and I wither ; I grow older, and not better ; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier. I have either mending or dying on my side, but if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour, in exercising His justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all His mercy for my soul."

About 1603, Donne, with his family, visited Oxford, where Magdalen Herbert and her children were then

residing. Magdalen Herbert, a widow, the mother of ten children, sympathized with the trials and exigencies of the young mother, a high-born lady like herself, at the same time that she was rapt with admiration at the husband's gigantic intellect. To her home in Oxford they were ever welcome; and there they met Edward, Charles, and George, the boy of ten. It is not to be said what influence Donne's intercourse then, and through an unbroken friendship of twenty-eight years, had upon Herbert; nor how far, in a later day, Herbert's thoughts and language were impregnated with the tone and verve of Donne's character and writings.

Donne's esteem for Magdalen Herbert was enthusiastic and romantic. Her personal graces, her maternal excellences, her sustained piety, her mature wisdom, her friendship to his wife and family, elicit his unbounded admiration—

"In this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors, when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife and seven children."—WALTON.

He writes to her from Mitcham, July 11, 1607, that her favours are everywhere; he enjoys them at London; he finds them at Mitcham, such is her goodness.

He encloses a gift of Divine Songs and Sonnets, and returns the thanks of his wife and family to one "to whom we owe all the good opinion that they whom we most need have of us." In 1610 Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of M.A.

In 1612 he accompanied his noble friend, Sir Robert Drury (who had given his family a refuge in his mansion) to Paris.

His brilliant capacities had already attracted the attention of King James, and powerful friends at Court solicited the royal favour for him, but the King gave only one decided reply, saying, "Mr. Donne shall receive Church preferment, or none." Donne himself professed—"The King descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation of me, to enter into Holy Orders"; yet he deferred the important step for almost three years longer, while he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity.

At last "God moved his heart to embrace this holy motion," and he was ordained deacon, and soon after priest, by Dr. King, Bishop of London, 1615. James appointed him chaplain, and on a visit to Cambridge requested the Senate to confer on him the honour of a D.D. degree. For reasons not given the Senate was averse to the proposal, but in fear of offending the King, they assented, though with so bad a grace, that his name was not recorded in the books of the University.

Herbert was then at Trinity College, and thus the early friendship between him and Donne would be renewed and strengthened.

During the first year after ordination Donne was offered fourteen livings.

In 1617 his deeply loved and deeply loving wife died, at the age of thirty-three, leaving him seven

children, five having died before her. His grief was great beyond expression. Night and day he moaned her "who had long been the delight of his eyes and the companion of his youth; with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears"—"his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness." He shut himself up in solitary retirement; and the first time he left his house was to preach in St. Clement's Church, Temple Bar, where his wife had been buried. His text was—"I am the man that hath seen affliction" (Lam. iii. 1).

He roused himself, and began to preach; was elected Divinity Reader at Lincoln's Inn; and there entered on that course of preaching which rendered his sermons in some respects the noblest specimens of pulpit oratory in the seventeenth century. King James commissioned him to attend his daughter Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, on her journey through the continent; and with him was associated a noble young Englishman, Nicholas Ferrar, destined to create a name and a work which, though not widely known, yet thrill with emotions of admiration and veneration many sympathetic hearts. On Donne's return, after about a year's absence, the King, in 1622, presented him to the Deanery of St. Paul's, and he preached his glorious missionary sermon before the Virginian Corporation, on Acts i. 8. He was then in his fiftieth year.

In the next Parliament he was chosen Prolocutor of Convocation. At St. Paul's Cross, and elsewhere,

he continued to discourse magnificent homiletics to transported audiences ; never strong in bodily health, but urging himself to the discharge of his overwhelming duties, because he felt the time was short.

In 1626, in his fifty-fourth year, a dangerous consumptive sickness seized him, which continued long, and threatened him with death ; on his sick-bed he wrote this solemn, penitential hymn—

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore :
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore ;
And having done that Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

On his recovery—

“As his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent *Book of Devotions*, in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts which possessed his soul, a book which may be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstasies, meditations, disquisitions and prayers he writ on his sick-bed.”—WALTON.

Not long before his death, Donne caused a number of heliotrope stones to be engraved, and set in gold as seals or rings, with the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor, and these he distributed amongst his dearest friends; one he sent to Herbert, who acknowledged it in the verses—

“In sacram anchoram piscatoris,” &c.

“His dear friend and benefactor, Lady Magdalen Danvers, could not be of that number, for she had put off mortality before him.”—WALTON.

After Herbert had been nominated to the rectory of Foulstone, and it became known that scruples of conscience and the overwhelming sense of personal demerit opposed his acceptance of the living, letters would soon reach him from the Deanery of St. Paul's, from one who had passed through the same spiritual throes, who could and would successfully combat all his anxious fears and hesitation, and bid him submit to the yoke of the priesthood in the Name of the Lord.

In the providence of God Herbert is ordained priest in 1630, and Bemerton parsonage has received its rector.

It was Lent, 1631. Donne, though known to be dying, was selected to preach on Ash Wednesday, before King Charles I., at Whitehall, and when, to the amazement of the assembled multitude, the Dean of St. Paul's ascended the pulpit, they thought he came not to preach mortification with a living voice, but mortality by a dying body, for—

“His sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones.”

His text was, "Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death" (Ps. lxviii. 20).

In tones of awful solemnity, as if speaking from the grave, yet with unfailing power, he exceeded himself, and preached, as the King said, his own funeral sermon.

From the chapel he hastened to his house, which he never left again a living man.

On the increase of his income he had been able to requite most of his friends who had shown him kindness when his fortunes were very low, and many of them had suffered such change in estate, that his remembrance of them was very acceptable; he supported his father-in-law in the necessities of his old age. Besides—

"I have quieted" (he said in a serious contemplation of the goodness of God to him) "the conscience of many that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocence of life, especially in my youth, but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to Him but sin and misery, yet I know He looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me even at this present time some testimonies of His Holy Spirit that I am of the number of His elect. I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace. Blessed be God that He is God, only and divinely like Himself."

His friends were importunate that he would allow some monument to his memory to be raised in St. Paul's Cathedral; to which request he assented, provided he himself might determine the character of the memorial. The form it took was that of a figure

of himself, drest in his shroud, painted from life, and, after his death, sculptured in a single slab of white marble, with an epitaph which he himself had written, followed by this sentence—

“Hic, licet in Occiduo cinere, adspicit EUM cujus Nomen est ORIENS.”

It probably refers to Zech. vi. 12, rendered in the Septuagint, *Τάδε λέγει Κύριος παντοκράτωρ, Ἴδὸν ἄνθρωπον, Ἀνατολὴ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ.*

His last words were, “Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done.” He closed his own eyes, and composed his hands and body. He died on March 31, 1631, and was buried in a part of the Cathedral which he had chosen some years before, near which he passed to his daily devotions. He had desired to die in his pulpit.

His monument was almost the only one that escaped entire destruction when the Cathedral fell in the Fire of London, and it lay in the crypt neglected for more than two centuries.

This monument, a full-length statue of the Dean, a work of the highest skill, exquisitely chiselled, is now placed erect in a niche in the south aisle of the chancel of St. Paul's Cathedral.

CHAPTER X.

WOODFORD—CORNARO.—1627—1628-29.

IMMEDIATELY after his mother's death, Herbert resigned both his fellowship at Trinity College, and his office of Public Orator in the University, and thus determined all connection with Cambridge.

1626-7 In the year 1627-28 he was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and, rightly judging that a change of air would be the best medicine, accepted the invitation of his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, to make a home in his hospitable house at Woodford, Essex.

This house (since Chelsea was closed to them, and there was but a cold welcome in Lord Herbert's ceremonious household in London) was the congenial place of rest and retreat for the brothers, sisters, and intimate friends of the large family of Herbert.

Woodford is a village about nine miles from London, in Epping Forest, famous for the purity of its air, and for the beauty and extent of the views around. It is not known what house Sir Henry Herbert occupied; probably it is destroyed. An old manor-house once stood near the churchyard. The Church of Herbert's time is wholly swept away. There was a mansion, named "Hearts," built in 1617 by Sir H.

Handforth, Master of the Wardrobe to James I., where he is said often to have entertained the King when hunting in the Forest. An old gazetteer of 1751, speaking of Woodford, states—

"Here lived Mr. Herbert, Author of Divine Poems"—

and "here," says Walton, "he enjoyed the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends there of that family."

"In his house he remain'd about twelve months, and then became his own physitian, and cur'd himself of his ague by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat, no, not mutton, nor a hen, or pidgeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant dyet he removd his ague —— and it is to be noted that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, 'Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before Thee, because Thou doest it.'" —WALTON.

The following stanzas were probably written at Woodford:

"Now I am here, what Thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show :
 I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,—
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade; at least some bird would*trust
 Her houshold to me, and I should be just.
 Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek;
 In weaknesse must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah, my deare God, though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not."¹

¹ Archbishop Sharpe often quoted these lines—

"Ah, my dear God, &c."

He said, "Mr. Herbert was much dispirited when he wrote them." They were the last words the Archbishop uttered on his deathbed.

CORNARO.

To the adoption of the rigid regimen referred to, Herbert was probably led by reading a "Treatise on Temperance and Sobriety," by Ludovico Cornaro, a noble Venetian, born 1467, who had been guilty of excesses in his youth, and had shattered a fine constitution, but took timely warning, abandoned his vices, and lived to an honourable old age. At the age of eighty-one, he wrote a tract to warn others, and to tell the gratifying tale how his own health had been recovered, and how it was preserved. This tract Herbert translated into English, while (as is most probable) in retirement at Woodford; but it was not published till after his death, in 1636.

Barnabas Oley states that Herbert translated it at the request of a noble person, and, not many months before his death, sent a copy to some friends, who were anxiously regulating their habits in the matter of drink and diet, and to whom the writer's example proved of great benefit in an unimaginably short time. Herbert left out large portions of the book, but nothing appertaining to the main subject.

Cornaro's Treatise, as adapted by Herbert, may be thus condensed.

Cornaro had observed many of his friends, divers worthy young men of noble disposition, who would have been an ornament to the world, and a comfort to their friends, undone by intemperance; while he, at the age of eighty-one, was healthy and strong.

From thirty-five to forty he had suffered from so many diseases, through surfeits in eating and drinking, that he was fast drawing to the grave. He was fully persuaded excess caused all his maladies, and, encouraged by sensible physicians, he determined to reform his life.

He at once set himself rules of almost total abstinence from flesh and wine ; and in a few days his health was greatly improved ; and in less than a year he was cured of all his infirmities. He found it necessary to abstain from strong wines, raw lettuce, fish, pork, sausages, cakes, and pastry. He never rose from his meals with a fully satisfied appetite. He avoided heats, cold, ill air, weariness, watchings, hatred, melancholy, and all perturbations of the mind. "They who keep a due guard over the two things that enter the mouth" (he used to say), "suffer little hurt from bodily discommodities and mental troubles."

He soon found that this thing was from God, and he rejoiced exceedingly that he had gained the victory. At the age of seventy he was thrown out of his coach, and dragged along by the fury of the horses, his head and body being bruised severely, and his arm and leg put out of joint. The doctors recommended bleeding and purging, though they foretold immediate death ; but the hearty old man rejected all their remedies, had his limbs set, and soon recovered.

His friends argued that it was against all reason to suppose that old age could be sustained on such

simple food, for his whole day's sustenance consisted only of bread, meat, eggs, twelve ounces exactly weighed.

Yielding to their importunities, he increased in a slight measure the amount of his daily food, but with this result, that he fell into melancholy and choler, a terrible fever, and loss of reason, so that he was given up for dead.

"Nevertheless," he says, "by the grace of God, I cured myself, only by returning to my former diet, and am confident that, under God, nothing helped me but that rule." He was then in his seventy-eighth year.

"Wherefore," (he concludes,)

"an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health, the only medicine for many diseases. Instead of physic, a temperate life is to be embraced, so profitable, so virtuous, so holy, so easy. My senses are in perfect vigour, especially my taste ; I sleep well and quietly anywhere. By temperance, and the grace of God, I feel no sufferings in mind or body, while I see all around me, infinite numbers of young and old overpowered with miseries, which they have brought upon themselves. I am eighty-three, and I have written a pleasant comedy, full of playful wit and merriment ; and if a Greek poet (Sophocles) was praised, who at the age of seventy-three wrote a tragedy, how much more am I to be commended, who, ten years older, have written a comedy ? And lest any delight be wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in my posterity, for when I come home from riding I find eleven grandchildren of my own, all the sons of one father and mother, all in perfect health, and of good behaviour ; I am delighted with the music of their voices ; and I myself also sing, because I have a clearer voice than ever I had in my life. I have joy and peace ; I am ever cheerful and good-tempered. I read and write ; I overlook my mansions and farms ; I have made beautiful

gardens with streams running through them, and fountains falling, truly delightful. I have drained a marsh, so that it is perfectly healthy, and, as the ground is very fertile, many people have settled there. I have built a Church, and given God a House, and a congregation to worship in it—the memory of which is exceedingly pleasant.

“Death is a terrible thing to them that live in sin, and follow their base appetites; they are exposed to a thousand dangers and death. But I hope when I shall come to die, I shall find acceptance in the grace of Jesus Christ.”

Cornaro died at Padua, April 6, 1566, having entered the hundredth year of his life.

Under the combined influences of pure air and abstemious diet, Herbert's agues were subdued, and he never again complains of the visitation of these painful maladies, from which he had suffered all his life. But there was a fell traitor in his breast which the sternest temperance could not exorcise—consumption.

A question of great interest in connection with Woodford may now be considered—Was it at Woodford that Herbert began to write the *Temple*?

That he was well-known at Cambridge as a poet of rising power is evident, especially from those observable words of Lord Bacon in the dedication of his poems to him—

“I thought that in respect of Divinitie and Poesie met I could not make a better choice.”

Herbert had therefore already written some very well-known verses, of admitted merit, on some moral and sacred subjects, which, multiplied under the pen

of amanuenses, would circulate freely, and, in a few years, run from hand to hand.

The poem to which Lord Bacon refers must be that magnificent didactic poem, *The Church Porch*, which, for solid truth and vigorous morality, enforcing the duties and virtues of men towards themselves, to society, to the Church, and to God, and drest in plain-spoken English, and in sterling common sense, is unparalleled in English literature.

The Church Porch was probably composed chiefly at Cambridge, as also *Epigrammata Apologetica*, and some of the Lyrics, though they were corrected and altered, and re-arranged, as it appears, almost to the last days of Herbert's life. Of the *Temple*, as a whole, it may be confidently assumed, hardly any of the poems were composed till after his mother's death. These immediately followed the *Parentalia*. But it is hardly possible to believe that the *Parentalia* and the *Temple* were written by the same man. They were both written by George Herbert, it is true; but the *Parentalia* are hardly Christian. Refer to the considerate, yet pronounced, judgment on the *Parentalia* by Oley, who held his friend in such profound esteem. Then regard the gracious avowal of Richard Baxter on the *Temple*—

"But I must confess, after all, that next the Scripture Poems, there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; but as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words feelingly and seriously like a man that is past jest, so Herbert speaks to

God like a man that really believeth in God, and whose business in the world is most with God ; heart-work and heaven-work make up his book."—(1681.)

In the seclusion and quietude of his brother's house at Woodford, far, far from the City, the Court, and the University, in his long silent walks and wanderings in the solitudes and recesses of the forest, God met Herbert, and gave him another heart. Say that his mother's death was his life, the crisis of his true awakening ; say it aroused those spiritual emotions and affections, which too long had lain dormant, smothered under the dust of books, and silenced amidst the importunate clamours of worldly honour, and the arrogant claims of society, till the time of God was come—the time of his own soul—the time that must come to every Christian—when, called by the Holy Spirit ; called by his conscience ; called by his mother's death ; called by the gradual obliteration of all his worldly expectations ; called by the premonitions of approaching mortality ; Herbert laid down himself and his life at the feet of the Lord Jesus, and received the absolving viaticum—

"THY SINS BE FORGIVEN THEE ; GO IN PEACE."

The bonds are broken. The spirit of the poet is free. He soars aloft. He sees the Beatific Vision. He becomes, in unreserved and unconditional surrender, a consecrated holocaust to the Holy Spirit. He talks familiarly with God. He returns to earth, exceedingly awed and humbled, but full of the spirit

of assurance and Divine infusion, to sing those songs, no longer songs of earth ; nor of earthly things, nor in earthly words ; but songs of wondrous spiritual illumination ; of appreciation and apprehension of the things of God ; of heavenly aspiration and inspiration, which have been, through two hundred and sixty years—are now, in unspent, nay, in increasing power—and shall be, in all coming time, for the praise of Jehovah, for the love, and joy, and edification, and sanctification of the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

CHAPTER XI.

BAYNTON.

IN 1413, Sir John Rous, of Imber, Wilts, settled the manor of Baynton, in the parish of Edingdon, near Westbury-under-the-Plain, with its chapel and advowson, on his younger son John. This John showed scant courtesies to the Rector of the rich monastery of Edingdon, a mile distant from his home. He was accused, in 1428, of instigating the people of Edingdon and Tinhead to combine in refusing to render due offerings to the priest for churchings, marriages, or services for the dead. In 1450, William Ayscough, Bishop of Salisbury, pursued by some of Jack Cade's crew to Edingdon, whither he had fled for sanctuary, was dragged out of the Church, and stoned to death on the Plain.

Rous was supposed to be, willingly or unwillingly, the cause of this tragedy, and dreading the vengeance of Rome, he purchased peace by conveying his manor of Baynton to the monastery of Edingdon.

After the dissolution, Baynton, with the rest of the monastic property, passed through the families of Seymour, Paulet, Baynton, and others.

In 1620, Baynton House was occupied by Charles Danvers, first cousin to the Earl of Danby. He had five sons, Henry, Edward, Charles, John, and Sylvester; and eight daughters, Eleanor, Anne, Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, Joan, Lucy, and Grace. Walton tells a pretty, romantic story—that Charles Danvers had known George Herbert long and familiarly, and that his visible virtues had begot in him so much love, that he had often expressed a wish that Herbert would marry one of his daughters, but especially Jane, his favourite; and had personally said as much both to his daughter and to Herbert himself; so they fell in love with each other unseen, and were married the third day after their first interview.

Sir John Danvers, of Chelsea, was first cousin to Charles Danvers, of Baynton, and he had been married to Herbert's mother eighteen years.

As Herbert was thus a connection of the Danvers family, and as Charles Danvers had conceived so profound an esteem for his character, it would seem to follow as a necessity that he must have been a frequent and welcome guest at Baynton House, and that he was well acquainted with all the members of the family. What Walton means may be, that George Herbert and Jane Danvers became man and wife three days after engagement. It is likely that they had been known to each other twenty years. But the converse is possible, and Walton's tale may be quite true.

They were married at Edington Church on

March 5, 1628-9, at the altar in the chancel, which since the Dissolution had been used as the Parish Church.¹ Her father never witnessed the much-desired union, for he died in 1626, and was buried at Edingdon.

Herbert wrote afterwards at Bemerton, in 1632, three years after his marriage—

“The Country Parson, considering that virginity is a higher state than matrimony, is rather unmarried than married: if he be married, the choice of his wife was made rather by his ear than his eye.”

Walton believed that—

“... his judgement not his affection, found out a wife for him, whose humble and liberal disposition he preferred before beauty, riches, and honour.”

He had said in his poem ‘Thanksgiving’—

“I will not marry—or if she be mine,
She, and her children, shall be Thine.”

She had no children.

They seem to have spent the summer months of 1629 with the widowed mother at Baynton. And at Baynton we may believe many of the poems of the *Temple* were composed. There was a chapel near the house, long abandoned to ruin. Some verses of his book might have been written while he was praying and meditating within those crumbling yet sacred walls.

The path to Edingdon Church, about a mile distant, lay through fields and green lanes.

¹ The register of the year is not to be found in the parish chest, but the date is given in the “Wiltshire Collections,” by Aubrey and Jackson.

Day by day the saintly sojourner at Baynton House, with his tall, erect, attenuated figure, treads that path. He enters the grand old Church. The stately fabric, though so firm and massive, is suffering from the ravages of a hundred years of neglect. All is empty, cold, desolate, and silent. With a sad heart the man of God paces the solemn solitudes of those vast and misty aisles. He kneels before the altar, at which he was married. He agonizes in prayer. He feels that the time is short. He asks, that, before his death, he may do some work for the glory of God, for the honour of his Master Jesus. He pleads, as a year later he pleaded before the altar in the chapel at Bemerton. He continues his prayer late on till the vesper hour. He rises refreshed and strengthened. His prayer is heard. From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, as the Spirit is upon him, so he sings—sings us one of the songs of Zion.

The mansion at Baynton from which Herbert married his wife, was destroyed by fire about the beginning of this century, while in the occupation of the Longs of Wiltshire, and was not rebuilt. Masses of carved stones yet lie in heaps. The two stone pillars of the court, through which Herbert so often passed, are *in situ*; and the old carriage way is traceable through the field; the moats remain, and the garden walls, and the grassy terrace, on which he played bowls.

A magnificent chestnut tree, near the house, the

largest in Wiltshire, was probably growing in Herbert's day. Most certainly he often stood on the high knoll above the terrace, which commands a panoramic view over half the county of Wilts; while the surpassing beauty of the scenery around, parterres, plantations, groves, glades, fountains, lakes, park, meadows, and woods, flanked by the hills of the Plain, clad with coppices to the summit, all in the exquisite loveliness of summer foliage, would fill with ecstacy the poet's soul.

Henceforth, for his four last years, Herbert's life was wholly spent in Wiltshire, at Baynton, at Dauntesey, at Wilton, and at Bemerton. It may be granted that the largest number of his poems—the most spiritual, the latest and best—were written in Wiltshire. Wiltshire claims George Herbert as her son. In Wiltshire he lived. In Wiltshire he died. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all lie in separate, sundered graves. George Herbert sleeps in Wiltshire.

CHAPTER XII.

DAUNTESEY.—1629—1630.

WALTON implies that Herbert visited Dauntesey *before* his marriage with Jane Danvers; but Aubrey, who knew North Wilts most intimately, and was a relation of the Danvers family, says—

“He married Jane, the third daughter of Charles Danvers, of Baynton, in com. Wilts, Esq. When he was first married he lived a yeare or more at Dantesey House.”

“His remove was to Dantesey, in Wiltshire, a noble house, which stands in a choice air. The owner of it then was the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby (elder brother to Sir John Danvers, who had married Herbert’s mother), who lov’d Mr. Herbert much, and allow’d him such an apartment in that house as might best sute Mr. Herbert’s accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare dyet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a chearful conversation, his health was apparently improv’d to a good degree of strength.”—WALTON.

Dauntesey is about five miles from Malmesbury, on the Avon. It once belonged to Malmesbury Abbey; afterwards to the Dauntesey, Stradling, and Danvers families; at the death of Sir John Danvers, of Chelsea, it was forfeited to the Crown.

“Here is a stately Parke with admirable oaks; the ground too, good; no better fatting ground in England.”—AUBREY.

The manor-house adjoins the Church ; and though the front has been rebuilt, the rooms in the interior of the mansion remain much as when Herbert and his wife resided in it. The Avon wanders through the grounds ; but whatever the air might have been, the country was low and flat, and could never have presented scenery of much natural beauty. It is satisfactory to know that Dauntsey, and his marriage, restored Herbert's health. Aubrey speaks of his person—

“He was a very fine complexion and consumptive.”

Walton says—

“He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness ; his body was very strait, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was chearful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman.”

Of his wife, Aubrey observes—

“My kinswoman was a handsome *bona-roba*, and generose.”

Of their marriage, Walton believed that it was happy to both parties,—

“their tempers and estates equal ; their affections mutual ; and this mutual content and love and joy did receive a daily augmentation.”

Aubrey mentions in a note in his *Letters* that there was a gentleman living at Dauntsey, an intimate friend of Herbert's, who told him that—

“Mr. Herbert was a very good hand on the lute, and that he sett his own lyrics or sacred poems.”

This sentence continues the evidence to the fact that Herbert had already written “Sacred Poems.”

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Some poems were written at Woodford (his secluded asylum in the Forest), where he sojourned a year; many at Baynton, where he spent several months, and where the beauties of nature, and the hallowing associations of Edington Church, would stimulate divine musings; many at Dauntsey, where he dwelt for more than a year, farther than ever from the distractions of the world, and almost under the shadow of the Parish Church.

The Church of St. James was in the park, only twenty yards from the mansion. Herbert would spend much time in consecrated communion in that sanctuary. The tower was falling, and, probably at Herbert's suggestion, was rebuilt by the Earl of Danby, in 1630; the whole Church was restored in 1632.

Praying and meditating in the chancel, he would see, in the south window, four full-length figures of S^{ta} Magdalena, Katharina, Margarita, and Dorothea with her basket of roses; over each a scroll, and letters in old text, "AS PLEASE GOD SO BE IT."

The north window presented, I. The picture of a king supporting a child, and beneath, four lovely boys in gowns, with the inscription—

"SANCTE FRIDISMUDE ORA PRO NOBIS."

II. The Virgin; underneath, Sir John Danvers, senior, in armour, and on a label—

"SANCTA DEI GENETRIX SEMPER VIRGO MARIA ORA PRO NOBIS,"

III. Angelus Annuncians ; underneath, Dame Anne, praying,

"INTERCEDE PRO NOBIS AD DOMINUM."

IV. Saint Anne, and below, four or five girls, saying,

"SANCTA ANNA ORA PRO NOBIS."

Standing in this Church, and looking upon these windows, does Herbert write?—

TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

Oh glorious spirits, who, after all your bands,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown

Or strict commands ;

Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head yet in his hands ;

Not out of envie or maliciousnesse

Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid :

I would addresse

My vows to thee most gladly, blessèd Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distresse :

Thou art the holy mine whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay

In young and old ;

Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay ;
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas ! I dare not ; for my King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,

Bids no such thing ;

And where His pleasure no injunction layes—
'Tis your own case—ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown from Whom lyes no appeal

At the last houre :

Therefore we dare not from His garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power,

Although, then, others court you, if ye know
 What's done on Earth, we shall not fare the worse
 Who do not so ;
 Since we are ever ready to disburse,
 If any one our Master's hand can show.

Then does he turn, and contemplate, in the north
 aisle, the gorgeous altar-tombs, and monuments of
 the Danvers' family, ancestors of his wife, with their
 effigies, escutcheons, crumbling bannerets, rusty helms,
 and swords ; and then retire, and indite one of his
 grandest pieces?—

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

While that my soul repairs to her devotion,
 Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust,
 To which the blast of Death's incessant motion,
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
 Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust
 My bodie to this school, that it may learn
 To spell his elements, and finde his birth
 Written in dustie heraldrie and lines ;
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
 These laugh at jeat and marble, put for signes,
 To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting : what shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kisse those heaps which now they have in trust ?
 Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme
 And true descent, that, when thou shalt grow fat,
 And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know
 That flesh is but the glasse which holds the dust
 That measures all our time ; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,—
 That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

On the east side of the Earl of Danby's noble monument of white marble is inscribed,

LAUS DEO.

Sacred marble, safely keepe
His dust who under thee must sleepe,
Untill the graves againe restore
Theire dead, and time shal be no more ;
Meane while, if he which all thinges weares
Doe ruine thee : or if the tears
Are shed for him dissolve thy frame,
Thou art requited : for His fame,
His vertues, and His worth shal be
Another monument for thee.

G. HERBERT.

This epitaph on Lord Danby must have been written by Herbert before the Earl's death. He survived Herbert more than twenty years.

"By the same (Geo. Herbert), orator of the University of Cambridge ; pinned on the curtaine of the Picture of the old S^r John Danvers, who was both a handsome and a good man."—AUBREY.

"Passe not by :	Sr John Danvers' earthly part
Search and you may	Here is copied out by art :
Find a treasure	But his heavenly and divine
Worth your stay,	In his progenie doth shine.
What makes a Danvers	Had he only brought them forth,
Would you find ?	Know that much had been his worth.
In a fayre bodie	Thers no monument to a sonne,
A fayre mind.	Read him there, and I have done."

As Herbert was only in his first year in 1594, when Sir John Danvers, senior, died, he could only have known his character by tradition.

It has been supposed that Herbert, in his poem on *Constancie*, makes a reference to Sir John Danvers,

junior, his stepfather—and describes his character. But it cannot be—the poem is not a portrait of Sir John Danvers in a single point—it may be intended for Sir John Danvers, senior. So that the following can be nothing but a false compliment. In the dedication of the *Standard of Equality*, by Philodæus, (1647) to Sir John Danvers, is this passage—

“Lighting casually on the Poems of Mr. George Herbert, lately deceased, (whose pious life and death have converted me to a full belief that there is a St. George) and therein perusing the description of a ‘Constant Man,’ it diverted my thoughts unto yourself, having heard that the author in his life time had therein designed no other title than your character in that description.”

From Dautesey, after apparently a pleasant and happy visit, with health partially recovered, Herbert took his wife to her old home at Baynton; and Aubrey lets him depart with this just and graceful compliment—

“’Tis an honour to the place, to have had the heavenly and ingeniose contemplation of this good man, who was pious even to prophesie.”

CHAPTER XIII.

WILTON.

IN the spring of 1630 Herbert was sojourning at Baynton, and was still undecided whether he should seek admission to Priests' Orders, and undertake some parochial charge. Then it was he wrote—

“I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old sinnes and new doctrines of our land ;
Onely, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet.
There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuffe whereon to show His skill.
Then is my time.”

Then was his time. His Maker sought for some mean stuff whereon to show His skill.

The Rectory of Foulstone, or Fugglestone St. Peter's-cum-Bemerton, near Wilton, had become vacant through the nomination of Dr. Curle, late Incumbent, to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells. The advowson belonged to the Earls of Pembroke, as part of the possessions of the Abbey of Wilton, granted by Henry VIII. to Sir William Herbert ; but

the presentation to the benefice, for this turn, by law, fell to the Crown.

William, Earl of Pembroke, died April 10th of this year (1630), and was succeeded by his brother Philip, already Earl of Montgomery.

To him, George Herbert, as a connection, a courtier, a scholar, a poet, and a frequent guest at Wilton House in Earl William's time, would be well known, as also the fact that he now was in Holy Orders, and intended to dedicate himself more fully to the ministry of the Church.

Earl Philip requested the King, Charles I., to bestow the benefice of Foulstone upon his kinsman, George Herbert, and the King said, "Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance," and a letter was at once despatched to Baynton.

"But though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the clergy; yet at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month; in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood and that living. And in this time of considering 'he endured,' as he would often say, 'such spiritual conflicts as none can think but only those that have endur'd them.'"—WALTON.

Leave Herbert at Baynton, while he spreads Lord Pembroke's letter before the LORD, and fasts, and prays, and inquires concerning this thing—and turn to Wilton House.

Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, was the son of Henry, the second Earl, and Mary Sidney, sister of

Sir Philip Sidney; he was the earliest English favourite of King James the First.

In 1607, at a horse-race at Croydon, Sir Philip Herbert had been switched in the face by Ramsey, a Scotchman. Either through cowardice, or policy, Herbert swallowed the insult. Had he drawn his sword, a deadly affray would have followed, as many English and Scotch nobles were present, and streams of blood might have flowed on the spot. By his forbearance he saved the Union, and arrested a long career of mutual animosities, which might have imperilled the peace of the nations for centuries. So, nothing was spilt, but, according to the code of worldly honour, the reputation of a gentleman; and if the indignity was borne for the King's sake, Herbert richly deserved all the honours which James showered upon him—of Knight, Baron, Viscount Herbert of Shurland, and Earl of Montgomery.

On the death of King James, he continued in high favour in the Court of Charles I., by whom he was made Lord High Chamberlain, and who, as his father, often honoured Wilton House with his presence; little presaging the treachery of its owner.

"King Charles the first did love Wilton above all places. He loved a trout above all fresh fish, and there are none better in England than at Knoyle, and when he came to Wilton, as he commonly did every summer, the Earl of Pembroke was wont to send for these trowtes for his majesties eating."—AUBREY.

King Charles was at Wilton, or in Salisbury, in March or April, 1630. So Walton gives us to understand; but there is hardly sufficient corroborative

evidence of the fact. Yet Walton probably received all the details of the Wilton episode, word by word, from the lips of Arthur Woodnoth, who was present in Wilton House on the occasion to which Walton refers, not only as a friend of George Herbert's, but of Lord Pembroke's also ; and therefore any question about the perfect accuracy of Walton's narrative must be received with the greatest caution and reserve.

Arthur Woodnoth, a man of deeply religious character, when in mature years, had conceived a great desire to enter upon the clerical life, and, though dissuaded both by Ferrar and Herbert, had engaged in some spiritual duties, even if he had not actually been admitted into Deacons' Orders ; but, after a short trial, he found he did not possess the qualifications necessary for the pastoral office, and he returned to his former active life as a Christian layman.

The summary of Walton's story is—That Arthur Woodnoth, a friend of the Herbert family for nearly forty years, who had generously aided by gifts and personal care the reparation of Leighton Church, and had probably been on a visit to the Ferrars in Huntingdonshire, of which family he was a relative, (Ferrar's mother being a Woodnoth,) extended his journey westward to Baynton in Wilts, with the double purpose of reporting to the Prebendary the condition and growth in grace of Ferrar's community at Gidding, and of the progress of the works at

Leighton Church ; and of congratulating him on his late marriage.

Soon after Woodnoth's arrival at Baynton, the important letter from Lord Pembroke was put into his hand, and Herbert's scruples and perplexities were poured into his ear. He knew the man. He saw that the offer of the King was a call from God, and must be obeyed.

His first act would be to write to Nicholas Ferrar, to announce the presentation to Foulstone, to say that the finger of God was evidently pointing thitherward, and to urge Ferrar to use his best endeavours to induce his friend to accept it, and not to run counter to God's Providence.

After "rejoicing some days as an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage," Woodnoth proposed they should go at once to Wilton House, where they understood King Charles was visiting.

Their course from Baynton would lie through Tinhead, and over Bratton Downs, across the Plain (where they would admire the herds of wild deer and the flocks of bustards), to the third milestone from Salisbury, when they would turn to the right towards Wilton, and enter the park by the road on the east side of Foulstone Church, the present avenue of grand elms not being yet planted, nor the Great Arch erected.

Herbert thanked the Earl for his interest with the King—

" . . . but had not yet resolv'd to accept of the living, and told him the reason why. But that night the earl acquainted

Dr. Laud, (then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury) with his kinsman's irresolution. And the bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert 'that the refusal of it was a sin,' that a taylor was sent for, to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day."—WALTON.

The difficulty in accepting this narrative in all its details, as circumstantially correct, lies in these propositions.

William Herbert, late earl, died at Baynard's Castle, in London, suddenly on April 10; then followed the preparations for his pompous funeral, and after some days he was buried in Salisbury Cathedral. It may be that the King came down privately to the funeral, attended only by a few gentlemen of the Court, and his chaplain, Bishop Laud. Then Herbert kissed hands, and received the deed of presentation. But that deed (which is now in the Record Office) is dated, not at Wilton, but at Westminster; and its date is April 16. Earl William's funeral could not have taken place by that early day.

The case may be that Earl Philip petitioned the King to present George Herbert before his brother died; that the King immediately assented, and, in special courtesy to the noble family, had the deed prepared in his Palace, and signed (as it is) with the Privy Seal,¹ and either brought it down to Wilton himself, or sent it to Earl Philip.

¹ "Teste Rege apud Westm., decimo sexto die Aprilis per brevi de privato sigillo."

The document is addressed to the Reverend Father and lord in Christ, John, by Divine Permission, Bishop of Salisbury, commanding him to admit to the Parish Church of "Fulston St. Peter's and Bemerton"—

"... dilectum nostrum in Christo Georgium Herbert in Artibus Magistrum."

The usual order of words was—

"*Clericum*, et in artibus magistrum."

The word "*Clericum*" must mean "*Priest*," and its absence from the deed only signifies that he was not in "Priests' Orders." That he was in "Deacons' Orders" is an absolute certainty, not only from the evidence already adduced in connection with Leighton, but from the words of the instrument of Institution now existing in the Diocesan Registry at Sarum.

For after all his painful scruples had been silenced, and he had exchanged his satin doublet and silk breeches for a canonical suit, serge cassock, black stockings and felt hat, and had put aside his jewels, and silver-sheathed sword,

"being so habited, he went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately."

The deed of Institution runs thus—

REGISTRUM IOANNIS DAVENANT, EPIS.

"APRIL, 1630,

Fulston Sancti Petri et Bemer-	} Vicesimo sexto die mensis
ton Rectoriæ Institutio	
	Anno Domini et loco predictis

"Prefatus Reverendus Pater Georgium Herbert Diaconum in Artibus Magistrum ad Rectoriam Ecclesiæ Parochialis de

Fulston Sancti Petri et Bemerton in Comitatu Wiltes suæ Sarum Diocesis jam legitime et de jure vacantem juxta presentationem Illustrissimi in Christo Principis et Domini nostri domini Caroli Dei Gratia Anglie Scotie et Hibernie Regis fidei defensoris etc. veri et indubitati dicte Rectorie per translacionem ultimi incumbentis ibidem ad episcopatum Bathonie et Wellensis (ut dicitur) patroni admisit ipsumque prestito per eum juramento Corporali tam de supremitate quam allegiancia necnon de simoniaca pravitate etc. et de Canonica obedientia etc. Rectorem instituit et investivit et de eadem in suis juribus membris etc. Comisitque sibi Curam sive onus que vel quod etc. et Scriptum fuit Archidiacono Sarum seu ejus Officiali pro ipsius inductione uti moris est."

The document above recited is interesting and important.

Much more valuable in the eyes of them, to whom every authentic relic of Herbert is dear, will be his subscription, wholly in his own hand, and bearing his signature, appended to a black letter copy of the (then) Forty Articles, now, after so many years, safely preserved in the Diocesan Registry, Sarum.

"Ego Georgius Herbert Diaconus in Artibus Magister ad Rectoriam de Fulston Sti Petri & Bemmerton in comitatu Wilts Dioces Sarum admittendus et instituendus omnibus hisce articulis singulisque in iisdem contentis volens et ex animo subscribo et consensum meum iisdem praebeo

26^o die Apr 1630

GEORGIUS HERBERT."

A clergyman in Deacons' Orders cannot now be collated to an incumbency, but deacons were admissible to livings in the seventeenth century, perhaps from the paucity of priests. The incumbent of Whiteparish, instituted next after Herbert, was only a deacon.

From the palace at Salisbury, and the presence of

Bishop Davenant, Herbert returned to Bemerton, and in the afternoon of the same day, April 26, 1630, was inducted to the benefice of Foulstone in the chapel at Bemerton. By whom was the service of induction performed? It might have been by Leonard Dickenson, Vicar of South Newton, or by one of the Cathedral clergy, or most likely, by Richard Chandler, Rector of Wilton. Of the words in which Walton records the events of that ever-memorable institution (related, of course, by Arthur Woodnoth to Walton) it were sacrilege to alter, or omit a syllable.

“When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell, as the law requires him, he staid so much longer than an ordinary time before he return’d to those friends that staid expecting him at the church-door, that his friend, Mr. Woodnot, looked in at the church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place, as he after told Mr. Woodnot, he set some rules to himself for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.”

Thus closed that solemn day, when Herbert was both instituted and inducted, and took on himself the cure of about three hundred souls.

As the late rector had been non-resident, and the parsonage house at Bemerton was in partial ruin, it was not fit even for temporary occupation. The two friends would walk back through the Park to Wilton House, where they would be right royally entertained.

But that eventful day is not yet over. Herbert and Woodnoth have retired early from the Earl’s festive hall to their private chambers, and are in deep com-

munion. Herbert speaks, and in grave and earnest words addresses his friend—

“I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attain'd what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud and titles and flattery, and many other such empty imaginary painted pleasures; pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfie when they are enjoy'd; but in God and His service is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependants to a love and reliance on Him, Who never fails those that trust Him. But above all, I will be sure to live well, because the vertuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to perswade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, Who hath honour'd me so much as to call me to serve at His altar, that as by His special grace He hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions, so He will, by His assisting grace, enable me to bring the same to good effect; and that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my Jesus, Whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor; and am so proud of His service, that I will alwayes observe and obey and do His will, and alwayes call Him Jesus my Master; and I will alwayes contemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferr'd upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the Altar of Jesus, my Master.”

Herbert must have known Wilton House very familiarly, not only from his private visits there as a kinsman, but often when, in the retinue of the Court, he partook of the brilliant receptions of King James and his Queen by Earl William, when Wilton was in all its glory.

"The situation of Wilton House is incomparably noble. It hath not only the most pleasant prospect of the gardens and park, but from thence over a lovely flatt to the city of Salisbury, where that lofty steeple cuts the horizon. The house is great and august, but I attempt no further description of the house, gardens, and approaches, as falling too short of the greatness and excellency of it."—AUBREY, 1650.

Morning prayer is said constantly in the chapel by the resident chaplains. Then the guests roam at will over all that superb mansion. Herbert is now in the noble Library, revelling amidst the rare books and manuscripts, art treasures and engravings, English and foreign, collected at so great a cost by Lord Henry and Lady Mary.

To Herbert of most interest is the "Whole Book of Psalmes, done into English verse by Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke his sister, writ curiously and bound in crimson velvet and gold"; and Lady Mary's own religious verses, prayers, and translations. Then he stands before this picture and that—Henry VIII.; James I.; Sir P. Sidney; William, first Earl of Pembroke, with the little dog at his feet that starved itself to death when its master died; Earl Henry, and Lady Mary; Robert, Earl of Essex; Cardinal Wolsey; Walsingham; the Ministers of State, and the heroes of Queen Elizabeth's reign; the last Abbess of Wilton, and other famous portraits not to be found now in Wilton House.

Herbert is now in the Armoury; now in the Gardens, amidst flowers, bowers, grottoes, and fountains; now in the Park, wandering along the

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banks of the river. But to-day he is more than Mr. Herbert, the honoured scion of the proud house of Pembroke—he is the Reverend George Herbert, Rector of Foulstone-cum-Bemerton; he is gone out, with his friend, to make his first pastoral visitation, his first personal acquaintance with the people whom he is soon to know so well. His first visit is to the parish Church of Foulstone, neglected, decayed—then to the few houses near—then by the pleasant path through the Park to Quidhampton, where the largest number of people dwell—then to Bemerton. He confers with Woodnoth about the repairs needed for chapel and parsonage, takes advantage of his experience, and receives his promises of aid.

On April 29, the two friends returned to Baynton. Herbert, arrayed in grave, black, clerical garb, immediately after seeing and saluting his wife, said—

“You are now a minister’s wife, and must so far forget your father’s house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest’s wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility.”

And she assured him she willingly accepted the duties of her new position, and would endeavour to discharge them with all fidelity and humility.

The name of Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, cannot be remembered but with special interest, under the consideration that it was he who, by God’s Providence, was the instrument of introducing Herbert to “the bishopric of souls.”

But neither the Earl’s private nor public character

will bear close scrutiny. Clarendon (though unwillingly) is compelled to record that through the weakness of his understanding, and the miserable compliance of his nature, he became a tool of the Parliament, who made him Governor of the Isle of Wight, and Chancellor of Oxford, and thus drove him into actual rebellion, "which he never intended to do." In 1649, he sat in Parliament as a Commoner, and joined Cromwell's Council of State. In his old age, the Cavaliers launched at his hoary head the most merciless and vindictive lampoons.

Herbert was appointed chaplain to the Earl, and reference by anticipation may be made to two other chaplains.

John Earle, formerly at Westminster School, in 1631 was presented by Philip, Earl of Pembroke, to the rectory of Bishopstone, near Wilton, while Herbert was working in the neighbouring parish of Foulstone. During the civil wars the soldiers burst into his church while he was officiating, and one of them putting a pistol to his breast, ordered him to cease—he calmly said, "You do your duty, and I will do mine." He was ejected by the Parliament, and took refuge in Paris, when Hyde allowed him two hours in eating his dinner, and two hours in projecting where to get one. After the Restoration he was advanced to the see of Sarum.

The name of another chaplain of Earl Philip is noted here, not in any connection with Herbert, but simply as an act of justice, and to record a strong

redeeming feature in the character of that unworthy nobleman.

John Henry was a faithful servant of Charles I., much honoured by the King, for whom he waited on his way to execution, and who took such an affectionate farewell of his old friend. A son had been born in 1631. Philip, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain (equally cognizant with the King of the worth of the Henry family), stood godfather to the child, and gave him his own name. It is to the Earl's honour that he remembered his godson to his dying day. As the boy grew up in the royal household, he became a playmate of the young Stuart princes; at the age of twelve was sent to Westminster School; and from his diligence, amiability, and intelligence, carried Dr. Busby's affections by storm.

But all Philip Henry's love and veneration for his master (which were very great), and all that great teacher's influence and power in Scriptural instruction, in inculcation of the doctrines of the Church, and his wonted carefulness in preparing the boys for Confirmation and Communion, went for nothing against the home-lessons of the boy's mother. She was a gentle, intellectual, pious woman, and if God had her son's soul, and his school-master his mind, the mother had his heart. She saturated him with puritanic theology, taught him the Assembly's Catechisms, took him with her to the Lectures, and vowed him to the Nonconformist ministry. His

progress in class and conduct gratified his sponsor and patron ; but let the boy tell a schoolboy's tale—

“Once being monitor of the chamber, and being sent forth to seek one that had played truant, I found him out where hee had hid himself; at his earnest request I promised I would say I could not find him—which I wickedly did. Next morning being examined by Mr. Busby where hee was, and whether hee saw mee, hee sayd, Yes, he did. At which I wel remembre Mr. Busby turned his eye towards mee, and sayd,

‘Καὶ σὺ, τέκνον!’—‘And you, my child!’—

and whipt mee, which was the only time I felt the weight of his hand, and I deserved it. He appointed me also a Penitential copy of Latin verses, wch I made, and brought to him. Then he gave mee sixpence, and received mee into his favour.”

Lord Pembroke attended the examination in Westminster School when Philip Henry was elected off, gave him a liberal allowance while he was at Oxford, and when he entered into public life, appointed him his chaplain. As might be expected, Henry's opinions were very tolerant, and only slightly divergent from the faith of the Church ; his piety was sincere, his life spotless. He might have had promotion, but declined to receive episcopal ordination. He was the father of the commentator, Matthew Henry.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEMERTON—VALDESSO.—1630—1633.

AS the Rectory-house at Bemerton was uninhabitable, Herbert must have made Baynton his head-quarters for some months.

His predecessor had suffered the two Churches and the parsonage-house to fall into decay. All these Herbert had to repair, and partially to rebuild, at his own cost, while his income from the parish was very small. He first restored the Parish Church at Foulstone; then the chapel at Bemerton, and lastly his parsonage. The old glebe-house at Bemerton had to be raised almost from the foundation. "Here he built a very handsome house of brick, and made a good garden, and walks for the minister." The roof would be thatched. There was a hall, in which all the family and servants sat together, where, on a large open hearth, all the cooking was done; the other parts of the house were, a small study on a raised floor, close to the road, a scullery, and four or five small bed-rooms. On the mantel of the chimney in the hall he engraved—

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost ;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labor's not lost.

These works cost him £200, a large sum in those days, and a heavy assessment on his contracted income. We must not wonder, therefore, that the restoration of Leighton Church, which in addition he had upon his hands, advanced but slowly.

John Davenant was Bishop of Sarum from 1621 to 1641, and in due course, Herbert should have been ordained Priest on Trinity Sunday, 1630; but it appears the Bishop did not ordain at the Summer Ember season.

George Herbert was ordained to the priesthood on Sept. 19, 1630, being the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, no doubt, in Sarum Cathedral, by Bishop Davenant; as Humphrey Henchman (Precentor of Sarum, and afterwards Bishop of that See), told Walton he laid his hand on Herbert's head, as one of the co-ordaining priests.

The register of Institutions by Bishop Davenant is perfect up to 1640, but that of Ordinations ceases with the year 1625. After that date there is no register of Ordinations, but a page and half of parchment are left blank, evidently that the ordinations from 1626 to 1640 may be entered from some other memorandum; but the record was never

made, and the certain date of Herbert's ordination to the priesthood remained a secret till the year 1893, the Tercentenary of his birth.

In the month of April in that year, during the observance of his Tercentenary, a diligent search was again made in the Sarum Registry; and though no record of Ordination was found, yet some old rolls of dusty crumbling papers were discovered, which proved to be subscriptions to the Articles of candidates for Ordination in 1630; and on examination they rendered up two documents of paramount interest—one, the subscription of Herbert before Institution in April 1630, and another (of far greater value) his subscription before Ordination in September of the same year, both in his autograph. The first was printed in the last chapter; in the second Herbert writes—

"Ego Georgius Herbert in Artibus Magister, Diaconus, ad sacros Presbiteratus Ordines admittendus et instituendus omnibus hisce articulis animo in iisdem contentis volens et ex singulisque subscribo et consensum meum iisdem praebeo

19^o die Septemb 1630 AD

GEORGIUS HERBERT."

John Davenant, in 1621, succeeded to the see of Sarum on the death of his brother-in-law, Robert Townson, who left to his care fifteen nephews and nieces, for whose sake he never married. In 1618, after a brilliant course at Cambridge, Davenant, with other eminent theologians, had been deputed by James I. to represent the Church of England at the Synod of Dort, and it was allowed that they discharged their difficult duty with talent and dignity.

But the deliberations of the Council evoked so much political cabal and theological acrimony, that the results were alike disgraceful and injurious to the cause which it was summoned to support ; and (read in the history of all clerical convocations, ancient and modern), justified the sweeping condemnation of that father of the Church who said, "I never saw any good in ecclesiastical councils."

Four bishops elect were waiting for consecration, when Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, accidentally shot a keeper with a cross-bow, while aiming at a deer. Laud, elect of St. Davids, and Williams of Lincoln, expressed an insuperable aversion to receive the imposition of Abbot's hands, and they, and Davenant for Sarum, and Carey for Exeter, were consecrated by commission.

The tone of the Bishop's (Davenant) temperament may be gleaned from an anecdote told of his childhood ; that once, when he had been guilty of peevishness, and the servants tried to screen him by saying it was not John, but some of his brothers, did cry, he said in honest shame, "No, it was none of my brothers, but only John that did cry."

In Lent, 1630, Davenant had preached at Whitehall in the presence of Charles I., and so offended him by his bold Calvinistic doctrine, that he was brought to his knees before the Privy Council, and warned never more to offend.

The same year Herbert came up for Institution to Foulstone,

It was at a sad time when Herbert entered, as a beneficed incumbent, into the diocese of Sarum. Civil and ecclesiastical rancour ran high; Salisbury was agitated to its centre by political commotions, and was just taking breath after a calamitous scourging by the plague.

Sir Henry Sherfield, Recorder of Salisbury, suddenly offended by a rude (he said grotesque) painting of the Creation in St. Edmund's Church, in which appeared representations of the Persons of the Holy Trinity, having obtained permission of the vestry to destroy it, rushed into the Church, and clambering over the pews, and striking at the window with his staff, fell, and broke his leg: thus, *signatus Deo*, he was borne out of the Church, but the savage mob effectually accomplished the work he had begun.

Notwithstanding his broken limb, the Star Chamber dragged him to London, and an information was laid against him, which he met in person by a very able and astute defence, alleging in his vindication and exculpation canons of ancient councils, opinions of reverend doctors, and, especially, a pronounced judgment of Bishop Davenant himself. Yet he was sentenced to imprisonment in the Fleet, to be fined £500, and to acknowledge his offence to the bishop.

This was in 1629-30. But though the Church was gasping for breath in her struggles with her enemies, and the city was pressing hard upon the Chapter to rob them of their ancient privileges, as yet the Daily Services were continued, and Herbert

often walked over from Bemerton to soothe his soul with the Cathedral music, of which he was passionately fond.

Before the autumn of 1630, the parsonage of Bemerton would have been rebuilt and furnished, and the new Rector would be in residence. The text of his first sermon was, "Keep thy heart with all diligence" (Prov. iv. 23), in which he gave his parishioners many safe and holy rules for the discharge of a good conscience; he preached in a florid manner, with great learning and eloquence, but told them that in future his sermons would be more plain and practical. He gave notice of an afternoon service and catechizing, at which he hoped they would be constant. His text afterwards was always taken from the Gospel of the day. He explained the order and meaning of confessions, prayers, psalms, lectures, hymns, creeds, sacraments, holy days and seasons, and showed "that the whole service of the Church was reasonable, and therefore an acceptable service to God."

The household of the parsonage consisted of the Rector, his wife, two nieces, and two or three maid-servants, and two men. There was a glebe of six acres, a garden, and orchard, and outbuildings, and a very large barn, as the tithes were received in kind. The parsonage was separated from the Church only by the breadth of the road, which was forty feet wide, and as this narrow road was then the only highway from Salisbury to the south-west of the county, the

noise of passing vehicles was very annoying. The situation of the house was pleasant and healthy ; it looked south to the distant hills over a lawn (partly orchard), which sloped down to the river Wily, a swift, clear, though shallow stream, which furnished means of efficient, natural drainage ; it was sheltered by Salisbury Plain on the north, and was abundantly supplied with purest water from springs in the chalk.

The Ferrars' retreat at Gidding was fully developed, and in regular working order, when Herbert came into residence at Bemerton, and as the friends continually corresponded, and as Ferrar's brother signifies emphatically that the scheme and purpose of their religious undertakings, if not originated by Herbert, yet were sanctioned and directed by him, it might be supposed that Herbert would mould his household after Ferrar's model, and that Bemerton would become a second Gidding. The Church was very near, and there were two maidens to begin a sisterhood. But it must be observed that Herbert's weakly body could never have sustained the severity of discipline to which Ferrar had inured himself ; that his scant revenues would not support such an establishment as Gidding ; that it is uncertain whether his wife would or could take the place of Mother of such a community. But thus far he trod in Ferrar's steps—with his wife, nieces, and servants, he said the Daily Prayers of the Church morning and afternoon every day in the chapel, at ten and four o'clock ; he induced many of his parishioners and

people of the neighbourhood to join in the services, and the farmers would leave their work in the fields, "when Mr. Herbert's saint's bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him, and would then return back to their plow."

Let it be remembered also that Herbert had a parish of three hundred people to visit, the houses lying in three separate hamlets, each a mile apart. He kept a Curate for the Mother Church at Foulstone, who supplied the Rector's place at Bemerton when he was absent. He went twice a week to the Cathedral of Salisbury, feeling "that his time spent in prayer and Cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth." "He did himself compose anthems, and sung them to his lute"; and used to sing and play in a musical society at Salisbury.

In one of his walks through the pleasant meadows between Salisbury and Bemerton, he overtook a gentleman who was not of his parish, but whose tenant paid him tithe, and Herbert humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith; and he gave him such rules for sincerity and practical piety, then and on other occasions, as caused him to the end of his life to mention the name of Herbert with reverence, and to praise God that he had ever known him.

In another of his Salisbury walks he met a neighbouring minister, to whom, on his lamenting the decay of piety and the general contempt of the clergy, Herbert took occasion to say that he thought

one cure for these distempers would be for the clergy to keep the Ember weeks strictly, and to beg their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy ; and another, for themselves to restore the duty of catechizing, which was greatly neglected, and on which the salvation of the ignorant so much depended ; but principally, that the clergy, especially dignitaries, should live blamelessly, temperately, humbly, and charitably, and set good examples for the respect and imitation of the people. This, he said, would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of the age ; and he added in words of truth and cogency—

“My dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the laity : for 'tis not learning, but this—this only—that must do it : and till then the fault must lie at our doors.”

One day he came upon a poor man with a poorer horse, which had fallen down under its load, and having assisted both master and beast, went on his way to meet his musical friends in Salisbury. Then appearing “soyl'd, discompos'd, and begrimed, whereas Mr. Herbert us'd to be so trim and clean,” he replied to their surprise by saying that he would not willingly pass one day of his life without comforting a sad soul. “And now,” said he, “let's tune our instruments.”

In the *Priest to the Temple* it must be considered that Herbert himself is the Priest ; he sets down the form and character of a true pastor, that he may have a mark to aim at : and though he allows that he has

set the mark very high, it is to be supposed that his life at Bemerton reached that mark, and that the Country Parson was the model of his own daily life. Barnabas Oley, speaking to his brother clergy, writes of the *Priest to the Temple*—

“The ensuing Work, methinks, is not a body of 37 chapters, but a bill of 7 times 37 indictments against thee and me, a strange *speculum sacerdotale*.”

As soon as Herbert awoke on Sunday, his thoughts were full of making most of the day: he prayed for a peculiar blessing on himself, that he might do nothing unworthy of that Majesty before whom he was to appear, but that all the services might be for His glory, and for the edification of his flock: he besought his Master that how or whensoever He should punish him, it might not be in his ministry. He made intercession for his people that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify them all, that they might come with holy hearts and awful minds into the congregation. On entering Church, he adored the invisible presence of the Almighty God, and blessed the people. He composed himself with all possible reverence to read the Divine Services; lifting up heart, and hands, and eyes, before the majesty of God, as presenting with himself the whole congregation, whose sins he brought to the heavenly altar to be bathed in the sacred laver of Christ's Blood. And knowing that his own devout manner in the service would best move his people to reverence, the tone of his voice in prayer was humble, his words

slow and measured, as his whole soul was full of godly fear; and often in his sermons he exhorted them to all possible reverence in their behaviour in the House of God; to stand, sit, and kneel at the proper times with all becoming attention, man and child answering "Amen," gently and pausably, and thinking what they were saying; and if any of the gentry of the parish made it a piece of state not to come to Church at the beginning of the service, to their loss and the disturbance of the congregation, he by no means suffered it, but gently admonished them.

He preached constantly; the pulpit was his joy and throne. He secured attention by all possible art and earnestness, keeping a diligent eye upon his audience, and addressing sometimes the elder, sometimes the younger, now the poor, and now the rich, saying, "This is for you," and "This is for you." He made much use of anecdotes; and told them that sermons were dangerous things, that none goes out of Church as he came in, but either better or worse, for that by the Word of God we shall be judged.

The character of his sermon was not learning, or eloquence, but holiness. He often made apostrophes to God, as, "O Lord, bless my people!" "O my Master, let me be silent, and do Thou speak!" and to the people—"Oh, let us take heed what we do! God knows whether I speak as I ought, or you hear as you ought!" He usually preached for an hour, and as none of his sermons have been published, they were probably not written.

He magnified the Word of God exceedingly—

“The chief and top of the knowledge of the Countrey Parson consists in the book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort—the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things: precepts for life, doctrines for knowledge, examples for illustration, and promises for comfort. But for the understanding of these, the means he useth, are first, a holy life, remembering what his Master saith that, ‘if any do God’s will, he shall know of the Doctrine.’ The second means is prayer; he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with some short inward ejaculation, as, ‘Lord, open mine eyes that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law’ (Ps. cxix. 18). The third means is a diligent collation of Scripture with Scripture. The fourth means is Commenters and Fathers, which the parson by no means refuseth; he hath one comment at least upon every book of Scripture.”

“Above all things his chief delight was in the Holy Scriptures, one leaf of which he professed he would not part with for the whole world in exchange. That was his wisdom, his comfort, his joy. Out of that he took his motto, ‘Less than the least of all God’s mercies.’ In that he found that substance, Christ; and in Christ remission of sins; yea, in His Blood he placed the goodness of his good works.”

Bemerton St. Andrew’s is a chapelry annexed to Foulstone St. Peter’s. The chapel is of very small size, a nave and chancel; will hold about sixty people; is extremely simple, and exhibits scarcely a single feature of archaic or ecclesiastical interest. Aubrey calls it “a pitiful little chapell of ease to Foughelston.”

It is first mentioned in connection with Foulstone in 1408, which probably is the year in which it

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was built. The chantry is utterly unworthy of the rich Abbey of Wilton, to which it belonged. It is difficult to read its history, from the many changes through which it has passed. The fabric is of the fifteenth century. There are windows of that date in chancel and nave, all the rest are later; the chancel-roof and east window are recent and meagre. All that remains of Herbert's work is probably the south door, in good oak, and the Jacobean entrance. The bell, which so often called him to prayer, hangs in a modern wooden turret on the west gable; it is of pre-Reformation date, called an Alphabet bell, from bearing A, B, C, D, E, F, G, in black-letter, irregular characters.

In Aubrey's day—

"In the chancell are many apt sentences of the Scripture. At his wife's seate, '*My Life is hid with Christ in God*' (Coloss. iii. 3). (He hath verses on this text in his Poemes.) Above in a little windowe blinded, within a veile (ill pointed), '*Thou art my hiding place*' (Psalm xxxii. 7)."

Herbert thus describes his own Church—

"The country parson hath a speciall care of his Church, that all things there be decent, and befitting His Name by which it is called. He takes order that all things be in good repair, as walls plaistered, windows glazed, floore paved, seats whole, firm and uniform; especially that the pulpit and desk, and communion table, and font be as they ought, for those great duties that are performed in them. Secondly, that the Church be swept and kept clean without dust, or cobwebs, and at great festivals strawed and stuck with boughs, and perfumed with incense. Thirdly, that there be fit and proper texts of Scripture everywhere painted, and that all the painting be grave, and reverend, not with light colours or foolish anticks. Fourthly,

that all the books appointed by Authority be there, and those not torne or fouled, but whole and clean, and well bound ; and that there be a fitting and sightly communion-cloth of fine linen, with a handsome and seemly carpet of good and costly stuffe or cloth, and all kept sweet and clean in a strong and decent chest, with a chalice and cover, and a stoop or flagon ; and a basin for alms and offerings ; and a poor man's box conveniently seated."

There was no paten : the flattened cover of the chalice served for such long after the Reformation. The Commissioners of Edward VI. left to the parish of "Bimmerton" a chalice of "vij. di." oz.

The small font, certainly in use in the chapel during Herbert's incumbency, is worked into the bowl of the new font in the Memorial Church of St. John's, Bemerton.

Having read Divine Service twice fully, and preached in the morning, and catechized in the afternoon, he thought he had in some measure, according to poor and frail man, discharged the public duties of the congregation. The rest of the day he spent either in reconciling neighbours that were at variance, or in visiting the sick, or in exhortations to some of his flock by themselves, whom his sermons could not, or did not, reach. He considered that every one is more awaked when we come and say, "Thou art the man." At night he thought it a very fit time, suitable to the joy of the day, either to entertain some of his neighbours, or to be entertained of them, when he took occasion to discourse of such things as were both profitable and pleasant, and to

raise up their minds to apprehend God's good blessing to our Church and State. As he opened the day with prayer, so he closed it, humbly beseeching the Almighty to pardon and accept his poor services, and to improve them that he might grow therein.

"The Country Parson," he said, "values catechizing highly." But the catechisms of the divines of the seventeenth century differed very widely from that kind of instruction given in these days to a few Sunday School children. It was the afternoon sermon, carefully prepared on some part of the text of the Catechism, but delivered orally in the form of question and answer. Herbert required all the parishioners—old and young, parents and children, masters and servants—to be present, and exacted from all the doctrine of the Catechism, that those who were not well grounded in the knowledge of religion might receive instruction, and those who knew their Bibles well might advance in holy learning.

Thus he catechized on the Creed—"How came this world to be made? Did it come by chance? Who made it? Who is God? Did you see God make it? Then there are some things to be believed which are not seen; is this the nature of belief? Is not Christianity full of such things as are not to be seen, but believed?" He made his questions so plain that, in virtue, they contained the answer, helping and cheering the catechumens, and skilfully drawing out of ignorant and simple souls the dark, deep things of God. The parson once demanded,

"Since man's misery is so great, what is to be done?" The person addressed could not tell. He asked again, "What would you do if you had fallen into a ditch?" The familiar illustration made the answer so plain that he was ashamed, and could not but say that he would get out as fast as he could.

He celebrated Holy Communion, if not duly once a month, at least five or six times in the year—at Christmas, Lent, Easter, Whitsuntide, before and after Harvest, preceded by catechetical instruction, and, after Ferrar's example, "suffered no one on the day of Communion to want a good meal."

He thought children and youths should communicate at an earlier age; that the time of their First Communion should depend not so much on years, as on understanding; and that if they could distinguish sacramental from common bread, they ought to receive at what age soever. He baptized, as his rule, only on Sundays and festivals, taught the sponsors the honour of the office they undertook, and exhorted Christians to meditate often on the great and glorious calling of their baptism.

He justified work on the Lord's Day in cases of extreme necessity in seed-time and harvest. He instructed the Churchwardens to consider what a great charge lay upon them, how honourable their office was, it being the greatest honour of this world to serve God and His Church, and that they should aim to fulfil their duties faithfully.

By the end of autumn, either on foot or horseback,

the Rector would have visited all the farms and cottages in the parish, and made a personal acquaintance with all the parishioners.

Fond of exercise, an expert rider, and mounted on a noble steed, he would often ride up the old Roman way on the north of the Church to the Downs, and gallop many a mile over the wild, open, lonely Plain. "These Plains," says Aubrey, writing in 1680, "doe abound with hares, fallow deer, partridges, and bustards; there are gray crows, as at Royston. They are the most spacious Plaines in Europe, and the greatest remains that I can heare of, of the smooth primitive world, when it lay all under water. Here is

Nil nisi campus et aer,

and in winter indeed our air is cold and rawe."

On the one hand there would be a full view of the crumbling walls of old Sarum; to the east the graceful spire of the Cathedral of Salisbury, rising 404 feet; beneath, rich meadows and meandering streams, and to the south-west the lordly towers of Wilton, and the grand timber trees of the park.

The Rector of Bemerton would not, with his weakness of chest, cross the Downs in wild December weather, with a strong, cutting north-east wind, accompanied by sleet and hail, driven in sheets over the unbroken plateau, shepherds, flocks, and dogs all crouching before the merciless blast. But see Master and Mistress Herbert, and their two nieces, the Mistresses Vaughan (as girls were called then), walk-

ing over the Downs in May; the air is balmy and exhilarating, like a breeze from the sea; the solitude is awe-inspiring; the turf is mossy and elastic; they are treading on a carpet of flowers—harebell, centaury, campanula, scabious, milkworts, orchids, meadow-sweet, and heather—

“Poets sing of the mountain and of the sea, but no one sings of the Downs—they sing for themselves—for neither mountain nor sea is more full of music than their moving stillness, and harmony of delicious silence.”

Sometimes the Rector would ride through the ford over the river to the rich meadows on the south, and through Netherhampton over the hills to the high lands above Wilton Park, “intermixt with boscaiges than nothing can be more pleasant; and in summer time doe excell Arcadia in verdant and rich turfe,” and thence through the park back to Bemerton.

The first wife of Earl Philip, Lady Susan Vere, died before Herbert came to Bemerton. In the year 1630, June 3rd, the Earl married for his second wife Anne Clifford, widow of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset. This noble lady, though she speaks of both her husbands as “in their several kindes worthy noblemen,” says it was her misfortune to have crosses and contradictions with them both—

“... so as in both their lifetimes the marble pillars of Knowle in Kent, and Wilton in Wiltshire, were to me but the gay arbours of anguish: I lived in both those great families as the river of Roan or Rhodanus runs through the lake of Geneva without mingling any part of its streams with that lake; I made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions.”

During Herbert's short life at Bemerton, who than he would be more welcome to the lonely lady of Wilton House?—as she would find in her faithful chaplain a congenial mind, and would appreciate at their true value his learning, the sanctity of his character, and the divinity of his poems. From Bemerton, on Dec. 10, 1631, he writes to the Countess in London, apparently in acknowledgment of a letter he had received from her. He seems to have sent her a cask of metheglin, or mead, made (no doubt) from the honey of his own bees in the garden at Bemerton, and on her gracious acceptance of the gift, intimates his wish to send her something more worthy,—perhaps he means his poems. "In the meantime," he adds, "a Priest's blessing, Madam, can do you no hurt"—and then proceeds, in noble words, to invoke not the blessing of the priest, but the blessing of her own mother, upon her—

"Wherefore the Lord make good the blessing of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, diligence, prayers, and tears to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your soul, to His glory, your own good, and the great joy of, Madam, your most faithful servant in Christ Jesu,

"GEORGE HERBERT."

This lady was married twenty years to Earl Philip, but, owing to his opprobrious life, was compelled to leave him; he died in 1649, she in 1675. Very rich, and very generous, she dwelt in turn in her six castles, dispensing noble charities, restoring Churches, and relieving the plundered clergy. Very pious, and very learned, as Donne said, she could discourse on all

subjects, from predestination to slea-silk. She dressed in black serge, and never tasted wine or physic.

The Parish Church of Foulstone, a nave and chancel, dedicated to St. Peter, was built in the thirteenth century, at the same date, as it is of the same character, as Salisbury Cathedral. In Herbert's time, before the alteration of the roads, it stood alone in its little churchyard, surrounded by fields. The Curate probably lodged in the large farmhouse, the only house (beside the labourers' cottages) in Foulstone hamlet.

The Communion Plate, delivered to the churchwardens of "Ffoulstone" by Edward VI.'s commissioners, was only a chalice of silver, an Elizabethan cup, date 1581. This is the chalice which was used by Herbert. It was held in his hands at Holy Communion; his lips touched its rim. The very fine *repoussé* Elizabethan flagon, now at Foulstone, was not in use in Herbert's time; it was given to the parish by the Rev. John Hawes, Rector, 1776.

The old road from Bemerton to Foulstone Church ran through the Shrubbery, just inside the present wall of Wilton Park. Lord Pembroke, in 1826, obtained an Act of Parliament to enclose the road; and at the same time, he destroyed the Hospital of St. Giles, and in its stead built some cottages at Foulstone. The Hospital had been founded by Adeliza, queen of Henry II., 1154, for lepers—she herself, by tradition, being the "Leprosy Queen." It is not known whether Herbert was ever Master of the Hospital, but there was a Chapel, in which service was

ministered, and marriage celebrated, as late as 1700, when John Dowse, clerk, was Master, and the revenues amounted to £6 a year. There were then no lepers, but four alms-people. Herbert might frequently have ministered in St. Giles' Chapel, as it was in his parish. Of old Wilton Church only the Chancel remains. Probably Herbert often preached in the beautiful pulpit of fine carved wood erected there in 1628.

The old path on which Herbert walked to Foulstone Church is yet traceable within the walls of Wilton Park, but other roadways, except those running immediately through the hamlets of Bemerton and Quidhampton, are so changed, and diverted from their old course, that it is not likely Herbert's feet ever trod upon any of them. Even the channels of the rivers have been altered. A few cob walls remain, and there are three very old cottages in a garden below the present road, into which he may have entered.

During two hundred and sixty years, successive alterations in the parsonage have left very little of Herbert's works remaining. Some of the foundations and lower courses of the thick walls are probably his; the hall, which had become divided, and formed part of other rooms, has been restored pretty much to what it was at the first; the massive chimney mantel, a great beam of solid rough oak, remains *in situ*; two other ponderous beams may be of Herbert's work.

But Herbert's Bemerton is gone for ever. When

Herbert lived at Bemerton it was a pretty rural village, of twenty cottages, lying on the sunny southern slope of the Plain, quiet and sequestered, a mile from Salisbury, with a hundred simple inhabitants. The disappointment is very great to pilgrims, who come from all parts of the world, especially from America, to visit Herbert's Church, house, and village. Bemerton is now almost a suburb of Salisbury; the parish is traversed by two railways; long lines of ugly cottages, and huge, staring brick buildings, run up in all directions, offend taste and eye. The Church is modernized and deformed; but you may still walk in what was Herbert's garden—you may believe, if you like (and it is likely), that Herbert planted the aged medlar tree now growing there. You may look upon, and read, his own handwriting in the registers. There is the river, there are the hills, there is the Cathedral and spire, on which Herbert gazed a thousand times—these are not changed. And the very air around, and the heavens above, and the earth beneath, are redolent with the unexhausted perfume of Herbert's presence.

So thou mayest thus far soothe and satisfy thy soul, and say, "Here certainly George Herbert lived; that parsonage was George Herbert's home; somewhere within those walls George Herbert died; in that humble Church George Herbert prayed and preached; under that plain stone beneath the altar, George, Herbert sleeps."

Then go thou into that Church, kneel thou down

before that altar, as near George Herbert's grave as thou mayest—and the Lord pity thee, if thou dost not know what prayer to say over such a man's grave, in such a place, at such a time.

The Country Parson of Bemerton was very exact in the governing of his house, making it a model for his parish. He knew the temper and pulse of every member of the family, and accordingly met their vices, or advanced their virtues.

As he was just in all things, so was he to his wife also; he gave her respect both before her servants and others, and half at least of the government of the house, yet never so resigning the reins, but that he sometimes looked how things went, demanding an account, but not by the way of an account; and this he did the oftener or the seldomer, according as he was satisfied of his wife's discretion.

Either his wife was religious, or night and day he was winning her to God. He required only three things of her: first, that she should train up the children and her maids in the fear of God, with prayers, and catechizing, and all religious duties; secondly, that she should cure all wounds and sores with her own hands (and if she had not brought that skill with her, he took care she should learn it of some religious neighbour); thirdly, that she should so carefully control their exchequer that all the household should be sufficiently fed and clothed, and that her husband should not be brought into debt.

The children in Bemerton parsonage were Dorothy

and Margaret, (daughters of John Vaughan and Margaret, Herbert's sister,) sixteen and eighteen years of age, who had been left orphans and without a home, when their uncle George received them into his house. He took these nieces under his peculiar charge, and seasoned them with all piety, not only in words of prayer and reading, but in encouraging them to visit the sick children in the parish, and tend their wounds, and relieve them with money of their own saving, saying that money lent to God is laid out at better interest than the best investments the world can provide.

He felt it was his duty, as he knew it was for his profit, to essay that his servants should be all religious; for religious servants are faithful in their work, and what they do is blessed by God. He taught them that, after Religion, three things make a perfect servant—Truthfulness, Diligence, and Cleanliness. Herbert's family at Bemerton was a school of Religion. Those who could read had times for reading; those who could not read were taught. All in the household were either teachers, or learners; all had time to pray. Even the very walls were not idle, for texts were painted on them which might excite thoughts of piety. He said—"In the house of a preacher all are preachers."

There was a pretty, pious custom observed in Bemerton Rectory, of all saying, when the candles were brought in in the evening, "God send us the light of heaven."

He suffered not a lie, or any sly, deceitful, cunning, zigzag ways in his house. This verse was repeated in the cottages on the Plain—

“Fear God, my child, be brave and wise,
And speak the truth, and tell no lies ;
For liars shall for ever dwell
With devils in the hottest hell.”

And all the family knew there was no forgiveness for a fault, but confession.

Besides Family Prayer, and the Morning and Evening Services at Church, he strictly enjoined every one to be faithful in private prayers at morn and even; he knew what prayers they said, and taught them himself. He ruled the children more with love than fear; the servants more with fear than love. But the good old servant was as a child of the family.

The furniture of the Rectory was very plain, but good and sweet; the fare of the table was simple, frugal, but very good—a little mutton, beef, or veal; and if any extra provisions were required for a festival, or on the arrival of a guest, the barn, yard, and orchard supplied them.

As Sunday was Herbert's day of exceeding joy, Friday was a day of humiliation. He said, fasting, in Scripture language, is an afflicting of our souls, and bodily mortification is commanded of God, and a religious fasting is useful, and ought to be observed; but as meat was made for man, and not man for meat, sickness, and sickliness also, break the obliga-

tion of fasting. He taught, with St. Augustine, that the great fast is to abstain from sin.

His life of uniform duty flowed on in even tide from day to day, broken at times by the too frequent and merely complimentary calls of neighbours, sometimes by a visit from the Bishop—

“He carries himself very respectfully as to all the fathers of the Church, so especially to his own diocesan, honouring him both in word and behaviour, and resorting to him in any difficulty, either in his studies, or in his parish.”

Sometimes he was summoned to the palace at Salisbury, to consult with the Bishop and clergy—

“He observes visitations, and being there makes due use of them, as of clergy councils, for the benefit of the diocese.”

And the clergy had need enough to take counsel together, for a black storm was gathering which was destined to sweep off Church, King, and Constitution from the face of the land; and in almost every parish a turbulent party was rising, defiant alike of civil and ecclesiastical order, and disloyal spirits were now excited to fever-heat by the new canons sent down by Archbishop Laud, for the removal of the Lord's Table into the Chancel of the Church. Bishop Davenant reported to the king that the clergy of Sarum were generally conformable, and in a strife between the Vicar and Churchwardens of Aldbourne he decided that the Holy Table should be transferred to the place where the Altar formerly stood, though in principle he was directly opposed to Laud.

The very Cathedral itself was an arena of angry

strife. The Corporation had built a Chapel in the nave where the mayoress and mistresses might sit, and scorned the authority of the Bishop and Chapter.

Sometimes Herbert was cheered with a long letter from his "dear, deserving brother Ferrar," telling him that the restoration of Leighton Church was nearly completed, and that the establishment at Gidding, the creation and result of their mutual prayers and anxious consultations, had taken root in a promising ground, and was bearing much fruit. Then a disquieting letter would reach him from his brother Henry, which, after recording his own advancement in the Court of Charles I., would refer to the cold, unloving behaviour of their eldest brother, now Baron Herbert of Cherbury, and lately (1632) promoted to a seat in the Council of War. That brother's book, *De Veritate*, published in Latin in 1624, would have long grieved and wounded his pious soul.

Sometimes in his walks in the parish the Rector met with labouring people, whom he would take home with him, and make them sit close to him at his own table, and would carve for them, both for his own humility and for their comfort; and to prevent envy, he invited all his parishioners to his house in turns, for he found that if any were overlooked they thought themselves slighted, and where such feelings as these existed, there was no room for his doctrine to enter. Yet he had to exercise discrimination, lest his hospitality might be abused; but as, diligently observing and teaching God's ways, he put before

them as many encouragements as he could to piety, virtue, and honour, that he might, if not in the best way, yet in some way, win his parish to God.

As soon as he rose any morn, he bethought himself what good deeds he could do that day, counting every day lost wherein he had not done some charitable deed. He strove that there should not be a beggar or idle person in the parish, but that all who could work should be in a competent way of getting their own livelihood, and the sick and aged be assisted by the alms of their neighbours. Whenever he gave an alms, and the poor soul laboured in thanking him, he used to say, "Let me alone, and say, 'God be praised, God be glorified.'" So he would often, before giving, make them say their prayers, or the Creed, or the Commandments; for this, he said, was to give like a clergyman and a Christian.

As chaplain to the Earl of Pembroke, it would be his duty at times to take part in the services of the Chapel in the House. He was kindly received by the Earl, and with more gracious welcome by the Lady Anne; and presuming on his position in the family, under the character of a true pastor (as he himself describes him), and considering his duty to the lord and lady of the house, the guests and servants, and their duty to Godward, he observed

"... what means of piety in the house were used; whether daily prayers were said, grace, reading of Scripture, and other good books; how Sundays, holy days, and fasts were kept; how the children were bred up."

O

And as he found any defects in these, he faithfully applied the remedy, taking aside the lord or lady, and showing them that not a desire of meddling, but an earnestness to do good, moved him to say thus and thus.

The Earl, weak and vicious, must have frequently needed the counsel and remonstrances of his chaplain. It was a saying of those days, that noblemen had no stomach for a chaplain who would not let them go down to hell in peace. As the Earl's private life saddened him, so the downward tendencies of his political life alarmed him. He could not but notice a growing distance and reserve in the Earl's manner, and already sinister reports were afloat that he had begun to waver in his loyalty, and had received with favour the advances of the Parliament. Herbert had a difficult duty to perform towards his patron; and as pastor of a parish, and anxious to carry out the rules of the Church amongst his people, he was grieved and harassed by the spirit of insubordination on every side; yet for the short time he lived, his life was heroic, and his labours of love, his saintly nature, his faithful evangelical doctrine so prevailed with his people, that he carried his parish with him, and during his time Bemerton was in fair repose.

He visited the parish chiefly in the afternoons: on his arrival he blessed the dwelling, saying, "Peace be to this house." He valued and exercised the commission of blessing which God has entrusted to the

priesthood ; he maintained that the clergyman should never settle down to the conventional level of society, nor join in mere complimentary conversation, but ever remember his Master's honour, and on just opportunities mention the Name of God with all becoming reverence, and interpose a blessing. He said also that clergymen ought not to negative God in their letters.

In his visits he administered commendation, or reproof, or charity, as he saw need. He inquired whether all said prayers, read Bibles, sung psalms ; he heard the children read, and blessed all. He disdained not to enter the poorest cottage, though he crept into it, and though it smelt never so loathsomely, for he said, "Both God is here, and those for whom God died."

In visiting the sick, and other sufferers, he ministered consolation by setting before them God's providential care, general and particular ; His promises ; the examples of saints, of Christ Himself perfecting our redemption no other way than by sorrow ; from the benefit of affliction in softening the heart, and from the certainty of deliverance and everlasting reward, if we faint not ; he taught that the Holy Sacrament was a sovereign medicine to our sin-sick souls, and that confession was necessary in some cases. He was a father to his flock, and kept God's watch, as if he had begotten the whole parish ; and after many admonitions to offenders, he a long while expected and waited God's hour of coming, which,

as he could not determine concerning the last day, so neither could he respecting the intermediate days of a sinner's conversion.

If he found a man reading in a friend's Bible, he provided him one of his own; if he saw another giving a poor man a penny, he gave him sixpence, or sent him a good book.

But Herbert's kindnesses extended far beyond the limits of Bemerton. If there had been a fire, prevailing sickness, or any other calamity in a neighbouring parish, he at once exhorted his people to a generous contribution, himself first giving liberally; and as he was always ready to take a service for any of the neighbouring clergy, so he welcomed to his table the humblest curate, as if he were a great lord.

It was the Rector's aim to act not only as the Parson, but as the Parish Lawyer, and so the Peacemaker of the parish; with the assistance of his chief parishioners, he himself settled all cases of dispute, not involving serious consequences, by amicable suits.

He was also the Parish Doctor, making his wife his assistant, and his garden the surgery, and instead of drugs for medicine, using herbs, and that with better success than the apothecary; he esteemed there is no spice comparable, for herbs, to rosemary, thyme, savory, and mint; nor for seeds, to fennel and carraway. Accordingly for salves his wife sought not the druggist's shop in Salisbury, but preferred the plants of her garden at Bemerton, and of the neighbouring meadows, before all outlandish gums; and

"surely," he said, "hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's tongue, verrow, melilot, and St. John's wort, made into a salve, and elder, camomile, mallow, comphrey, and smallage made into a poultice, have done rare cures." But in administering medicine, he and his family premised prayers, for that, said he, was to cure like a parson, and raised the case from the surgery to the Church.

In the quiet study in the parsonage at Bemerton sat the Rector, looking out on the Church, as the sun went down, and pondering sadly on the alarming scenes he had seen that morning in Salisbury, tumultuous meetings of the citizens, armed mobs parading the streets, if not connived at, unchecked by the authorities, and threatening mischief to the Cathedral. The infection has reached Bemerton, and factious preachers are active in sowing the seeds of rebellion amongst his people. Next Sunday he must lovingly warn them against sedition and heresy, and exhort them to fear God and honour the King. And, if any have already imbibed strange doctrines, and deserted the Church, he labours with all possible diligence to bring them back to the Common Faith. "The first means he useth is prayer, beseeching the Father of lights to open their eyes, and to give him power so to fit his discourse to them, that it may effectually pierce their hearts." His second means "is a very loving and sweet usage of them," remembering

"*Eccllesia odit errores, sed amat errantes.*"

He visits them, shows them special courtesies, lowers their tithes, pleads earnestly his unanswerable arguments,¹ having ever besides two great helps and powerful persuaders on his side—the one, a strict, religious life ; the other, a humble and ingenuous search after truth, which are two great lights able to dazzle the eyes of the misled, while they consider that God cannot be wanting to those in doctrine to whom He is so gracious in life.

The Country Parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the Cross of Christ, his mind being defixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was ; or if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets with two most sad spectacles, sin and misery ; God dishonoured, and man afflicted. But knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that instructions seasoned with cheerfulness enter sooner and root more deeply, he is at due times innocently joyous.

As his Master was despised, and as were the saints of God, his brethren, he expects to bear this burden as they ; but to the utmost of his power, and especially in the parish, he endeavours that he shall be respected, as knowing that, where there is contempt, there is no mind for instruction ; and this he secures by his holy and unblameable life, and by a courteous and affable

¹ "George," said a peasant living on the Plain to his son, "I am dying : mind what I say ; thou stick to the Church ; chapels may be good in their places ; howsoever the Church is highest to the kingdom of God."

behaviour to all, doing kindnesses, but expecting none. He receives the darts of the unfriendly as on five shields—I. In a way of humility, saying nothing at all. II. In a way of unconcern, showing that reproaches touch him no more than a stone thrown against heaven, where he is, and where he lives. III. In a way of sadness, grieved at his own, and the sins of others, who continually break God's laws. IV. In a way of doctrine, saying, "Alas! why do you thus? you hurt yourself, not me." V. In a way of triumph, glad that he is made conformable to his Master's example.

Country people often think that nature governs the world, and that, if they sow, they must reap, and if they fodder the cattle, they must have milk. Herbert would have them discern the hand of God in everything, and know that corn does not grow without His providential care, and without His governing power the finest harvests come to nothing. Man would sit down at this world; God bids him sell, and purchase a better; just as when the father has an apple in his hand, and a piece of gold under it, and the child comes, and with much effort obtains the apple, when the father says, "Throw it away, my child, and I will give you the gold;" but the child, utterly refusing, eats the apple, and is troubled with worms.

It is necessary that every Christian should pray twice a day, and four times on Sunday: without this he cannot maintain his soul in a Christian frame.

Besides these, the godly have ever added some hours of prayer, at three, six, nine o'clock, and at midnight, as the Spirit of God leads them. But if it happen through some emergent interruption, or forgetfulness, a Christian omits his additional prayer, he must not at once think God is angry, and subside into perplexity, but persevere, and proceed cheerfully in prayer, as if he had not neglected it. But, if a pious man, out of reverence to God's house, resolves whenever he enters a Church to kneel down and pray, blessing God, and when he comes into Church, and is going to pray, he sees a scoffer ready to deride him, if, through shame or fear, he pretermits his prayer, he does passing ill.

Repentance is the great virtue of the Gospel, and one of the first steps of pleasing God, and the essence of repentance consists in a true detestation of the soul abhorring and renouncing sin, and turning to God in truth of heart and newness of life.

The Christian lives in a double state—1. When he is assaulted by temptations from within or from without; 2. When the servant of God, freed for a while from temptation, in a quiet sweetness seeks how to please his God. Some are afraid that, though there be a great Governor of all things, yet that He does not regard them, and they may be creatures of chance. For these cases Herbert had three arguments—the first taken from Nature, the second from the Scripture, the third from Grace,

"I. From *Nature*.—How could a house be built without a builder? How is it the winds and elements rage, and yet there is no dissolution of the world, not even of the seasons? let the weather be what it will, still we have bread. If you had been at the Creation, and had seen God make the world, you would have believed in a Divinity; should you less believe, seeing the preservation of all things in the world? for preservation is a creation, and a creation every moment.

"II. From the *Scripture*, where the evidence is overwhelming. The Jews yet live; they have their own peculiar laws and language; they observe the Mosaic rites to this day, and believe the promises; their country is known; places, towns, rivers, &c., are visited by travellers, but to them it has been an impenetrable region, an inaccessible desert. As the Jews live, all the great wonders of old live in them; and who can deny the stretched-out arm of a mighty God? It may be a just doubt whether their living in their own land under so many miracles was a greater miracle than their long-continued exile and inextinguishable existence in other lands to this day. It was also intended by God that the Jews should be witnesses for Him, (Isa. xliii. 12); and the destruction of Jerusalem, and their dispersion in all lands, were intended not only as a punishment to them, but as a demonstration, to other nations, of God and His power. A prophecy is a miracle sent to posterity that it may not complain of want of miracles—a letter sealed and sent—and while unopened, only paper; but received and read, full of power and life.

"III. From *Grace*. If in his dealing with the difficulties of unsettled minds, the parson encounters those who do not so much doubt a God, as whether He is their God, he plunges them at once into the boundless ocean of the unspeakable riches of God's love. As dust and ashes, He must love us, for He created us, and the perfect artist loves his work. As sinful creatures, He must love us more, because notwithstanding His infinite hatred of sin, His love overcame that hatred; and, with an exceeding great victory, gave us love for love, even the Son of His love, out of His bosom of love. So that man, which way soever he turns, has two pledges of God's love; the one in his being, the other in his sinful being."

Soon after Herbert was settled at Bemerton, as has been noted, two nieces came to live under his roof, the children of a deceased sister, Margaret, married to John Vaughan, of Llwydiarth. She had left three daughters, Dorothy, Magdalen, and Katharine. The paternal estate went to heirs male, and the children were homeless. Lord Herbert of Cherbury had written to George asking him to take charge of one of the children, and but one, and which of the three he chose; but he replied that he would have two, or neither, as if he took one only, she would be coming into a strange home, tender in knowledge, sense, and age, where she knew no one but her uncle, who could be no company for her; and would not be happy. So the two eldest came to Bemerton, Dorothy and Magdalen, and it rejoiced their uncle's heart to see they lived so lovingly—sleeping, eating, walking, praying, working together. It seems that his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, had consented to receive one of these nieces, but George would not allow them to be separated.

But there was a third girl, Kate, the youngest, then ill-instructed and neglected, (under the care of an inefficient governess,) whom also her uncle Henry once thought of taking, and George suggests, in most gentle words, that it would now be the truest kindness to offer her a home: for she had no one to receive her even in her holidays, or at Christmas and Easter, "which, you know," says her uncle, "is the greatest encouragement to a child's lessons all the

year after,"—except her cousin Bett should take pity on her; and, as she lived at a great distance, there was a difficulty in sending her. But he does not force the poor friendless girl upon him. "Do," he says, "what God shall put into your heart, and the Lord bless all your purposes to His glory." And he goes on to write, "Yet truly, if you take her not, I am thinking to do it, even beyond my strength." And her uncle Henry did not—but her uncle George did—take her.

Henry had insinuated that adopted children, particularly relations, were ungrateful. George allowed that generally the charge was true. His fears also (perhaps his provident wife) suggested—"You are poorer now than you have been for many years; you have spent £200 in building, and that to you, who have nothing yet, is a very large sum."¹ "I have considered both objections," he replies; "yet I cannot refuse; I forget all things, so I may do them good who want it. Truly it grieves me to think of the child how destitute she is, and that in this necessary time of education. I have a Judge to whom I shall stand or fall." So the lonely child was welcomed

¹ The incomes of the clergy were so reduced in value through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the extortions of grasping patrons, confiscations, alienations, non-payment of tithes, and iniquitous leases, that the clergy had but a beggarly provision, and not one living in seven would support an educated man; some earned their bread by daily labour, and in Archbishop Grindal's Visitation, in 1578, many parishes of 800 people are mentioned as returning an income of only £80 a year.

to the hospitable home at Bemerton, to share her sisters' love and her uncle's prayers.

It might have been about two years that the sisters had been living at Bemerton, when in the autumn of 1632, probably in the month of September, Dorothy, the eldest sister, died. There is no record of her death, nor of her burial at Bemerton, but she was of age, had a little personal property, and made a will, which was proved by her uncle on October 9, 1632; but he, not being able to attend the Prerogative Court in person through sickness, was sworn by commission before Nathaniel Bostocke, clerk, his Curate.

He was advised by a friend to check his charities, and husband his scanty income, because he had a wife, and might have children, to provide for. But his answer was—he could not see the danger of want so far off, for charity has the promise of this life and of that to come, is the first of virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the law, the life of faith; then lifting his eyes to heaven, he said—

“O my God! as all my tythes and church-dues are a deodate, make me, O my God, so to trust Thy promise, as to return them back to Thee in distributing them to Thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my Master.”

“Sir,” said he to his friend, “my wife hath a competent maintenance secur’d her after my death.”

Now fully established in his parish, he is carrying out into daily exercise those duties which, with his own pen, he declared to be incumbent on the country

parson ; he is in his thirty-eighth year, and has spent half of that short, holy life, the story of which, Walton states, was almost incredible for its sanctity, charity, humility, and all Christian graces, and which deserved the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend it ; a life which, "if related by a pen like his, there would be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety, for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert."

His brother Edward, though a man of chilly, unsympathetic nature, yet could appreciate the goodness of George's character, and wrote, after his death—

"My brother George was so excellent a scholar that he was made Public Orator of the University in Cambridge, some of whose English works are extant, which though they be rare in their kind, yet are far short of expressing those perfections he had in the Greek and Latin tongues, and in all divine and human literature ; his life was most holy and exemplary, inso-much that about Salisbury, where he lived benefited for many (three) years, he was little less than sainted."

Barnabas Oley thought that Herbert was like David and the Psalm men, St. John, and Prudentius ; that Ferrar was like Isaiah, St. Luke, and St. Chrysostom ; yet in their diversity they had such harmony of souls as was admirable. Herbert, he said, measured his time by his pulse, that natural watch which God has set in each of us ; his eminent temperance and frugality enabled him to be liberal and beneficent ; his addresses were memorable at the sight of a grave or tomb, where every bone rises up in judgment

against lust and pride, and at the stroke of a passing bell, when ancient charity used, he said, to run to Church, and assist the dying soul with prayers and tears.

"He saw neither father nor mother, child nor brother, birth nor friends, but in Christ Jesus, chose the Lord for his portion, and His service for his employment. He knew full well what he did when he received Holy Orders, as appears expressly by his poems, *Priesthood* and *Aaron*; and, by the unparalleled vigilance which he used over his parish, made Ferrar say he was a peer to the primitive saints, and more than a pattern to his age."

Dr. John Donne died about a year after Herbert had been presented to Foulstone. The gold ring, with a seal of Christ crucified on an anchor, which he had bequeathed to Herbert, was treasured up in Bemerton Rectory as a relic of inestimable value. After Herbert's death it was found folded up in a paper with these verses in English—

"When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this seal, and so gave o'er.
When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure
This anchor keeps my faith, that me, secure."¹

It is not likely that many of Herbert's poems were written at Bemerton. Not at Bemerton, because it was impossible that the author of those poems, amidst his weighty secular and religious works, the systematic, conscientious, and laborious visitation of his parish, his personal functions at Church, his home

¹ This ring is religiously preserved in the hands of the Rev. W. Ayerst, Ayerst Hall, Cambridge.

duties, his writing, his reading, his protracted private prayers ; it was impossible that in Bemerton Rectory he could secure that privacy, that solitude, those opportunities of spiritual abstraction and concentration, of elevation of soul, and communion with God, which Herbert certainly did command, and without which the *Temple* could not have been written.

Besides—and this consideration settles the question—Herbert told Duncon that the book was a picture of the conflicts between God and his soul, *before* he submitted to the will of Jesus, and found perfect freedom. Certainly that subjection was effected and that freedom found *before* he came to Bemerton.

Yet it is only reasonable to admit that some poems were composed during the last two years of his life—and this verse points to some pause in pain during his latest hours—

“And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing.”

The Country Parson was completed in 1632 ; this must have absorbed the good man's thoughts and time for many an anxious month. Every line was probably written in Bemerton Parsonage—and nothing else, except a few poems, and at the close of the year, his Comments on Valdesso.

And it was enough ; his work on earth was almost done.

VALDESSO.

Mention has just been made of Valdesso. Signior Juan de Valdés, or John Valdesso, was a Spaniard of noble family, a cavalier under the Emperor Charles V. Growing old, and weary of wars and the world, he intimated to the Emperor his wish to retire into a quiet, contemplative life, because there ought to be an interim between the business of the world and the day of death. The emperor also, actuated by the same feelings, had entertained a resolution of resigning his crown; and they both agreed on an appointed day to receive the blessed Sacrament, and having heard a solemn sermon from a devout friar on the contempt of the world, the Emperor devolved all his kingdoms upon his son Philip, and withdrew into a convent.

Valdesso, who sympathized with "the Children of Light" in their essay to introduce the principles of the Reformation into Spain, and had fallen under the suspicion of the Inquisition, retired to Naples, where he spent the short remainder of his life in devotional exercises, and in congenial society. He died in 1542.

In his retirement he wrote, in Spanish, "A Hundred and Ten Considerations, treating of those things which are most profitable, most necessary, and most perfect in the Christian profession." Nicholas Ferrar, having met with this book in his travels, and greatly admiring it, translated it from an Italian copy

into English, and sent it to Herbert, in the autumn of 1632, for his censure or approval.

Ferrar sent his *Valdesso* to Herbert. He *sent* it. It might not have been necessary to *send* it. There was a probability that the friends would meet. There might have been a time when Herbert would be at Gidding, and Ferrar might put *Valdesso* into his hands. So deep was Herbert's affection—such a longing he had to see his friend, that he contemplated exchanging his living in Wiltshire for one of less value in Huntingdonshire, that his last days might be with his "dear brother." It was not to be. It was too late. Herbert returned *Valdesso* with copious notes, and these notes are of solemn value and interest, as the last recorded expressions of Herbert's religious sentiments, and they are accompanied by the last recorded letter he wrote. Very lovingly (it is his own expression) he addresses Ferrar as his dear, deserving brother, and returns his *Valdesso* with many thanks and some notes, "in which," he says, "perhaps you will discover some care, which I forbore not in the midst of my griefes." We may surmise what those griefs were from Walton's remark: "Thus he continued till a consumption so weakened him as to confine him to his house."

"I would doe nothing negligously that you commit unto mee, for your sake ; secondly, for the author's sake, whom I conceive to have been a true servant of God, and to such and all that is theirs I owe diligence ; thirdly, for the Churches sake, to whom by printing it I would have you consecrate it."

P

He allowed that there were some expressions in Valdesso's *Considerations* which he did not altogether approve of, but he wished it by all means to be published for three eminent things observable therein—

“First, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of one to understand and expresse so clearely and excellently the intent of the Gospell in the acceptation of Christ's righteousness, a thing strangely buried and darkened by the adversaries and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence which he everywhere beares towards our deare Master and Lord, concluding every consideration almost with His holy name, and setting His merit forth so piously, for which I doe so love him, that were there nothing else, I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life about mortification and observation of God's Kingdome within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer.”

The substance of Herbert's annotations is—

Holy Scriptures have not only an elementary use, but a use of perfection, and are able to make the man of God perfect ; and David (though David) studied the Word all the day long, and Joshua was to meditate therein day and night. By trusting in the Word of God, we trust in God. A general apprehension of the promises of the Gospel by relation from others is not that which filleth the heart with joy and peace in believing, but the Spirit's bearing witness with our spirit, revealing and applying the general promises to every one with such efficacy that it makes him godly, righteous, and sober all his life long. This Herbert called believing by revelation, and not by relation.

The Holy Scriptures can never be exhausted. God

works by His Word, and ever in the reading of it.
In the Scriptures are

“Doctrines—these ever teach more and more ;
Promises—these ever comfort more and more.”

As the servant leaves not the letter when he has read it, but keeps it by him, and reads it again and again ; so are we to do with the Scriptures, and this is the use of the Scriptures. The saints of God, in all ages, have ever held in so precious esteem the Word of God, as their joy, and crown, and treasure on earth.

A man may not presume to merit, or justify himself before God, by any acts of religion ; but he ought to pray God, affectionately and fervently, to send him the light of His Spirit, which may be to him as the sun to a traveller on his journey ; in the meanwhile applying himself to the duties of true piety and sincere religion.

Restraining motions are much more frequent to the godly than inviting motions, because the Scripture invites enough, as in that singular place, Phil. iv. 8. A man is to embrace all good ; but because he cannot do all, God often chooseth what he shall do, by restraining him from what He would not have him do.

Pious persons ought always to avoid occasions of sins ; but, in the occasions of necessary duties, God's Spirit will mortify them, and try them as gold in the fire. The godly are chastened, but not punished.

To say that our Saviour prayed with doubtfulness was more than Herbert could or would say ; but with condition, or conditionally. He prayed as man, though as God, He knew the event. Fear is given to Christ, but not doubt.

That the best of God's servants should have weaknesses is no way repugnant to the way of God's Spirit in them, or to the Scriptures, or to themselves, being still men, though godly men. Doubtless the best faith in us is defective, and arrives not at the point it should.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is infinitely perfected, and shall ever continue our glorious Head, and all the influences of our happiness shall descend from Him, and our chief glory shall consist in that which He saith, amongst the last words which He spake, in John xvii. 24—

“ Father, I will, that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they also may behold the glory, which Thou hast given Me before the foundation of the world.”

Through the winter of 1632 Herbert grew weaker day by day, suffering from fever, as well as consumption. He walked on the dry paths in the garden and orchard, when it was fair weather, even in December, and continued, though in a low voice, to take Matins and Evensong in the Chapel, only a few steps from his front door. But one day, his wife, observing that the exertion of reading gave him an evident pain in the chest, and that he walked home with greater

difficulty, earnestly begged him not to take the service again.

He was obliged to confess that weakness was indeed overcoming him ; but, said he, " My life cannot be better spent than in the service of my Master, Jesus, who has done and suffered so much for me." " However," he added, warned by symptoms which he could not misunderstand, " I will not be wilful ; though my spirit is willing, my flesh is weak ; and therefore Mr. Bostocke shall read the prayers to-morrow, and I will be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality." Nathaniel Bostocke, the Curate, was a holy and learned man, and an old friend. But as there were services to be provided for in two Churches, and as Herbert could no longer take part in parochial ministrations of any kind, it seems that another Clergyman, a Mr. Hayes, was engaged.

Herbert, as yet, was not so ill but that he was able to attend Church, and went once more, at the beginning of the new year, to Salisbury Cathedral.

But towards the middle of January 1632-3, his strength decayed rapidly. He took his last walk into the garden ; stood for the last time on the bank of the river ; looked for the last time on its crystal waters ; lifted his eyes for the last time to the Cathedral ; and then returned to his home, never to leave it again.

He is obliged to lay aside all his books ; he can neither read, nor continuously write, now ; but ever and anon he takes into his hand a small, unbound

duodecimo volume in manuscript—and reads—and writes—and pauses, absorbed in deep thought—and ponders and turns over many leaves—and reads again—and writes, but only a few words at a time. He can yet sit in the hall, and look out into the orchard, and enjoy the transient gleam of sunshine; but the winds howl, and the snow falls, and the distant hills are scarcely visible through the mist, and now his wife, and now Magdalen and Kate read comforting Scriptures, and sing his favourite hymns; and he takes his lute, and fain would play a godly tune, but his fingers tremble, and his voice quavers, and his heart throbs, and he bows his head in resignation, and says—

“God has broken into my study, and struck off my chariot wheels. I have nothing worthy of God.”

At last he is confined to his chamber.

About a month before he died, a stranger, a clergyman, came to the Rectory, and announced himself to Mrs. Herbert as Edmund Duncon, a friend of Nicholas Ferrar's, to whom he seems to have been on a visit at Gidding Hall, and who on hearing of Herbert's sickness, had commissioned him to repair with all haste to Bemerton Rectory to ascertain his friend's condition, and to assure him of the earnest prayers of all the Gidding community on his behalf.

He found Herbert lying on a pallet, prostrate in the grasp of relentless disease, weak in spirit as in body; but, on seeing the stranger, he raised himself, saluted him cheerfully, and with all the animation

he could exert, inquired for the health of his brother Ferrar, and his dear friends at Gidding. Duncon gladdened the soul of the dying man by assuring him of their welfare, and of their unwearied devotion in the Divine Offices, (in which he was ever faithfully remembered,) when he suddenly changed the discourse, and said, "Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me." Duncon said, "Most certainly—what prayers shall I use?" Herbert at once replied, "Oh, sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England—no other prayers are equal to them—none to them—none to them."

And Duncon was probably proceeding to say the Evening Prayer, rightly concluding that the loved, accustomed office would be a solace to the soul of the dying man, but he could not bear it, and stopped him, and said, "At this time I beg you to pray only the Litany; for I am weak and faint." The Litany was accordingly said, with the prayers for the sick and dying, and after some further anxious questions asked and answered, in reference to Leighton and Gidding, "Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper, and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to bed." Next morning Duncon was obliged to go to Bath.

Forty years after that solemn evening scene, Isaac Walton, in his eightieth year, was in conversation with Edmund Duncon, then rector of Friern Barnet in Middlesex, and their thoughts turning upon Herbert, Duncon repeated the details of that memor-

able interview, and said he was so impressed by the reverential looks, dignity, meekness, and humility, and the deep spirituality of the thoughts and words of the dying saint, that all he then saw and heard was still fresh and vivid in his recollection.

Duncon returned from Bath five days after, and found his sick friend much weaker. At the termination of a short interview, and on Duncon's expressing his intention to return at once to Gidding, Herbert spoke in slow, solemn words—

“Sir, I pray you give my brother Ferrar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me. And let him know that I have consider'd that God only is what He would be, and that I am, by His grace, become now so like Him as to be pleased with what pleaseth Him, and tell him that I do not repine at my want of health; and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found, and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience.”

And having said this, he laid his hand on a little paper-covered book lying on his bed, and putting it into Duncon's hands, with a sweet humility, and a calm, thoughtful look, bowed his head, and proceeded—

“Sir, I pray you deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have past betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made publick; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies,”

Solemnized, and affected, charged with the commission of the dying servant of his God, bearing in his hands the manuscript of *The Temple*—a treasure of which neither he knew then, nor the Church or the world since has known, the value—Duncon departed on his return to Gidding. But before he left Bemerton, Arthur Woodnoth, alarmed by serious reports which reached him in London, hurried into Wiltshire, and arriving at Bemerton, remained there till Herbert died. Herbert lived about three weeks longer. It was now the second week in February 1632-3.

It added to Bishop Davenant's melancholy forebodings and overpowering solitudes, that the most brilliant light in Wiltshire was about to be extinguished, that the best clergyman in his distracted diocese was about to die.

Charged with holding heterodox doctrine, Bishop Davenant used to say that St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and Padre Paolo (the famous historian of the Council of Trent) were on his side; and (it was said for him after his death) to them might be added Hooker, Whitgift, Bancroft, Hall, Sanderson, Beveridge, Horsley, the Articles of the Church of England, and Fénélon.

Honoured and venerated by all parties, of his learning, catholicity, benevolence, personal holiness, and of the exemplary discharge of his episcopal duties, there can be no question.

Bishop Davenant visits Herbert on his death-bed

—honoured, and appreciated, and desired exceedingly, would these visits be. Such consolations of Holy Scripture, such prayers, such blessings, would strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; such congenial ministrations would teach each other how to die. The Bishop died in 1641, uttering with his last breath these words—

“Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.”

During the last weeks of Herbert's life, Arthur Woodnoth never left him, and was witness of his daily decay, until he closed his eyes in death. As at intervals he spoke, and often, as his strength allowed, though in short, broken sentences, it was natural his friend should take notes, and record, and treasure up his last words—

“I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, and musick, and pleasant conversation: how they are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are all become dead to me, or I to them.”

“I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) ‘make my bed also in the dark,’ and I praise God, I am prepar'd for it; and I praise Him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it, and that I have practised mortification, and endeavour'd to die dayly that I might not die eternally.”

“My hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect, dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus, and with Him see my dear mother, and relations, and friends.”

“But I must dye, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it, and that

every day that I have liv'd hath taken a part of my appointed time from me, and that I shall live the less time for having liv'd this, and the day past."

These, and like expressions, he uttered often. They may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it.

The short and gloomy days of February pass on. The Rector still survives. He lies and hears the little tinkling bell of the chapel; and still the Curate ministers the Daily and Evening Prayer; and Mrs. Herbert, and Margaret and Kate Vaughan, and Arthur Woodnoth, and the nurse, and servants (Elizabeth, and Ann, and Margaret, and Sarah) in turn, and William the gardener, and the people in the villages, and occasionally, it may be, some of the noble family from Wilton House, and clergy from the parishes around, all awed by the shadow of death hovering over Chapel and home, come as they can; and as he is too ill to bear visits in his bedroom from them all, they enter into the little sanctuary, and bend the knee, and say the "Prayer for a Sick Person when there appeareth small hope of Recovery," and the "Commendatory Prayer for a Sick Person at the Point of Departure."

On the Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from his bed, and asking for his lute, took it into his hand, and said—

"My God, my God,
My musick shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing."

Then, having tuned the instrument, he played and sang—

“The Sundayes of man’s life,
Thredded together on Time’s string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King :

“On Sundayes heaven’s dore stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.”

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and singing, and rejoicing until the day of his death.

On the day he died, pale, and sunken in face, and reduced in his bodily frame to the very extremity of debility, his spirit calm, his thoughts collected, he lay silent a while (as his custom was), and as they listened, they heard him murmur—and pause—and speak again, as in pulses—

“I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God, but sin and misery. But the first is pardoned—and a few hours will now put a period to the latter—for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen.”

Arthur Woodnoth whispered that God was not unrighteous to forget his labours of love, as in restoring Leighton and the other churches, and in the many acts of mercy he had done for his Master’s sake. He made answer : “They be good works if they be sprinkled with the Blood of Christ ; but not otherwise.”

After a while he became very restless. His soul seemed weary of being forced to abide so long in its earthly tabernacle. His pain increased, and as his wife and nieces stood weeping round his bed, with

his friend and Curate, (sympathizing with sufferings which they could not alleviate, and looking on that face which they could not behold much longer,) a paroxysm seized and shook him; his form trembled with agony; he looked dismayed, and could scarcely breathe. And when his wife, in agitation and alarm, anxiously inquired what was the cause of the convulsion, he said, "I have passed a conflict with my last enemy, and have overcome him by the merits of my Master Jesus."¹

Exhausted under this trial, he remained some time silent, with his eyes closed, till hearing his wife and the girls sobbing and crying immoderately, he looked up and said, "Jane, and my children, I cannot endure your tears; if you love me, go into the next room, and pray every one alone for me; for nothing but your lamentations will make my death uncomfortable."

"To which request"

(says Walton, in tender words)

"their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnoth and Mr. Bostocke."

¹ Of the death-bed of a saint, of later date, it is related—"She replied—'Yes—it is heaven! It is magnificent.' She stopped. The light of her eyes faded. A cold, grey hue overspread her face. A look of unutterable horror clenched her lips; her brows contracted; her eyes half closed, and glanced quiveringly sideways, as though dreading, yet being obliged to meet, some terrible object. Thank God! the distortion lasted but an instant. Turning her head slowly, with a dignified expression, she said, in a voice imperial in its firmness, regal in its triumph—'Get thee—behind me—Satan.'"

As soon as they had left him, he said to Nath. Bostoçke, "Pray, sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and put it into my hand." He did so, and Herbert took the will, and delivered it into the hand of Arthur Woodnoth, saying—

"My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor for the good of my wife and neeces ; and I desire you to shew kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake. But I charge you by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them."

His good friend solemnly promised that he would faithfully execute all his wishes to the uttermost of his power. Then said he, "I am now ready to die." Then a pause, and then the last words—"Lord, forsake me not, now my strength faileth me."—"Lord, grant me mercy, for the merits of my Jesus."—"And now, Lord, receive my soul."

"And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes."

He died on Friday, February 24th, 1632-3.

The funeral took place at Bemerton on the Saturday week following. As he wished, he was sung into his grave.

"He was buried (according to his owne desire), with the singing service for the buriall of the dead by the singing men of Sarum. Dr. Lambroke (attorney) then assisted as a chorister boy : my uncle, Th. Danvers, was at the funeral."—AUBREY.

The neighbouring clergy bore the coffin.

Dr. Humphrey Henchman, when Bishop of London, speaking of Herbert, said to Walton—"I laid my hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and, alas! within less than three years, lent my shoulder to carry my dear friend to his grave."

"He lyes in the chancell (of Bemerton Church) under no large, nor yet very good marble grave-stone, without any inscription."

The stone is a slab of Purbeck marble, and, it is said, once bore a cross, but the surface is now so much decayed, it cannot be detected.

Herbert's burial is thus entered in the Register—

"Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

Jane Herbert "continued his disconsolate widow about six years, till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester" (Walton). By her he had three sons, who all died young, and one daughter, Jane. He died in 1643. She lived twenty years in her second widowhood, died in 1663, and was buried at Highnam, in a private burying-ground attached to the chapel of Highnam Court, afterwards desecrated, and now included in the lawn.

Herbert left many papers, both in English and Latin, all which, by his will, passed into his widow's possession, and which she intended to make public, as Walton supposed. But let us hear what Aubrey

says, who was better able than Walton to ascertain the truth on this point.

"He also writt a folio in Latin, w^{ch} because the parson of Highnam (chaplain of Highnam Court) could not read, his widowe, (then wife to Sr Robert Cooke,) condemned to the uses of good houswifry. This account I had from Mr. Arnold Cooke, one of S^r Robert Cooke's sonnes, whom I desired to ask his mother-in-law (stepmother) for Mr. G. Herbert's MSS."

"Pity," exclaims the indignant chronicler, "that these papers should fall into the hands of mercilesse women, and be put under pies."

With whatever writings of her husband's she had preserved, she must have taken also his books and his picture to Highnam Court. Amongst the books which Herbert most highly valued, would be the Harmony in folio which Ferrar had sent him. This and every other memorial of him left at Highnam, perished in the flames, when the house was plundered and burnt by the Parliamentary troops, in 1645.

The manuscript of the *Priest to the Temple* might have been put into Edmund Duncon's hand by Herbert, at the same time that he committed *The Temple* to his care to be transmitted to Ferrar, with a like injunction, that, if he thought it worthy, it might be published. Or else it was found in his study, and committed by the widow to Duncon. At any rate, as Oley states, "this good man (Duncon) was possessor of the manuscript, and transmitted it freely to the stationer who first printed it, merely upon design to benefit the clergie, and in them the Church

of England." Oley wrote the "Prefatory View" prefixed to the first edition in 1652.

Edmund Duncon, Rector of Friern Barnet in 1652, died in 1673, aged seventy-two; on a tablet to his memory, affixed to the east wall of the church, are the lines—

"Dormit in hoc tumulto fidelis Pastor Jesus,
Cujus Mors docuit Vivere, Vita Mori."

HERBERT'S WILL.

Herbert's will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, in London, by Arthur Woodnoth, on March 12, 1632-3.

The testator commends his soul and body to Almighty God that made them, and thus disposes of his goods.

He leaves his money, books, and household stuff to his wife. He bequeaths—

To the poor of the parish, £20.

„ Mr. Hays, the Comment of Lucas Brugensis upon the Scripture, and his half-year's wages aforehand.

„ Mr. Bostocke, St. Augustine's works, and his half-year's wages aforehand.

„ Elizabeth, her double wages and three pounds.

„ Ann, thirty shillings.

„ Margaret, twenty shillings.

„ William, twenty nobles.

„ John, twenty shillings.

„ Sara, thirteen shillings and fourpence.

All over and above their wages.

He appoints Arthur Woodnoth sole executor, to whom he bequeaths twenty pounds, fifteen of which

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are to be bestowed on Leighton Church, and five are for himself. He requests that Sir John Danvers will be pleased to act as overseer of his will.

The witnesses are Nathaniel Bostocke and Elizabeth Burden.

He appends to his will a list of his deceased niece's legacies.

Dorothy Vaughan had become possessed of the right to £700, in the hands of Mr. Thomas Lawley, a merchant of London; and this sum of £700 she left to her uncle, George Herbert, subject to the payment of the following legacies—

	£	s.	d.
To her Sister, Magdalen Vaughan	100	0	0
„ her Sister, Catharine Vaughan	100	0	0
„ Mr. George Herbert	100	0	0
„ Mrs. Beatrice Herbert	40	0	0
„ Mrs. Jane Herbert	10	0	0
„ Mrs. Danvers	5	0	0
„ Amy Danvers	1	10	0
„ Mrs. Anne Danvers	1	0	0
„ „ Mary Danvers	1	0	0
„ „ Michel	1	0	0
„ „ Elizabeth Danvers (Mr. Henry Danvers' wife)	1	0	0
„ the Poor of the parish	20	0	0
„ My Lord of Cherbury	10	0	0
„ Mr. Bostocke	2	0	0
„ Elizabeth Burden	1	10	0
„ Mary Gifford	0	10	0
„ Anne Hibbert	0	10	0
„ William Scuce	1	0	0
„ Mrs. Judith Spencer	5	0	0
„ Mary Owens	2	0	0
„ Mrs. Mary Lawly	2	10	0
„ Mr. Gardener	10	0	0
	£415	10	0

Herbert's will, a holograph, is preserved in the strong room of the Legacy office, Somerset House, London. It is written on two pages of a small-sized folio sheet of paper, bronzed with age. The first part is written carefully, as was his wont, the latter part imperfectly and hurriedly, as though the writer had been weak and tired. It is not dated; but a subscription affirms the date of proof.

It is a solemn reflection that this will is the identical document which Herbert held in his hands a few minutes before his death, which he delivered to Arthur Woodnoth, which is all in his handwriting, and which may be now seen and handled by devout lovers of Herbert, exactly as he wrote it, two hundred and sixty years ago.

HERBERT'S PICTURE.

There must have been a portrait of Herbert at Bemerton, as he speaks in his poems of his picture. This would be a full-sized oil-painting.

"This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write :
'Lesse then the least
Of all Thy mercies is my posie still.'"—*The Posie*.

This picture probably was taken by Lady Cook to her new home at Highnam, where it might have perished in the flames, when the Court was fired by the rebels.

Vandyke was knighted by Charles I., in 1632, while Herbert was at Bemerton. As Wilton House was

crowded with portraits by this great master (it was said there were more Vandykes at Wilton than in all the other galleries of the world together), many of them might have been painted at Wilton House while Vandyke was residing there, and George Herbert's might have been amongst them. That unique and splendid collection was sold to meet the necessities of Philip Herbert, the Fifth Earl. If Herbert's portrait were at Wilton, it went with the rest.

There is a portrait somewhere, floating on society, (which has been lately seen,) beautifully painted, with arched nose, full grey eye, dark hair and dress, collar and tassel tie, on panel, with the name, "Mr. Herbert," on the back. This may be the Vandyke, which is supposed to have been sold at Wilton; or it may be the Bemerton painting (also a Vandyke), saved (if any treasure could be saved) by loving hands, at the demolition of Highnam.

No picture of George Herbert could be found for Exhibition in the National Portrait Gallery in 1867.

There is, in Salisbury, a portrait, a small oval, (said to be of Herbert,) in private hands. It is drawn with most exquisite softness and finish on parchment or vellum, with blacklead pencil, evidently by a master hand. It bears the name of Robert White. It may be accepted as his genuine work.

Robert White was born in London, in 1645; he became very distinguished for his portraits, which he engraved on copper, from the life, with remarkable delicacy and fidelity. He was no less celebrated for

his portraits in lead-pencil on vellum, which he also engraved on plates. He had a most wonderful power of fixing the expression of a face. His pictures are highly valued in this day, and realize such high prices that it has been said they are enough to stir him in his grave.

In the first edition of Walton's *Life of Herbert*, 1670, there is a portrait, engraved by R. White.

The engraving, in all probability, is taken from the Salisbury portrait, which has descended from Isaac Walton, was once in his hands, was engraved by R. White at his request, and is thus endorsed by him as authentic.

The present possessor of the Salisbury portrait received it from a relative who once lived in the family of the Rev. Henry Hawes, Rector of Foulstone-cum-Bemerton, who gave a portrait of Isaac Walton, by Huysman, to the National Gallery. Hawes married the eldest daughter of William Hawkins, of the Close, Sarum, who was a son of Dr. W. Hawkins, Prebendary of Winchester, and Anne, daughter of Isaac Walton. Thus are traced the history and warranty of the Salisbury portrait.

There is another portrait, published in the *Leisure Hour* for July 1873, of exceedingly pleasant expression, taken from an engraving of which nothing is known. Both these pictures look to the dexter.

There is yet another portrait of Herbert, which bears mark of originality. It is a fine copper-plate, looking to the sinister, in an oval, under a garland

of wheat-ears, tied with a ribbon. To this is the subscription—

Rev. GEO. HERBERT, A.B.,
Author of the *Divine Poems*, etc.

It bears no engraver's name. It first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, pub. 1779.

The question may yet be asked,—If, as it seems probable, all these engravings had their origin from White's pencil-drawings, from what original painting did White make his draft?

White, born in 1645, never saw Herbert, who died in 1633. The portrait of Herbert (painted by Vandyke or other), once in his study at Bemerton, and afterwards in his wife's possession, might have been entrusted by her to Walton, and by him to White to be engraved. Or perhaps the Wilton painting was the original from which White worked.

But all this is mere conjecture.

Another engraving, by J. Sturt, is prefixed to the twelfth edition of Herbert's Works, in 1703. It seems only a copy from White.

CHAPTER XV.

NICHOLAS FERRAR—VIRGINIAN PLANTATION.

WALKELINE DE FERRARIIS came into England with William the Conqueror. To Henry de Ferrariis, the second of the name, William granted many goodly lordships. The family threw out many branches. Some were ennobled, some founded religious houses.

Nicholas Ferrar, senior, a wealthy merchant of London, married Mary Wodenoth, or Woodnoth, of an ancient Cheshire house. Nicholas Ferrar, junior, of blessed memory, was their third son, born Feb. 21, 1592-3; and born again of water and the Holy Ghost, on Feb. 28, a day he ever esteemed as more honourable than the day of his birth.

Nicholas Ferrar, the father, carried his commercial enterprizes to the East and West Indies, and to the chief trading ports in the world. He was associated with Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas and Hugh Middleton, and other great spirits of the day, in their daring enterprises by land and sea; and as a man of deeply religious nature, it was ever his aim that God should be highly

honoured in all his mercantile speculations ; and that whenever a door was set open in heathen lands, thereat the Church should enter, and take possession of the country in the name of the Lord.

Under spiritual parents, environed by all sacred associations, young Nicholas grew in the grace of holy childhood. At the age of six or seven he was confirmed ; and without the knowledge of his friends, presented himself a second time before the Bishop, and was confirmed again.

One night he was much troubled in mind, and could not rest ; he arose, and went down to the garden, and kneeling on the grass, entreated God, with all a child's sincerity, to grant him the true fear of His Name, and to teach him the knowledge of His Will. Sweet consolations flowed into his innocent soul that night, so that, to the end of life, he used to say, that then God promised to keep him ever under the impulses of the Holy Spirit ; and he, on his part, promised to serve God, heart and soul, all his days.

Especially the child loved the Holy Bible. "The Bible" (writes his brother), "was the book in the world to him dear and precious." His mind was a storehouse of texts, psalms, and hymns, which his memory held so fast, that they ministered to him spiritual pabulum, when, afterwards, he travelled much, had little leisure to read, and suffered long sicknesses in foreign lands. In his fourteenth year, 1606, he was admitted at Clare Hall, Cambridge, of which College Augustin Linsell (afterwards Bishop of Hereford)

was tutor, who in a short time, astonished at his rapt religious nature, his energy in study, and his intellectual ability, exclaimed—

“God keep him in a right mind ! for if he should turn schismatic or heretic, he would make work for all the world.”

From a child he never was in perfect health, and at Cambridge he suffered much from agues, a kind of intermittent fever, accompanied with cold fits and shivering. For change of air, he often rode to Bourne, nine miles from Cambridge, where his sister Susannah, married to John Collett, resided ; and there assisted in the education of her large family, to whom through life he proved a spiritual father, and who afterwards nobly repaid him by their faithful adhesion to him at Gidding.

It must have been sickness indeed which kept him in his bed while the five a.m. bell was ringing for prayers in the College chapel, and it was said his rooms might be known by the first candle lighted in the morning, and the last put out at night.

While Ferrar was at Clare Hall, George Herbert came up to Cambridge. They were nearly of the same age—both born in 1592-3. Ferrar entered Clare Hall in 1606 ; Herbert, Trinity College, in 1608-9. Ferrar left Cambridge in 1613. They parted—but though their paths in after life lay far divergent, and it is confidently stated that they never looked on each other's faces again but once, in their whole lives, a noble friendship, begun thus early, was sustained

and cemented by regular correspondence, and as time flowed on was deepened by mutual affection, and kindred religious sympathies, till, twenty years after, Herbert, from his death-bed at Bemerton, committed *The Temple* into Ferrar's care ; and Ferrar, from his holy retreat at Gidding, sent forth *The Temple* on its spiritual mission throughout the world.

As Ferrar's health did not improve at Cambridge, he was recommended to cease all study, and spend some months in foreign travel.

Before he left Cambridge he wrote to his parents—

“There is nothing more certain than death, nor more uncertain than the time *when* ; if God keep me not, I know death will entrap me in some of the dangers to which I shall now hazard myself. If the good Lord God be merciful to me, and bring me safe home again, I will all the days of my life praise His holy Name, and exhort others ; yea, in His holy sanctuary will I serve Him, and shall account the lowest place in His house more honourable than the greatest crown in the world. If God take me from you now, be of good comfort, and be not grieved at my death, which I undoubtedly hope shall be to me the beginning of eternal happiness ; and I shall be delivered from those continual combats and temptations which afflict my poor soul. God will preserve me to the end, I know, and give me grace that I shall live in His faith, and die in His fear, and rise in His power, and reign in His glory.”

Ferrar left England, in 1613, in the suite of the Princess Elizabeth, landed at Flushing, travelled on through Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Leipsig, to Vienna and other towns, and then bent his course towards Italy. But as the plague was prevailing in some of the German States, he was put into quarantine ; and as it happened to be during the forty days of

Lent, he made it a time of extra religious mortification, though he was ever most temperate in food, and abstained from all wine and strong liquor. He used to ascend a mountain covered with thyme and rosemary, and there, with a book or two, he met his God in the closest walks of his mind. To serve and please his Maker was the travail of his soul ; and he needed not many books, who had the New Testament, in a manner, by heart. Having spent the day in reading, meditation, and prayer, he came down in the evening to an early supper of fish and oil.

As he was travelling over the Alps by a narrow pass, which wound round the projecting precipices, an ass, that had broken from its driver, came rushing down a decline, laden with a log of timber, and threatened to sweep him and his mule into the abyss. He instantly called aloud upon God for preservation, when the ass tripped, and the log swayed, and he passed in safety. He alighted from his mule, fell flat on the rock, and made a devout acknowledgment of God's mercy, while the guide and driver looked on in amazement, crossing themselves fervently, and crying, "*Miracolo ! miracolo !*"

While at Cambridge he had studied medicine, and had been elected to the Physic Fellowship at Clare Hall, which he still held ; and his simple pharmacopœia, and his habit of rigid abstinence, did him good service in combating and conquering a furious fever, which assailed him at Padua. Here, in 1615, among the crowd of students of every

civilized nationality, he noticed a pale-faced stranger desperately melancholy, whom he addressed in sympathizing tones, and found him to be a young English gentleman, who had, unhappily, killed his antagonist in a duel, and was so haunted by his sin, and hunted by his conscience, that he had fled from home, and was running he knew not whither. It was a good hour for this man of the lacerated soul when he met his sympathetic countryman. Ferrar brought him to his knees, to his Bible, and to his God; and so faithfully applied the promises and comforts of the Cross, that the sad heart had faith to be healed, and the wan face smiled with the assurance of pardon.

Having visited Rome and Venice, he went to Marseilles, where he was again laid low in fever, travelled through Spain on foot, took ship at St. Sebastian, and landing safe at Dover, knelt on the sand, and rendered thanks to God for His abounding mercies.

He had been absent about five years; and brought home a far better constitution than he had carried abroad. He was in his twenty-sixth year.

During his travels he had made himself master of the Dutch, German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages, had acutely scrutinized the laws, customs, and policy of the nations; had observed with a watchful and critical eye the services, ritual, and dogmas of the Churches and Sects, and returned to his native land with the absolute conviction that the form of Government and the constitution of England

were the best the world has ever seen ; and that the Church of England was the crown and jewel of all the Churches.

In his journeys he had accumulated a vast store of books of poetry, history, and general literature in various languages ; but the treasures which he most valued were books and manuscripts chiefly on the Spiritual Life, with rare and precious paintings, illuminations, and prints on Scripture subjects.

THE PLANTATION IN VIRGINIA.

The hospitable 'mansion of the Ferrars in London had welcomed, for many months, a large number of the leading men in England, statesmen, clergy, soldiers, sailors, citizens, in prolonged and anxious deliberations on the expediency, the duty, the necessity, of founding an English colony in the Western World. As the project unfolded itself, the eyes of all looked towards a district on the east coast of the new Continent, discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh, and named by him, Virginia, in honour of Queen Elizabeth.

It was a grand design, and worthy of the noble souls who gave it birth—to open to the merchants of England the unknown wealth of a new world ; to furnish employment for the younger sons of English families ; but, above all, to plant the Gospel among the swarming Indian populations, who had never heard the name of the Lord Jesus.

In 1606, a charter was obtained from King James I., and a company constituted, under the title of the "Governour and Corporation of the Colony of Virginia"; in truth (and so intended from the first) to be an advanced missionary outpost of the Church of England—money was left by will, and endowments were lodged with the Company, "*for increasing the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*" The very words of the patent were that the undertaking now entered on—

" . . . may, by the providence of God, hereafter tend to the glory of the Divine Majesty, in propagating the Christian Religion to such people as yet lived in darkness, and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God."

The first detachment of colonists landed on the coast of North America on April 26, 1607, accompanied by a brave, holy chaplain, the Rev. Robert Hunt, who, as soon as a small congregation could be gathered together, administered Holy Communion on the shore.

On the bank of a river they raised a few huts, (with a thatched Church in the midst,) which they dignified by the name of James Town, and proceeded to cultivate the land.

But unexpected evils presented themselves. They had to defend their settlement from the treachery and hostility of the Indians on every side ; they suffered grievously from sickness, fires, and want of food ; and so pressing were their necessities, and so hopeless their condition, that in 1610 they determined to break up the colony and return to England.

Just as they were on the point of setting sail, a convoy arrived from England ; they returned to their abandoned Church to thank God for His Providence ; re-occupied their houses, worked their plantations with renewed courage ; and being largely reinforced by fresh immigrants, planted a new settlement, called Henrico, on the opposite side of the river, and now started, as it seemed, on a career of peace and prosperity.

The enterprise was generously supported in England, and the settlement, which included the Somers Islands (afterwards called the Bermudas), made such satisfactory progress on Christian lines, that it promised to become a pioneer of the Church for the conversion of the Western Hemisphere. Clergy were sent out ; schools endowed ; Churches built ; Bibles and books provided ; and a college was founded, for the support of which the Corporation set apart 10,000 acres of land.

A constitution was drafted for the colony, on a solid and liberal basis ; it guaranteed a representative Council, independent of the Corporation in England, with liberty in religious organization, in trade, in laws ; and equal civil rights with all Englishmen.

"The London company merits the fame of having acted as the successful friend of liberty in America : it reflects glory on the Earl of Southampton, Sir Edwin Sandys, and the patriot party of England, who, unable to establish guaranties of a liberal administration at home, were careful to connect popular freedom so intimately with the life, prosperity, and state of society in Virginia, that they never could be separated."—BANCROFT, *Hist. Unit. States*.

When young Ferrar returned to London, he found the Court of the Virginian Company meeting weekly in the large hall of his father's house ; and, being there introduced to Sir Edwin Sandys, the very soul of the noble scheme, to the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, the archbishops and bishops, noblemen and merchants, and other energetic members, his spirit was fired with enthusiasm, and he entered ardently into an undertaking so congenial to his religious nature ; as he saw with an eagle eye the possibility, not only of founding another England in another world, but of bringing in a whole continent into the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The ability and practical sense of young Ferrar were soon detected ; he was elected on the Committee, and shortly became their secretary. He was now in his element. He inspired the proceedings of the Court with something of his own earnestness and zeal ; suggested beneficial changes for the comforts of the settlers ; advised more generous grants of land ; sent out ships in larger numbers, and better victualled ; established free schools ; and took care that clergy and teachers should accompany each party of emigrants, and lay out each district after the model of an English parish.

One of the chaplains, named Whitaker, laboured so strenuously, that Ferrar designated him the "Apostle of Virginia."

It was the year 1619. Ferrar rather wished to

return to Cambridge, as up to this time he retained his fellowship ; he was offered also the Professorship of Geometry in Gresham College ; but the urgent entreaties of his parents and friends induced him to remain in London, and hold himself unfettered for his great duties in the Virginian Court.

In April 1620, Nicholas Ferrar, senior, died. He left £300 towards founding a College in Bermuda for the education of the Indian converts. The sons had given grants of land for schools ; and if the Virginian Plantation had continued under the Company's control, Nicholas Ferrar would probably have taken Holy Orders, and have gone out to Virginia, to minister to the colonists, as well as to be a missionary to the heathen. The Church, planted in all its integrity, would have grown up with the colony ; Ferrar, in due time, would have been consecrated first Bishop of Virginia ; he would have founded a colonial hierarchy, and so multiplied diocesan and parochial mechanisms, that the Church would have met the immigrants on their arrival at their new home with the open arms of a Christian welcome ; with unimpeachable, evangelical teaching ; with that liberty of Church order in which the Virginian Court acquiesced, and which the irritable and irritated temper of the seventeenth century demanded ; so that even the Puritans, now in so great numbers, fleeing across the Atlantic from a Church and government which had no sympathy with them, might have taken shelter under the broader shadow of the Church in America, might have grown

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in her care and love, and might thus have saved the savage, and shameful, and needless sunderance of the young Republic from the Church and people of the Fatherland.

A Mr. Copeland is mentioned by name as doing grand work in the Somers Islands, with whom Ferrar frequently conferred on the best means of evangelizing the people.

But the next mail from America brought terrible tidings. The Indians, jealous of the increasing number of the English colonists, though living among them as friends, attacked Henrico on the night of Friday, March 22, 1620, and relentlessly massacred every soul they could find, to the number of 340. This was an awful blow to the colony. But it rose calmly and quickly from the crushing catastrophe, as with augmented energy, and, protected by a cordon of forts, it drove the Indians into the distant prairies, and threw out new plantations on every side.

A heavier calamity, charged with fatal consequences, was ready to fall. Spain took alarm at the rapid growth of the new colony, established, in such a rich soil, under the charter of the King of England; directed by eminent and potential men; and evidently, though under such admirable administration, yet professing and practising a semi-republican policy. Besides, it brought England too near to the Spanish colonies in the West Indies and Mexico. Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador, received instructions from his King to use his great influence in the English

Court by inflaming the mind of King James against the Virginian colony; to insinuate into his ear (too ready to listen) that they were founding, under his sanction, a veritable republic in America; and that the Virginian Company in England was but a seminary for a seditious parliament. The Court was flooded with Spanish gold, which was ravenously swallowed by English statesmen, and a dark Spanish faction closed round the English throne. James's suspicions and jealousies were thoroughly aroused, and though he was well aware that hundreds of the best and noblest men in the land, and the chief companies in the kingdom, were, by a legal incorporation, engaged in one of the most magnificent adventures the world had ever seen, in his caprice and pusillanimity he abandoned their cause, and watched for an opportunity to annul their patent.

Just at this time, too, in an evil hour, began the negotiations for the Spanish match, the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, which rendered the King and Prince more hostile than before; for Gondemar represented to James, that as long as the Plantation existed, while the interests of his master were so seriously imperilled, and his protests rejected; while soldiers were sent out to America, and privateers, no better than pirates, infested the seas, flying the English flag, no further propositions in reference to the marriage could be entertained at Madrid.

At a special Court, in 1622, Ferrar was appointed

Deputy Governor of the Virginian Company; and, harassed and persecuted by the enemies of the cause, all his energies and abilities were called into exercise to compete with the formidable opposition arrayed against them. He was dragged again and again to defend the Company before the Privy Council. The Lord Treasurer, Cranfield, a paid creature of Spain, told him hotly "that his interest and advice might prevail with the Company to lay down the patent"; to whom he replied in dignified words—

"A very considerable number of the English nobility and gentry, besides all the planters, were engaged upon the Royal word, under the Broad Seal: they had ventured their estates, and many of them their lives, upon the most religious account, and the most honourable action in its kind that England ever undertook; that now they had brought the plantation, if not to perfection, yet into a very flourishing condition."

In 1619 the colonists amounted to 600; within three years they reached 3500. But the cabal, weighted heavily with Spanish pistoles, and supported by the undisguised sympathy of the King and Prince, was too strong. James believed Cranfield, that under his government the colony would yield a larger revenue to the Crown. The Crown lawyers were said to have detected a flaw in the patent; the Court had exceeded its powers in appointing a Governor; and the sentence of the King's Bench was that the charter of the company of English merchants trading to Virginia was null and void. James at once cancelled the patent under the Great Seal.

Thus the doom of Virginia was sealed. Thus a

Continent was lost to England; and thus was blighted that splendid experiment, which promised so much for the glory of the British Empire, and furnished an opportunity of colonizing a continent on principles of justice, religion, and liberty. But a door into a new world was now set wide open, colonies settled all along the American seaboard, and far into the interior, in rapid succession, and immigrants poured in by thousands from all parts of Europe.

After the return of Prince Charles, baffled in his matrimonial speculations, the feverish intrigues excited by the emissaries of Spain cooled and subsided, and a current of counter influences set in.

In the Parliament of 1624, in which Nicholas Ferrar had a seat, the Lord Treasurer Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, was impeached on a charge of peculation. Ferrar brought up the indictment in a speech of great eloquence, which, it was said, gave the accused peer his death-wound; but he afterwards bitterly regretted the severity of his arraignment, and "his too free speeches against the will of his Prince." Cranfield was deprived of his office, and degraded; and both Houses of Parliament (from the evidence which came out on his trial) were so satisfied with the admirable management of the Plantation, and of the advantages which must accrue to England from Virginia, as a centre of commercial enterprize; as a safety-valve for the escape of the surplus population; and as a military station from which they might control the rapacity of the Spaniard, that they were proceeding to re-

establish the Company and colony by an Act of Parliament, when a message reached them from the King that

“he had, and would take it into his serious consideration and care, and by the next parliament they should all see it, he would make it one of his masterpieces, as, he said, it well deserved to be.”

Whether James saw his error, and in good faith intended to issue a new patent, cannot be told, for his death followed immediately; and forthwith the Home Government of the day, at the point of the bayonet, claimed the appointment of governors over the several provinces; galled the settlers by vexatious imposts; framed codes of law on the frigid imperial archetype, alien to the spirit and necessities of a new people; and contemptuously rejected all their appeals for a share in the Representation. The Church was gagged and strangled: the cry of the faithful for bishops and clergy disregarded; till in the next century the fatal rupture came, and the daughter drew the sword, and rose in her indignant might, and struck the mother, and swept her armies, and all her civil and ecclesiastical polities, and every detested Britisher, off the face of the land.

Ferrar's public life is closed: and he receives an urgent summons to hasten to the rescue of his family, which through unexplained engagements of his eldest brother John (though without any imputation on his honour), had become involved in such responsibilities

as threatened to overwhelm, and consume, the whole estate; and it demanded all the wealth, wisdom, and experience of the younger brother to effect an extrication and a just liquidation. After weeks of unwearied effort, the threatened catastrophe was averted, and the estate, solvent and substantially uninjured, discharged every obligation. The family were so impressed with the conviction that nothing but the grace of God, directing the sagacity and vigour of their good relative, could have accomplished such a deliverance, that, from that time, members of the family used to meet on the last day of every month, to join in a solemn thanksgiving for this mercy; the memorial of which was regularly observed from the year 1625, long after Ferrar's death in 1637, till September 1657.

In 1625 a grievous plague visited London, and the next house being infected, Ferrar removed his mother to her daughter's house in Cambridgeshire, while he withdrew to Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, a manor which his mother had purchased the year before, with a view of carrying into execution a project of a remarkable character which had long been reverently revolved in the mind both of mother and son.

The parish of Little Gidding was very small, and lay secluded, and had become depopulated, there being in it only a large old manor-house falling into ruins, a cottage, and a small Church, desecrated, and used as a barn.

As soon as Mrs. Ferrar heard that her sons had

escaped the plague and reached Gidding, she rode over from Bourne, and being welcomed by them, who knelt to receive her blessing, was requested to enter the house, and rest.

"Not so," said she, "yonder I see the Church : let us first go thither to give God thanks that He has brought me to this good place, and has restored me my sons."

She was told she could not enter the Church, as it was filled with hay. But, as it was said of Monica, St. Augustine's mother, that twice a day she came to the House of God, and would not have omitted her oblation at the altar, though a lion and dragon stood in her path,—so this devout soul forced her way over the obstacles, knelt, and prayed, and wept, and prayed again, within the sacred precincts ; and, on leaving, ordered all the tradesmen employed in the repairs of the mansion to cease working, and proceed immediately to cleanse the Church ; nor would she leave the spot till the work was begun, and a partial purification at once had been effected, when she withdrew to the house (where there was scarcely one dry room fit to receive her), protesting that since God had redeemed her and her children from death, she would give herself no rest till His House was rendered worthy of His service and honour. It was the year 1626 ; Ferrar was thirty-three years of age ; his mother seventy-three.

In about a month, the house being in sufficient repair, the whole Collett family and other relatives removed to Gidding for their permanent home, form-

ing a household of nearly thirty persons; and as the dreaded epidemic was extending all over the kingdom, and it was rightly deemed a season of deep humiliation, the minister of the next parish, Steeple Gidding, said daily the Common Prayer and Litanies in the restored Church, ever attended by a large and reverent congregation; and these services were continued through all that unhealthy summer, and through the long winter.

At Easter, 1626, the plague having ceased, Mrs. Ferrar returned to London to take final leave of her home. During this sojourn, Ferrar, feeling he ought to obtain the commission of the Church to arm him with sufficient authority to carry out his projected schemes, and upon the earnest persuasion of his mother and friends, determined to enter upon the Diaconate; and after a week of solemn religious exercises, he was ordained in the early morning of Trinity Sunday, by Dr. Laud, Bishop of St. David's, in Henry VII.'s chapel, in Westminster Abbey, no person being present but Dean Linsell, his old Cambridge tutor, who, after the service, told the Bishop he had laid his hands on the head of such a man as he had never ordained before, or would ordain again. In the evening he came to his mother, and prayed her attention. He then drew out of his bosom a roll of vellum, and read to her the solemn vow which he had made to God—

“That since God had so often heard his humble petitions, and had delivered him out of many most eminent dangers of soul

and body, and now had brought his family out of most desperate calamities, whereinto they might have fallen, if His mercy had not been infinite, he should now set himself to serve Him"—¹

and then informed her of his ordination that morning. His mother, some time silent, and tenderly weeping, threw her arms round his neck, and devoutly blessed him, praying God to grant him long life, that he might be filled with God's Holy Spirit more and more, to His greater glory, and the good of her and her family; adding—

"I will also, by the help of God, set myself with more care and diligence than ever to serve our good Lord God, as is all our duties to do, in all we may."

When it became known in the Court and City that Ferrar had taken Holy Orders, the Earl of Pembroke and the Marquis of Hamilton, and other patrons, offered him at once preferment, one saying that if he would but come and live in his house as his friend, he would allow him £200 a year, only for his company.

These offers he courteously declined: his determination was, he said, to spend his life, time, and talents in the spiritual oversight of his house; and never to aim at any higher order in the ministry.

LITTLE GIDDING.

Returning to Gidding in the grace of ordination, and under the commission of the Church, Ferrar

¹ "En ! cruore Tuo lotum
Tibi me jam dedo totum."

proceeded to put into execution the great design which he and his mother had been so long devoutly elaborating, viz. the founding of a Religious Community of both sexes, chiefly of the members of their own large family, who should live together under some monastic rule, in the pale and faith of the Church of England, after the model of the Christian convents in their day of primitive purity and piety.

But in reference to him—GEORGE HERBERT—whose honoured name is borne on the title-page of this book, and in connection with the development of Ferrar's project at Gidding, there is a very significant passage in Ferrar's life by his brother. Nicholas Ferrar, his mother, brother, and family—

“considering that it was their part in some measure to show their more and more than thankfulness to God, and that in a more than ordinary way than was practised by most, in such a manner as was pleasing to God, and agreeable to the doctrine of the Church of England, and to the laws of the land—with the advice, consent, and approbation of religious, grave, learned divines, and among the rest upon the *invitation* of that worthy servant of Christ, Mr. George Herbert, his most entire friend and brother (for so they styled each other),”

agreed to form the confraternity at Gidding Hall.

Ferrar's life finds so prominent a place in this volume only because he was intimately connected with George Herbert; but that connection assumes a character of far intenser interest if it appears that Herbert was the ruling spirit in influencing and

encouraging Ferrar in his proposed undertaking. He acted (says John Ferrar), "upon the INVITATION of that worthy servant of Christ, Mr. George Herbert"—and though at first sight it may seem that this sentence refers especially to the subject of the "*Watches*," (afterwards mentioned) it is evident from the extracts to follow that "the invitation" applies to Ferrar's work as a whole. In his prayer when he had heard of Herbert's last sickness, at the same time that he implores his life, he thanks God that He "*had made him a great help*"—"and furtherance of the best things among us"—"A FURTHERANCE OF THE BEST THINGS." These words have a meaning—they suggest these interrogations—

Was it Herbert's proposal, in the first place, which presented to Ferrar's mind the design of a religious retreat? John Ferrar says it was on Herbert's *invitation*. How far afterwards did Herbert's counsel and influence go in determining the frame, the order, the character and tone, the studies, the teaching, the work, the rites and services, of the new community? Ferrar himself testified in the presence of God that Herbert had been "*a singular benefit*"—"a great help"—"*a comfort*"—"a furtherance of our faith, and of our best things." Was it on Herbert's persuasion that Ferrar was ordained? How much of the success of Ferrar's holy work at Gidding may be assigned to the inspiration of his dear brother Herbert? God knoweth. But there is evidence enough to show that Herbert's pervading and stimulating presence was continually

there; for the life of Ferrar's saintly household at Gidding is but the counterpart of the spirit and teaching of *The Temple* and *The Country Parson*, worked out in daily duties.

There is much difficulty in accepting the uniform testimony of several witnesses of unimpeachable credibility, that the two friends rarely, if ever, met after Ferrar had left Cambridge. His brother says—"They held intercourse of letters, though otherwise, as I take it, they but once had personal conference." Oley—"They saw not each other in many years, I think, scarcely ever, but at the University." Walton—"This holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters." It is a singular and romantic case—but it shows the abiding power of Christian correspondence to purify and perfect Christian friendship.

Was it that Ferrar and Herbert received Deacons' Orders in the same year; and that then, as clergymen, they were drawn together in the bonds of the Lord, and that Christianly correspondence became more frequent, and that heavenly friendship more fully cemented?

But if Herbert was largely instrumental in the establishing of the Gidding Home, why did he not himself at once undertake some pastoral charge, and thus fulfil his ordination vows? Was he idle, as regards actual religious life, for the few years after he became a Deacon? From the death of King James, in 1625, when all his expectations in political life

expired, he sank into absolute seclusion, living, as it would appear, a layman's life. We see him only here and there, at intervals. But is it certain that he is living a lay life, all forgetful that he is a clergyman? —No. Conceive, if you will, that (through an overwhelming sense of unworthiness) he would not engage in the cure of souls, or ever take any service in Church, and that he discharged the duties of his prebendal stall in Lincoln Cathedral by deputy. But is he not under the Deific afflatus? And were not his poems written chiefly during the years 1627, 1628, 1629, and 1630? And was he not well employed, was he not faithfully fulfilling a Deacon's duties, while composing the poems of *The Temple* at Woodford, Baynton, Dauntsey, Wilton, or Bemerton, as usefully, as honourably employed, as much for the glory of God, as Ferrar was, in working out his heavenly problem in Huntingdonshire?

Both the Church and mansion at Gidding required such substantial repairs that it was two years before they were finished, and the economy of the whole establishment set in systematic motion.

For the Church (which was a very small, plain building of brick) were provided a new font, and lectern, both of brass, frontals and pendants of green cloth, for week days; for Sundays and Festivals, of rich blue, fringed with silver lace; an altar-cloth of blue taffety; new silver Communion vessels, silver candlesticks, and an organ. On the flagon was inscribed—

"What Sir Edwyn Sandys bequeathed
 To
 The remembrance of freindship
 His freind hath consecrated
 To
 The Honour of God's Service
 1629."

Part of the largest upper room in the house was appropriated for a general Oratory, where was an organ—the other part as Mrs. Ferrar's chamber, where she usually sat with the younger children, and where the elder girls worked embroidery. The school-masters, three in number, and the boys, had rooms on one side, and the women and girls on the other; Ferrar's own rooms being so arranged that he could exercise oversight over the whole household.

On the ground-floor was the parlour, or dining-hall, waiting-rooms, the surgery, and other small rooms, each of which could receive four alms-women.

For the children of the family, a large dovecote was converted into a school-room (into which, soon after they were settled, the children of the parishes round were admitted); one of the masters taught English and Latin; the second, writing and arithmetic; the third, music and singing. Thursday and Saturday afternoons were holidays, when the boys practised manly games,—racing, leaping, vaulting, and archery. Ferrar himself took the religious instruction, which important task absorbed many hours every day, gave daily catechetical lectures, and required that goodly

portions of Holy Scripture should be learned by heart, especially the Psalms.

The year after the Ferrars came to Gidding, John Ferrar's only daughter was born. His mother and brother wished her to be named Virginia, in remembrance of the Plantation, in which they still felt a fond interest, that in speaking to the child, looking on her, and hearing others calling her by her name, they might be reminded to pray for the colony. So the little maiden was christened "Virginia," and they all loved her better for her name.

The household consisted of Nicholas, and his mother; John Ferrar, his wife and family; John Collett, wife and children; some children as boarders, the masters, servants, and alms-women. Ferrar's family and relatives seem to have assented to his wishes and rules with remarkable unanimity.

Bishop Hacket relates that Archbishop Williams, on his visitation, found at Little Gidding—

"A Congregation of Saints, not walking after the Flesh, but after the Spirit; a Family of the Farrars, the Mother with Sons and Daughters, other branches of the Kindred, with Servants fit to be about them, collected into a House of their own at Giding aforesaid, purposing and covenanting between themselves to live in as strict a way, according to the Gospel of Christ, as good rules could chalk out, and human Infirmary undergo. Their House, fit for their Contemplation, stood alone. The Church was so near, that it was next to the Pale of their Yard: the easier for them that frequented it so often. The Tythes had been impropriated, but were restored back again by the Mother, to the use of the Rector, then her own Son, and to the succeeding Rectors, by a firm deed. They kept much at home: their times of Prayer and Watching requir'd it. Yet

Visits, perhaps once a month, they made abroad. Their Apparel had much of it, for Linnen and Woollen, spun at home. They gave no Entertainment, but to the Poor, whom they instructed first and then relieved, not with Fragments, but with the best they had. Their business was either Prayers or Work ; nothing came between them : the Devil had less Power to tempt them, that he never found them idle. Their diet at meals was soon drest, as they sat not long at them ; their bread was coarse, their drink small. Alms and Fasting, Prayers and Watching, with Reading and Singing Psalms, were continually in their Practice ; there was no Intermission day nor night. By night they kept watch in the House of the Lord, and two by turns did supply the Office for the rest. Their Scope was to be ready like wise Virgins with Oil in their Lamps, when the Bridegroom came. This was the hardest part of their discipline that they kept Centinel at all Hours and Seasons, to expect the second coming of the Lord Jesus. God be glorified for such, whose Prayers were powerful and incessant to pierce the Heavens. The whole Land was better for their Sanctity. The whole World was better for their Contempt of the World."

A brass plate on the front-door bore these words, "FLEE FROM EVIL, AND DO GOOD, AND DWELL FOR EVERMORE." Scripture texts met the eye at every turn, in the corridors, and on the walls, and preached perpetual Sermons.

Mrs. Ferrar had drawn up a short address, which she wished to be read by the many visitors to the House, and it was "approved of by several judicious divines, but particularly by Mr. Herbert, who advised it to be engraved in brass, and so hung up that it might be seen of all." Herbert's advice was followed, and the tablet affixed to the wall of the Parlour, but it gave rise to "so much censure and speculation," that when the Bishop paid his last friendly visit, he advised it should be removed.

On week days, the family rose at four o'clock in summer, five o'clock in winter ; the Mother was called at five. After private prayer in their chambers (the importance and blessing of which Ferrar inculcated continually, notwithstanding the Services in Church), they met in the Oratory at six a.m. ; said the Psalms for the hour ; heard a portion of the Gospels, or of the Harmony read ; repeated texts, and sang a hymn.

The ever-recurring Services, though very solemn, and never hurried (for, as St. Francis de Sales said, "*Hurry is the death of prayer,*") were so arranged, that the whole Office—Collect, Lesson, Psalm or Hymn—seldom exceeded a quarter of an hour. Then at seven a.m. they went to Church for Matins. On their return they held another short service in the Oratory, and then took their breakfast.

At eight a.m. the children went to school, while relays of the elders observed the services in the Oratory, allotted for every hour ; others attended to their domestic duties. At ten a.m. they all met in the Church for Litany. At eleven they dined, and, while the tables were being laid, the organ often played, and they sung as they worked. During dinner, two boys, and four girls, in turn read pleasant and instructive books, not religious. Recreation was permitted till one o'clock. Instruction was given till three p.m. Evensong was said in the Church at four. Supper was served at five or six p.m., and diversions followed, within or without doors, according to the season of the year. At eight p.m. all the household

assembled in the Oratory, sung, and prayed. The children knelt, and asked their grandmother's and parents' blessing ; and all retired.

On Sundays, a large number of children from all the villages round assembled, soon after eight a.m., in the School-house, received religious instruction, and learned the Psalms. The parents of these children, and the clergy of their parishes, protested that a mighty change was wrought, not only in the children, but on the men and women, who heard the children reading and repeating Scripture at home. The very streets and doorways resounded with the sacred poetry of David's harp.

Ferrar, understanding the science of healing, made his knowledge useful in ministering to the sickness of the household, and of all the neighbouring villages. The daughters of the community kept all manner of salves, oils, and balsams, and cordial waters of their own distilling ; none of them were nice of dressing with their own hands poor people's wounds, were they never so offensive ; and, together with helps to the body, they were expert in ministering counsels and comforts in the sickness of the soul ; and they never wanted patients.

There were nine or ten girls who were very clever and curious in sewing, and embroidering in gold, silver, and silk, and working in wools ; these made their needles and knitting-pins serve to the uses of the Church, and to the relief of the needy.

To the four daughters of John Collett, who were

grown to women's estate, was assigned the whole regulation of domestic want and supply. Each had care of the house for a month, when her accounts were balanced to a farthing, and passed on to the next sister in charge.

Seven daughters, and one granddaughter (who bore the names of the Chief, the Patient, the Cheerful, the Affectionate, the Submiss, the Obedient, the Moderate), formed a Sisterhood, for the performance of some special duties.

One particular duty to which many of the Gidding maidens and boys were early apprenticed, and which makes their name famous, was the binding of books, some of them folios of the largest size. An adept in this art was brought from Cambridge, who taught members of the whole family bookbinding, gilding, lettering, &c. ; and their books remain to this hour in admirable condition. The principal work they prepared, and this under Ferrar's constant direction, was a huge Harmony, or Concordance, of the Gospels, formed by cutting out printed copies of all the passages in the Four Evangelists referring to any particular narrative or subject, pasting them with extreme carefulness on large sheets of paper, and binding them in thick covers of astonishing strength. Of these Harmonies, twelve or fourteen were prepared ; most of which are still in existence. Some (as that magnificent copy presented to King Charles I.,) bound in coloured velvet, and elaborately gilded, illustrated with exquisitely beautiful prints, required more than

a year to finish them, and cost £100. One of these Harmonies was sent as a present to George Herbert, who, in his letter of thanks, calls it "an inestimable jewel."

On Sundays, the household rose at the usual hour of four or five, came to the Chamber, which was appropriately adorned, (and where, in winter, a good fire was brightly burning,) the children repeated texts, and after the Office all retired to their rooms, till the nine o'clock bell called them to Church. Having sung a hymn with the organ, they all walked in procession to Church, (only forty paces from their door;) the masters and scholars in cassocks; John Ferrar and John Collett; Nicholas, in surplice and stole, leading his mother; the ladies, the girls, and servants, dressed in black, with veils. All bowed on entering. The boys, during prayer, knelt on the altar-step. Only Matins was said.

After the Service, the Psalm-children repeated their lessons, received their rewards, and accompanied the family to Church at 10.30, when the Vicar of Steeple Gidding, having held service in his own Church, came, attended by a few of his parishioners, to preach. Ferrar (though apparently instituted as Rector) never preached, but only read the Prayers, and the Ante-Communion Service. Holy Communion was celebrated on the first Sunday in the month, and at Festivals. After Church, the Sunday School children, a hundred in number, had dinner, and were dismissed to their several parishes.

After dinner, the family separated ; some of the inmates for reading in their own rooms ; some for sacred music, some for quiet walks in the garden, orchard, or fields.

At two o'clock they walked across the meadows (a quarter of a mile) to Steeple Gidding Church, for full service and sermon. On their return, after a short office in the Oratory, they all again separated for Sunday rest, and Sunday recreation. Ferrar used to say—

“Sunday is a day of rest, not of pleasure. God blessed the day, and sanctified it ; they must go together. If we would have it happy, we must make it holy.”

The Ferrars paid few visits ; they were too busy, and too earnest, to waste life in compliments. They received all visitors, but not to sojourn. They were often visited, as by friends, so by enemies, clergy, scholars, and others, attracted by the fame of the “Arminian Nunnery.” A Roman priest said, that if Ferrar lived to make himself known to the world, he would give their Church their hands full to answer him, and in a different way than Luther had done. But whoever came, it made no difference ; all the varied works of the Home, the offices in the Oratory, and all the services in the Church went on in the same order and course.

As Herbert heard from Ferrar, and from Arthur Woodnoth, and others, how the work at Gidding was proceeding, and as he saw that the subject of their many united prayers was taking deep root, and

expanding, and bearing much fruit, he suggested—it was a thought worthy of Herbert—that the Lord might be served also in the watches of the night. The world, looking upon Gidding with a smile of pity and astonishment, would say, “What, is not their life already sufficiently consumed in religious duties?”

Herbert’s proposal was—“to those of the family who should, of their own free will, and choice, approve of the thing”—that every night two should watch from nine at night till one in the morning, the men in their Oratory, the womankind in theirs ; that they should distinctly and carefully say all David’s Psalms over in these four hours, one watcher saying one verse, and the other another, interchangeably, by way of responsal. Almost the whole family, and even the servants, could repeat the Psalter from memory.

For a change in the monotony of the night service, the watchers might chant the Psalms, and an organ was so placed, and tuned so low, that it should not disturb the slumbering family.

At one o’clock a.m. some one knocked at Ferrar’s door, bidding him “Good morrow,” when he arose, and went into his study. At that hour he constantly rose for many years.

His nights of watching were at first two in a week, but afterwards three ; he would allow others to watch but once a week. A very large proportion of the family cordially assented to the proposal, and each vied with others who should be the watcher of the

night. Ferrar often had two of the boys as his companions; and, in the warm nights of summer, they kept the watch at Church; and waited, and prayed, and read, and sung till the morning sun arose, and the first bell rang for Matins in the Oratory. Thus the fire of God never went out on the altar of the Lord.

Ferrar's health, and strength, and powers of endurance, both mental and bodily, had never been so great as in the last seven years of his life, when he was most ascetic in his devotional habits. For sleep, food, and exercise, he reserved six hours of the day; in mental and spiritual labours he spent eighteen.

Their life at Gidding, their rules, prayers, watchings, mortifications, studies, and charities, excited the wonder of all, the malevolence of many. Some called them Romanists, others Puritans.

"Ferrar used to express, out of his pure affection to God's honour and worship, a hearty detestation of the Roman Mass, saying that such a sacrifice profaned the very place where it was celebrated, and that he would pull down a room which was so polluted."—OLEY.

He verily did believe the Pope to be Anti-Christ. At the end of a book he found written—"Praise be to God, and the blessed Virgin Annunciata." He wrote—"Soli Deo Gloria." Though he honoured the persons of Puritans who were pious and learned, and always spoke of them with much Christian respect, yet he would bewail their mistakes, which, like mists, led them, in some points, into the errors of Rome.

He was singularly skilful in dealing with wounded consciences (as he himself had suffered severe temptations in early age), assisting them in their distress with most affectionate solicitude, till they were begotten anew to God.

A former chapter has rehearsed how great was the interest which Ferrar and his friends took in the renovation of Leighton Church.

How often must they have trodden the five miles between Gidding and Leighton—how many visits the two brothers and Arthur Woodnoth must have paid to the Church—how anxiously they must have urged on the lingering work—and how exceedingly must Ferrar have rejoiced, when, about a year after his “dear brother” was laid to rest under the altar at Bemerton, he set his seal to the assured reality of a complete restoration.

Reference has been made to Herbert's Notes on *Valdesso*. Ferrar had prepared an edition of *Valdesso* for the press with Herbert's notes and letters, but he died before it was published. It appeared in 1638, the year after Ferrar's death.

On Friday, Feb. 24, Joshua Mapletoft (who had married Susannah Collett, Ferrar's niece), came to Gidding, and reported that Herbert was dying, past hope of recovery. It was very grievous news indeed, for though they knew he had been very ill, and Ferrar had commissioned his friend, Edmund Duncon, to hasten to Bemerton, and had constantly remembered his necessities at the throne of grace,

yet they apprehended no such immediate danger. The godly community was at once summoned, and in these, and other prayers, commended his soul to the mercies of God.

“O most mighty God, and merciful Father, we most humbly beseech Thee, if it be Thy good pleasure, to continue to us that singular benefit which Thou hast given us in the friendship of Thy servant, our dear brother, who now lieth on the bed of sickness. Let him abide with us yet awhile for the furtherance of our faith; yet awhile spare him, that he may live to Thy honour, and our comfort. Thou hast made him a great help, and furtherance of the best things amongst us. O Lord, we beseech Thee, restore us our dear brother, by restoring him to health.”

They afterwards understood that Herbert died about the hour when Mr. Mapletoft arrived at Gidding.

When Edmund Duncon returned from Bemerton he put into Ferrar's hands the “little book” which Herbert had committed to his care on his death-bed—

“the which when N. F. had many and many a time read over, and embraced, and kissed again and again, he said he could not sufficiently admire it as a rich jewel, and most worthy to be in the hands and hearts of all true Christians, that feared God, and loved the Church of England.”—J. FERRAR.

And Walton adds—

“Mr. Ferrar would say—there was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety.”

The poems were written by George Herbert.

Whether those poems should ever be set on their consecrated career, and be read by an admiring world, depended absolutely on the judgment and determination of Nicholas Ferrar—

"... if he can think the little book may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made publick."

"THANK GOD," cry a million of rejoicing voices ; "THANK GOD! Ferrar thought that the little book might turn to the advantage of some poor, dejected souls—he thought that it would enrich the world with pleasure and piety." And *The Temple* was published. And the world was enriched with pleasure and piety.¹

"It is a book, in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts ; a book, by the frequent reading thereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven ; and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above."—WALTON.

Very soon after the author's death, Ferrar had a copy of *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations* drafted—this would be done at Gidding, and we may well conceive whose fair fingers were engaged in the transcript—and submitted to the Vice-Chancellor

¹ "What Father of a Church can you rehearse
That gain'd more souls to God, 'twixt Prose and Verse?"

of Cambridge University for licence. That official objected to the lines on "The Church Militant"—

"Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,
Readie to passe to the American strand"—

but Ferrar strenuously opposed the omission, until the Vice-Chancellor yielded, and said—

"I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he was a divine poet ; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book."

It was printed without the change of a syllable. Herbert's MS. bears the name only of *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations* ; Ferrar prefixed the title, *The Temple* ; he also wrote the Preface.

A few copies of the book, without date, were in circulation within two or three months after Herbert's death. The first edition (for the public) was printed, at Cambridge, by the University printers, 1633 ; another the same year ; others in 1634, 1635, 1638, 1641, 1656, 1660, 1667 ; the 10th in 1674. When Walton wrote Herbert's *Life* in 1670, more than twenty thousand copies had been sold.

"Well-thumbed and worn are the few copies of those earlier editions that have come down to us. Lowly hands handled, lowly hearts received the devout teaching ; and I do not doubt *The Temple* helped many and many a pilgrim Zionward to sing, where perhaps only sobs and groans had fallen."—GROSART.

Nicholas Ferrar is worthy to be commemorated among the great Christian heroes of the English nation.

I. Because he was grandly instrumental in further-

ing the endeavour to bring the Trans-Atlantic world under the dominion of the Lord Jesus.

II. Because he bravely essayed the effort to reanimate "a little sanctuary" in the Church of England after the pure model of old Christian consecrated life—and succeeded—"He being dead, yet speaketh," and gives his name and work for a sign and an exemplar, "τῷ φιλοχρίστῳ λαῷ,"¹ of this day.

III. Because to him—to him alone—George Herbert entrusted the Sacred Deposit of his Poems—by his decision these Poems were preserved for God and the Church. The names of Herbert and Ferrar must be linked together in imperishable union.

In 1634, nine years after coming to Gidding, the holy mother of the Society died at the age of eighty-three.

Nicholas Ferrar continued his life of austerity and devotion, rather advancing than decaying in spiritual vigour; but, saddened and alarmed at the shadows of portentous gloom which were over-casting the land, he trembled for the future of Church and State, and often warned the children to prepare for the coming distress.

It was upon the 2nd of November, 1637, that he first felt weak and faint, though he officiated at Church as usual; but the same day he sent to his friend, the minister of Great Gidding, to ask him to take the service, "for I know," said he, "that I shall not be able to perform my part there any more."

¹ Bishop Andrewes' *Devotions*.

They asked him why he so confidently expected his death. He answered that in former sicknesses he had a strong desire to live, and prayed God to spare his life, which God had hitherto done, when all hope was passed ; and he added—

“I may say to the glory of His great Name, I never earnestly set myself to beg anything of God, but He fulfilled the petition of His most unworthy servant ; but now, and of late, I do not find in my heart any inclination to beg longer life of God. But I do not forbid you to ask God to spare me, though I know I shall die ; and I fully submit myself to the blessed will of my good Lord, to do for me for life or death, as He knows best for me.”

Next day he rose, but could not leave his chamber, and had prayers there, though the family went to their regular services at Church. Saturday night, Nov. 4, he was removed into another room, and after two or three days wished to be laid on a pallet on the floor—from which he never rose.

On Sunday he received the blessed Sacrament with great devotion and joy ; and often exhorted the family to adhere steadfastly to the Church of England, to continue in the good old way—

“and rely upon God, and serve Him in sincerity of devotion, both in souls and bodies ; for He will have both, as He made both.”

A clergyman spoke of his good works ; but he cut him off instantly—

“What speak you of such things? I am to ask my God forgiveness for my great neglect in my duty.”

In heavenly counsels to all, he passed the days and nights, growing weak and faint, but without pain, and

with all his senses perfect. He had lingered a weary month, humbly crying for release and rest, when the next Communion Sunday came round, and he desired the minister that (after he had celebrated in Church) he would give him "that heavenly food that was his only stay, strength, and joy." Before he received, he made a most solemn and comfortable confession of his faith, according to the Church of England, acknowledging his salvation to depend only upon the infinite mercies of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and then desired absolution. The divine said, "Shall I give it you in the words of the book?" "Aye, aye," said he, "nothing better, nothing better." And his pious expressions of thankfulness were such as the minister said he had never heard the like, or should hear again. He was asked how he felt. He said, "Blessed be God, I am very well; but I hope to be better ere long"; or sometimes, "Pretty well, I thank my God—and you; and I shall be better."

On the last day of his life, Sunday, Dec. 3, the clergy who waited on him, having left the room for awhile, supposing him to have fallen into a sweet sleep, he begged them to be called to say the prayers for "A Dying Man." He lay still for half-an-hour, then rose on his bed, lifted up his hands and eyes, and cried with great animation, "O what a blessed change! What do I see? O come, let us sing unto the Lord, sing praises to the Lord, and magnify His holy name together. I have been at a great feast. O magnify the Lord with me!"

One of his nieces asked—"At a .east, dear father?" "Aye," he said, "at a feast—the Great King's feast." While all stood silent and hesitated to speak, expecting he might say more, he lay down calmly, drew his hands under the clothes, shut his eyes, and did not move. As one of the clergy kneeling round his pallet was praying that God would send his angels to carry his soul to heaven, he opened his lips, gave one sigh, and breathed no more.

At the instant of his spirit's departure the clock struck one—the very hour at which for so many years he had risen for his first devotions. So it was said, "He ended the Sabbath here on earth to begin the everlasting Sabbath in heaven."

He died on Monday, Dec. 4, 1637, and was buried on the following Thursday, in a grave he had chosen at the west end of the Church, by Robert Mapleton (brother of Joshua), afterwards Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and Dean of Ely, who preached his funeral sermon.

The storm, which Ferrar so much dreaded, fell on his old home in 1646, but the family, forewarned, had time to escape. The soldiers and mob wrecked Church and mansion; with the woodwork of the organ they roasted several sheep; the plate, provisions, and whatever part of the furniture could be removed, they carried off; the books—Church Books and Bible, the Harmony in daily use, and the huge folios of Ferrar's MSS. they made into a bonfire.

Yet the next year, 1647, some of the family returned and re-occupied the old home, and were not afterwards seriously molested. Good old Mr. Groose, the Vicar of Great Gidding, had not been ejected from his living, and, as far as the evil times would allow, he ministered to them in things divine.

John Ferrar died in 1657; Susanna Collett immediately after him. Virginia—"ever making sunshine in the shady place"—died in 1668, Virginia still in life and nature, as in name. Some descendants of the Ferrars were residents in the Hall in 1753. A grassy mound now only marks its site. The Church is standing still.

The original copy of Herbert's Poems, transmitted by him to Ferrar, and religiously preserved through successive years, in the family, must certainly be in existence, and may yet be discovered in some dusty library of the Colletts or Mapletofts.

CHAPTER XVI.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF HERBERT.

HERBERT had six brothers and three sisters. Edward, the eldest brother, was born in 1583, and christened by the same clergyman who had married his parents, and afterwards, in 1598, married him. He lived in his grandmother's home till his ninth year, was then sent to school, and at the age of twelve was entered at University College, Oxford. In a few months he was called home by his father's death, in 1597 ; and while very young, and apparently without being much consulted in the matter, married his cousin, Mary Herbert. During the early years of their marriage they lived with his mother in Oxford ; and after about a four years' residence there, removed to London, and kept, he says—

“ . . . a greater family than either became my mother's widow's estate, or for such beginners as we were, especially as six brothers and three sisters were to be provided for, my father having made either no will, or such an imperfect one that it was not proved.”

At his mother's desire Edward undertook the management of the family property, and so divided

it that (his mother retaining the leases and goods, which were valuable) he could assure to his six brothers £30 each a year for their lives, and to the three sisters £1000 apiece on their marriage.

Edward Herbert spent his time between London and Montgomery Castle. Curiosity took him to Court, where Queen Elizabeth, noticing the tall, dark, handsome youth, and hearing who he was, and that he was married, gave him her hand to kiss, and said, "'Tis pity he has married so young."

He was knighted by James I., and travelled on the continent, making friends and enemies everywhere by his gallantry; and relying on his great animal strength and muscle, and upon his perfect skill in the use of the rapier, sent challenges on the slightest affront, and fought duels right and left.

After his return to England, in 1618, by Buckingham's influence he was accredited ambassador to France.

It is allowed that he proved a faithful minister, and upheld the dignity and interests of England at the French Court, though he found, as in England, that the statesmen were in the pay of Spain, and the influence of the Spaniard so potent that he seemed to affect a universal monarchy.

Complaints having been lodged against him by the French ambassador, he was recalled; but so completely exonerated himself before the King that he was confirmed in his office, and sent back to France without instructions.

Sir Edward Herbert had favoured the earlier proposal for a union between the royal families of France and England ; and had protested vehemently before the French Court against the merciless edicts for the extermination of the Huguenots, and thus roused a spirit which threatened a breach both with France and Spain, when James suddenly superseded him ; and, though on his return to England, in 1624, he made him an Irish peer, and Charles, in 1629, raised him to the English peerage by the title of Baron Herbert of Cherbury, he received no further substantial recognition from the Crown, and settled down in disappointment and irritation.

The right of the Herberts to Montgomery Castle had been disputed by William, Earl of Pembroke ; and, in 1606, James had settled the debate by taking the property (originally a royal fief) into the possession of the Crown ; then he conferred it on Philip Herbert, and created him Earl of Montgomery. Philip Herbert held it till 1613, when he restored it to Sir Edward Herbert on the payment of £500.

As war with the Parliament grew imminent, Lord Herbert joined the King at York in 1640, and uttered bold counsels against conceding any of the unlawful demands of the Parliament on the Crown ; but, fearing for his noble castle, he gradually withdrew into a neutrality ; and Prince Rupert, who was then in command at Shrewsbury, suspecting that he was veering round to the Parliament, peremptorily

commanded his attendance; the courtly nobleman put in the plea—

“I humbly crave to tell your Highness that though I have the ambition to kisse your most valourous and princely hands, yet because I am newly entered into a course of physic, I do humbly desire to be excused for the presente.”

In less than a fortnight Montgomery Castle was attacked by the Parliamentary troops under Middleton, who easily carried the outworks, as Herbert made no defence, having but 150 men, and under promise that no attack would be made till after parley next day, sick and infirm, and half blind, he went to bed; when, in the middle of the night, Middleton burst into his bed-chamber, and forced him to sign an immediate surrender. Only his daughter Beatrice was with him. Lord Byron, advancing with 4000 Royalists to recover the fortress, was attacked by Fairfax, and utterly routed.

Lord Herbert retired to London, sank into oblivion, and died out like an extinguished torch, under the ban of extreme weakness, treachery, and impiety. He submitted to the Parliament, begged for, and received a pension of £20 a week, and was appointed Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries. Fearing lest a post of such strength and importance as Montgomery Castle should again fall into the hands of the King, Cromwell's Council decided that the fortress should be dismantled, but in consideration of its owner being an adherent to their party, and intensely attached to

his paternal inheritance, it is stated that they voted Lord Herbert a satisfactory indemnification.

In 1643 Lord Herbert wrote to his brother Henry that his debility was great. "I feel myself growing older in this year than in fifty-nine before." All the brothers and sisters were dead, except Henry, to whom he says—"Here I must remember that, of all us, there remain but you and I to brother it."

While in France he had written a book, *De Veritate prout distinguitur a Revelatione*. He says Grotius read it, and recommended that it should be published; but this, and all other similar statements of Lord Herbert's, must be received with qualifications. Not quite persuaded in his own conscience, one fine day (such is his tale), his window being open towards the south, he knelt and took his manuscript in his hands, and said devoutly—

"O Thou Eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*; if it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it."

He had no sooner spoken these words than (as he affirms) a gentle noise came from heaven (such as he had never heard on earth), which he took for a sign; and printed his book, in 1624. It is written in Latin, and has never been translated into English; and it is a pity it ever should be; it is simply pagan.

Those who have read it, say it is like its author, unintelligible.

Baxter, Locke, and others, confuted his opinions. Culverwell, a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in his *Light of Nature*, classes him with writers

"who have arrived at the full perfection of error, have a powder plot against the Gospel, and could very compendiously behead all Christian religion at one blow."

Kortholt arraigns him as one "De tribus Impostoribus magnis—viz. E. Herbert, T. Hobbes, B. Spinoza." Herbert professed to believe only in Natural Religion, and yet with "a cunning incredulity in his own unbeliefs," he believed he received a personal, miraculous revelation from heaven.

In his *Memoirs*, which were written at the age of sixty, and after *De Veritate*, thoughts occasionally occur which seem to evidence a soul feeling after God and truth. As the following—

"At my age, past threescore, it will be fit to recollect my former actions, and examine what has been done well or ill; to the intent I may reform what is done amiss, and so make my peace with God."

"The proper object of hope, faith, and love, is God only, upon whom they were never placed in vain, or remained long unrequited."

"None can justly hope for union with the Supreme God, unless, by a serious repentance, he expiates and emasculates his faults, and for the rest, trusts in the mercy of God, his Creator, Redeemer, and Preserver."

"He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge, over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven."

In Paris, the Spanish Ambassador wished for an interview on Sunday. Herbert replied: "It is a day

I give wholly to devotion"—nevertheless his code of false honour allowed him, if challenged, to fight a duel on the Lord's Day.

In an epitaph written for himself he expresses an assurance that

"His immortal Soul should find above
With his Creator, Peace, Joy, Faith, and Love!"

Aubrey relates that on his death-bed he sent for Archbishop Usher, and would have received the Holy Communion, but on his answering, with some indifference, the questions proposed to him respecting his faith in that Sacrament, the prelate declined to administer. He kept a chaplain, had prayers constantly twice a day, and on Sundays heard one of Smith's sermons. He died at his house in Queen Street, St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, Aug. 20, 1648, and was buried in the chancel of the parish Church.

Richard, first-born son of Lord Herbert, even during his father's lifetime, showed himself a resolute Cavalier. In 1639, he commanded a troop of horse against the Scots, and during the war in England, led a full regiment of foot, and a squadron of cavalry, at his own charge; and, amidst all the casualties of the protracted strife, replenished his levies with brave Welshmen from his native hills, until his master's cause was hopelessly crushed, and out of 2800 soldiers, whom he had accoutred, only thirty wounded men were left.

The apostasy of the father never shook the son's fidelity; and the King, to his dying hour, appreciated

Colonel Herbert's devotion and love. In 1648, on his father's death, he succeeded to the property, and to the heavy fines and sequestrations laid upon it. Himself, his son Edward, and his uncle Henry, all refused to qualify for a Parliamentary pension, and suffered accordingly.

On June 16, 1649, the Parliament ordered Montgomery Castle to be demolished, but Lord Herbert was allowed to destroy his own castle, to employ his own workmen, and sell the wreckage for his profits. His other houses were plundered ; and his wife, Mary, daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, and her little children, were obliged to tramp from place to place on foot. He died on May 13, 1655, in London, but is buried in Montgomery Church.

Richard Herbert, second son of Richard and Magdalen, after being well educated, followed a soldier's life on the continent, continued there many years in battle and bloodshed ; was wounded in several duels ; carried the scars of twenty-four sword-cuts in his body ; died, and was buried, at Bergen-op-Zoom.

William also girt the warrior's sword upon him, joined in duels and wars in Denmark ; afterwards scenting fierce carnage in the Netherlands, went thither, and died.

Charles, the fourth son, born 1592, was admitted Scholar of Winchester College in 1603 ; Under-

graduate of New College, Oxford, in 1611; Fellow of New College, 1613; where he died in 1617, aged twenty-five, "after he had given," writes his brother Edward, "great hopes of himself every way."

GEORGE was the fifth son.

Henry, baptized in Montgomery Church, July 7, 1594, was educated in France, was knighted by James I. at Wilton in 1623, and made Master of the Revels; in 1627, obtained sole possession of the fine estate at Ribbesford, which had been granted by the Crown conjointly to himself, Edward, and George; was inflexibly attached to Charles I., but compounding in a very large amount, remained unmolested by the Parliament. He left MS. Prayers and *Meditations in Old Age*, died in 1673, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Thomas, the youngest son, born after his father's death, baptized May 15, 1597, attended Sir Edward Cecil, as page, at the age of eleven, went to sea, and when the captain of his ship was killed, took the command, and won the fight; fought at Algiers; commanded in the fleet which brought Prince Charles from Spain; but, disappointed of promotion, withdrew from private life, died in London, and was buried in St. Martin's, near Charing Cross.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter, and second child of the

Herbert family, baptized Nov. 10, 1583, was married to Sir Henry Jones, of Albemarle, had one son and two daughters, languished for fourteen years in atrophy, and, reduced to extreme maceration, died in London, and was buried in a church near Cheapside.

Margaret was married in 1606 to John Vaughan, of Llwydiarth; they had three daughters, Dorothy, Magdalen, and Katharine; the mother died in 1623: the father before her; Dorothy died in 1632. Katharine was married to Theophilus Tuer.

Frances, the youngest daughter, was married to Sir John Brown of Lincoln, who had several children by her.

Of the seven sons of Richard and Magdalen Herbert, no descendant survives in the male line. The Herberts of Cherbury exist only in female branches. The Barony of Herbert of Cherbury has often been re-created; it now rests in the Earldom of Powis, created in 1748, restored in 1804, and is at this time held by the fourth earl of that name. To him the site of Montgomery Castle belongs.

CHAPTER XVII.

ISAAC WALTON—BISHOP KEN—OLEY.

TO Isaac Walton we owe the *Life of George Herbert*. That is enough. "To me," says the Englishman, especially the English Churchman, "that is sufficient praise." He is proud that his Church and country begat such a man as George Herbert. He is thankful that Isaac Walton lived to write such a life. "God be blessed," he exclaims, "that such a divine as Herbert lived, and that such a biographer as Walton wrote."

George Herbert and Walton were born in the same year. Herbert died early in the reign of Charles I. Walton passed through all the terrible times of the Great Rebellion, lived under the Usurpation, triumphed at the Restoration, saw the Plague of London, the Fire of London, and survived till the end of the reign of Charles II. Walton was in his ninety-first year at death, Herbert in his fortieth.

Walton was born at Stafford, in 1593. He was a gentleman by birth, and was well educated; he frequently quotes Latin authors, whose works had

never been translated ; was familiar with the Fathers, and was thoroughly grounded in a pious and orthodox faith. His father died when he was two years old. He began business in the twenty-first year of his age, trading as a Hamburg linen merchant, probably wholesale, (as many gentlemen were wont,) on the Exchange. Afterwards he removed into Fleet Street, and ten years later into Chancery Lane. He moved among his own classes, in a very superior position in society, and affected much the friendship of scholars and dignified clergy, by whom, for his honourable character as a gentleman, and holy life as a Christian, he was held in great esteem.

In 1626 Walton married Rachel Flood (great niece to Archbishop Cranmer), who died in 1640, having borne seven children, none of whom passed the years of youth. He was passionately fond of angling, wrote a quaint book on the art, and might be said to be the "Father of English Anglers."

He lived in the parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and thus became intimately acquainted with the Vicar, John Donne, with whom he formed sincerest friendship ; whose powerful, pathetic sermons roused him to a devout consecration of his soul and substance to God ; and whose life he afterwards wrote in such a masterly measure, with such strength of sentiment and style, that it was then said by the best critic of the time, that he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or reputation to the writer—a testimony to Walton's consummate art in paint-

ing the man to the life, to be followed, in this day, by a much higher commendation—

“*Donne's Life* by Walton stands, and is likely to remain for ever, the masterpiece of English biography.”—NEW BIOG. DICT.

Walton became an author unconsciously and unintentionally; Sir Henry Wotton, a most intimate friend of Walton's, had meditated writing a life of Dr. Donne, who died in 1631, and had asked Walton to assist him; but Wotton dying before it was completed, Walton undertook to finish it, and published it in 1640. Walton's verses also show that he was no mean poet.

Having secured a competency by his successes in merchandise, he left his residence in London, and retired to a cottage on the Dove.

In 1646, he took for his second wife, Anne Ken, sister of Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, then a boy of nine years; Isaac was then fifty-three; Anne, thirty-six. Their children were Isaac and Anne; the mother died in 1662, when her brother, Thomas Ken, was twenty-five.

Walton's heart, in every pulsation, beating steady and true to the cause of his Church and Country, groaned under the tyrannies and miseries of Republican rule; he joined, as opportunity offered, in the services of the proscribed Liturgy, and aided and sheltered the persecuted clergy.

After the battle of Worcester, in 1651, Charles II., in his flight, entrusted his diamond *George* to Colonel Blagge (the father of Margaret Godolphin), who, in dread of being immediately captured, hid the precious

jewel under a heap of chips. Captured he was, and committed to the Tower. But the jealously-guarded secret was whispered into one faithful ear after another, until it reached Isaac Walton; he watched for a favourable hour to attempt the rescue of the treasure from its lowly resting-place; he recovered it, and held it in trusty custody, till Colonel Blagge, fortunately escaping from the Tower, received the *George* from Walton, and restored it into the King's own hand.

Thomas Ken's mother died when he was nine years old. His sister Anne was twenty-seven years older than her brother, and she was endowed with graces and powers, which qualified her to take the place of a mother to the child; and after his father's death, in 1651, his sister's house (then in London, but soon after, in their beautiful retreat in the country) would become his natural home. Here now he first comes in actual touch with his saintly brother-in-law, Isaac Walton, forty-four years his senior; and his manliness and sincerity, his simple-mindedness and matured Christianity, would powerfully affect the noble boy of fourteen. He sent him to Winchester School. Nor would the benefit be little which Ken would receive by mingling freely with Walton's personal friends—the best men, scholars, divines of the day—Usher, Sheldon, Hall, Ashmole, Hales of Eton, Morley, and many others.

And how would Walton rivet the boy's attention as he spoke, hour by hour, of Donne's mighty

sermons—of the Ferrar family, and their holy work at Gidding—most of all, when he talked to him of George Herbert, and of his short, heavenly life at Bemerton. Then would he show him the copy of *Herbert's Poems*, given him by Nicholas Ferrar himself, and bound by the Gidding maidens (one of the few undated volumes struck off in 1632 for personal friends). And as Walton had conceived so high an opinion of *The Temple*, and as it was in his heart and memory, as well as in his hands, he would repeat the verses to the boy, and encourage him to read, to learn, and to repeat them, until Thomas Ken was saturated with the spirit of George Herbert.

Walton was just then collecting materials for his *Life of Herbert*; young Ken would assist in "making copy." Just then too (1652) *The Country Parson* was published. Walton would put the book at once into Ken's hands (as already dedicated to God and the ministry), and the youth would pore over those pages of divine wisdom, and meditate on that exemplar, which he afterwards so faithfully endeavoured to reproduce in his own life.

Assuming that the early lessons of Bishop Andrewes, his sermons, and his holy friendship in later life, did stamp their distinctive impress upon Herbert's nature and principles; concede also that the influence of *Herbert's Life*, *Herbert's Poems*, and *Country Parson*, (presented and inculcated by his brother's example and encomiums), did create, direct, and actuate, the life of the future Bishop of Bath and Wells; that as

Bishop Andrewes, in his life and character, was reproduced in George Herbert, so George Herbert, in his life and character, was reproduced in Bishop Ken.

Walton would introduce his brother betimes to Bishop Morley, who made him his Chaplain, and a Prebendary of Winchester. Thus Walton may be affectionately remembered as having laid the foundation of the life of Bishop Ken.

After the death of his wife, and after his daughter was married, and his son, and Ken, ordained, Walton seems to have lived in the houses of his friends. He was resident at Farnham Castle, the palace of Bishop Morley, of Winchester, when he wrote the *Life of Herbert*; it was published, with the *Life of Hooker*, in 1670; and later in the same year came forth a volume containing the lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, with a portrait of each. Of *Herbert's Life*, Walton allows that though it was not written hastily, the reader may find in it some faults, mistakes, and double expressions; he intended to review it, but had not the opportunity. His last piece of biography, the *Life of Bishop Sanderson*, was written in 1677, when he had passed his eighty-third year. He died at Winchester, during the hard frost, on Dec. 15, 1683, aged ninety, in the house of Prebendary Hawkins, his son-in-law; and was buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Dr. Donne, by his will, (as recorded,) gave to a few valued friends a signet-ring, set in a heliotrope, with a carving of Christ crucified on an anchor; one of

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them was bequeathed to Walton. Walton left it to Ken, who wore it all his life, and with it sealed his will. This seal is at Longleat House, Wilts.

Walton's only son, Isaac, a man like his father, of meek and holy temper, was B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford; Rector of Poulshot, near Devizes; and Canon of Sarum. He never married. He left a few of his father's books to the Sarum Cathedral Library—*Josephus*, *Nowell's Catechism*, *Sibbes' Bruised Reed and Soul's Conflict*, *Cowley*, *Fletcher*, *Camden*, *Travels*, *Natural History*, &c. &c.; most of them have the father's name in autograph; in one, *The Returning Backslider*, by Dr. Sibbes, is written a distich in Walton's hand, with difficulty legible—

"Of this blest man let this just praise be given,
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven.—

IZAACK WALTON."

Bishop Ken, after his deprivation, spent some time with his nephew, in Poulshot Rectory. He was visiting there when, in the great storm of Nov. 27, 1703, a stack of chimneys fell on his chamber, but did him no hurt; while, during the same storm, one of the chimneys of the palace at Wells, which Ken had just vacated, was blown down, and killed Bishop Kidder and his wife.

BARNABAS OLEY.

This good man's name ought to be remembered in the *Life of George Herbert*.

He was a most laborious tutor of Clare Hall,

Cambridge, and knew Herbert well while at Trinity College, and became a most devoted admirer of his after-life and writings. He left some brief memorials of him.

He was Vicar of Great Gransden, Huntingdonshire, for fifty-three years ; Archdeacon of Ely, and Prebendary of Worcester.

Ejected during the Commonwealth from all his preferments, after the Restoration he restored his Church, built a school and almshouses, rebuilt his parsonage, left six godly books for his parishioners to read, six leather buckets for use in case of fire, and an acre of freehold land to enlarge the Common. He was the means of instituting a weekly Communion in Worcester Cathedral.

"I'm a told" (says a letter of Feb. 22, 1685), "that this day your friend, Mr. Barnabas Oley, is to be buried. His parishioners are already sensible of their loss of that reverend and eminently worthy good man."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHAINED LIBRARY.

THE first edition of Walton's *Life of George Herbert* contains, on the last page, the following paragraph—

“ . . . by them (the late rebels) was also burnt or destroyed a choice library which Mr. Herbert had fastned with chains in a fit room in Montgomery Castle, being by him dedicated to the succeeding Herberts that should become the owners of it.”

This passage was withdrawn from the later editions, probably because Walton had received some intimation that the Library was not destroyed.

Many years ago some old books were seen in a cupboard in the parish school-room of Cherbury, Salop, all mutilated in their covers, but here and there was a volume which retained a little brass eyelet, as though it had been chained ; but not a single chain remained.

Years after, a heap of iron chains, in small links, was discovered hidden in the roof of the house. The chains were re-attached to the books, which were removed to the Vicarage, and placed in a cabinet.

Most of the books bear the name of Edward Lewis. Twelve or fourteen have the Herberts' names written in them, most frequently that of Henry Herbert.

Edward Lewis was Vicar of Cherbury from 1629 to 1677. He was a pronounced Puritan, and therefore exposed to the persecution of the Cavaliers, who once dragged him out of his pulpit, and threw him into prison.

Cherbury is only four miles from Montgomery. When the Parliament decreed, in 1649, that the Castle should be dismantled, and the carcase was granted to Richard, second Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Edward Lewis, a godly man and a scholar, and knowing the value of books, seeing that the Library in the Castle was in danger, seems to have come forward, and pleaded to Lord Herbert for its preservation. Lord Herbert would be too glad for the Library to find a friendly home, and would readily accede to Lewis's proposal that the books should be removed to Cherbury, and put into his charge.

The volumes in the present library are chiefly on Puritan and controversial divinity, and must have been added by Lewis. Others are before his time. One of the most valuable is a folio of *Chaucer*, 1598, with the autograph *Ed. Herbert*, probably the first Baron; another is a folio of Jewel's "*Defence*," 1570, bearing the scarcely legible name of *George Herbert*. Usher's *Annals* is dated *Henry Herbert*, 1657, *April ye 28*, and again "*Ex. libris Hen. Herbert.*" Those

books which formed the Library collected by George Herbert would be some of these yet remaining—

Ainsworth's Annotations	Calvin's Institutes
Andrewes' Sermons	Chrysostom
Aresius's Problems	Davenant on Colossians
Arminius's Works	Erasmus
Augustine's Works	Jewel's Works
Beza's Works	Septuagint, &c. &c.

In one of the old volumes these lines are written—

Misterious God thy thorough pearcinge eye
 Views our black deeds lockd in nightes treasure.
 The air is thy Register where we¹
 With our owne breath pen our owne historie.
 Our thoughts are characters to thee more cleare
 Then to man's opticke mountaines can appeare :
 Who then can scape when our deeds night displais,
 Our words our breath, our thoughts our hart betraies.
 Lord, none, except thy grace inspire us soe
 Our deeds, vows, thoughts onlie from thee may flowe.

BEATRIX HERBERT.

Seek God therefore.

¹ *Sic*.—a syllable missing.

CHAPTER XIX.

PASSIO DISCERPTA—LUCUS.

THE Rev. T. Jones, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, having been ejected from his living in Glamorganshire by the Act of Uniformity, founded a Nonconformist College in South Wales; and, during the last century, many men were educated in this College (then located at Carmarthen), who afterwards took Orders, and became beneficed clergy in the Church of England. One of these, the Rev. John Jones, Vicar of Sheephill, Herts, showed his gratitude to the place of his education by many bequests; and in 1729, he bequeathed to the trustees of Dr. Williams's Library, which was in connection with the College, a great number of MSS., pamphlets, and printed books.

Dr. Daniel Williams, a learned and wealthy Presbyterian minister (born 1644—died 1716), left his large library for the benefit, in the first instance, of the Nonconforming communities; secondly, for the use of the public.

Additional contributions were made, through succeeding years, of rare books and manuscripts, classical, ecclesiastical, theological, historical, biographical, &c., till the collection assumed the character of a large and important library. Amongst the books bequeathed by John Jones, of Sheephill, is a manuscript volume of Herbert's poems.

It is a book of unspeakable interest. It is a small duodecimo, bound in brown calf, with a line of gold round the border, and a double line of tooling, probably the work of the Gidding sisters. It has no title, but John Jones has labelled it, "MSS. of Mr. Geo. Herbert." On the first blank page is the following note—

"Don Ini Jones Cler. a Museo V. Cl. D. H. M. Venantodun, qui ob. 1730."

"A gift to John Jones, clerk, from the library of that learned man Dr. Henry Mapletoft, Huntingdon, who died, 1730.

On the next blank leaf is written, in pencil, in an old man's large script—

"This book came originally from the family of Little Gidding, and was probably bound there. Q whether this be not the manuscript copy that was sent by Mr. Herbert a little before his death to Mr. Nic. Ferrar."

It is not the book of which, on his deathbed, Herbert said to Duncon, "I pray you deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar"—for it does not contain half of the Poems in *The Temple*; and it contains Poems which are not in *The Temple*.

The history of this precious little volume may be— That it was an early copy of Herbert's verses, English and Latin, and was perhaps intended for publication; till it was superseded by the collection of twice as many poems, wholly English, contained in the manuscript sent to Ferrar. The smaller book was, perhaps, found by the widow amongst Herbert's papers, and by her sent to Ferrar, who had it bound, and preserved at Gidding. It was saved (as so small a book might easily be) from the sacking of Gidding Hall, passed into the possession of some of the family of the Mapletons, by one of whom it was given to John Jones. It must be remembered that Joshua Mapleton married Susanna Collett, Ferrar's niece; they had sons, John, Samuel, and Peter; John was Ferrar's godson, born 1631; in his old age, in 1715, he is known to have had many Gidding books in his possession.

The MS. in the Williams' Library contains two sets of poems: the first, in English; the second, part in Latin. All the English poems are written in fair, secretary hand of the time of Charles I., sparsely corrected and annotated by Herbert himself, by whom the leaves are foliated, except the first three. All the Latin poems are in Herbert's autograph, and by him foliated to the 129th leaf, except three at the beginning; there are only one or two corrections in them.

In *The Temple* are 160 poems; the English

poems in the Williams volume are eighty in number. Amongst these last are six new poems; all the others are included in *The Temple*, as published by Ferrar. But the variations between the two copies are very many, and very suggestive, and important; often extremely beautiful, throwing a fresh and fuller sense on passages sufficiently clear, and lighting up expressions of subtle thought and obscurity.

The study of these various readings is intensely interesting, and Herbert's *Temple* cannot be well understood, or worthily appreciated, unless it is read with his own variations, emendations, and additions, as rendered in the Williams manuscript.¹

The Latin Poems in the Williams manuscript, all written by Herbert's hand, are divided into two parts—I. PASSIO DISCERPTA; II. LUCUS.¹

¹ The volume of Herbert's Poems in the Williams Library was discovered by Dr. Alexander B. Grosart, who in his edition of *Herbert's Poetical Works* has compared the hitherto-accepted text with the variations in the Williams manuscript, and has produced a book which puts the Church under infinite obligation, and of which it is impossible to speak in terms of adequate praise.

His appreciation of the subject and genuine love of the work, his patient labour and critical discrimination, his masterly erudition and range of reading, demand unbounded admiration. No other edition of Herbert's Poems will ever be needed. It deserves to be printed in letters of gold.

But this just eulogium attaches only to the text and notes of the Poems; Dr. Grosart's review of Herbert's life, and estimate of his character, are exposed to severe arraignment.

PASSIO DISCERPTA may mean "Meditations on the several subjects of the Passion." It is wholly devoted to divine contemplations. The subjects are—

THE DYING LORD	THE PENITENT THIEF
" BLOODY SWEAT	CHRIST ASCENDING THE
" (THE SAME)	CROSS
" PIERCED SIDE	CHRIST ON THE CROSS
" SPITTING AND RE-	THE NAILS
VILINGS	" BOWED HEAD
" CROWN OF THORNS	" DARKENED SUN
" REED AND MOCKERY	" OPENED TOMBS
" BLOWS	" EARTHQUAKE
" SCOURGING	" RENT VEIL
" PARTED RAIMENT	" RENT ROCKS
THE SYMPATHY OF EARTH WITH CHRIST.	

These are some of the devout thoughts contained in them—

"O Christ, as the spear opened a passage to Thy Heart, I pray that Thou wouldest ever keep open a way to my heart."

"O Christ, Crown and Hope of a world scourged with crime, when my sins cry for vengeance, and the rod is ready to fall; in remembrance of Thy scourging, smite me gently, and sometimes let the *shadow* only of Thy rod fall on me."

"When Thou, O Christ, wert nailed to the tree, Thou didst bequeath Thy garments to Thine enemies—what is Thy bequest to Thy friends?—*THYSELF*."

"Zacchæus climbed the fig-tree that he might see Thee passing by. Now Thou dost climb the Cross

that we may look up to Thee by faith, and be healed."

"Here to Thy Cross I cling with panting joy; and while from its drenched timbers the drops distil which heal a dying world, let some drops fall on me, and cleanse my soul. But—O Lord! let this stream always flow, that Thy perpetual presence may prevent the return of sin."

"The nails fasten Thee to the Cross—but the nails and the Cross fasten Thee to my soul."

"Whilst Thou, my Life, art lying dead, sleeping saints awake to life. One Man is bound; a multitude of souls is set free. Thou livest in them. Death is alive. The Cross has opened many tombs."

"The torn veil reveals the hidden Godhead. All nations—not only one city—all the earth, all hearts are the Lord's. Mysterious ceremonies are abolished. The new world rejoices in heavenly nuptials. God is everywhere—the Lamb—the Altar—the Priest."

"When Christ died, the rocks were shattered. Sin breaks everything but man's heart. Yet a broken heart is a treasure, dear to God."

LUCUS.

The LUCUS is "A Collection of Poems on Various Subjects," sacred, moral, and secular, thirty-five in number.

The sacred pieces are—'Man, an Image of God'; 'Fatherland'; 'St. Stephen'; 'Simon Magus'; 'Scripture'; 'Washing the Disciples' Feet'; 'St. Luke'; 'The Tribute Money'; 'Christ Asleep in the Temple'; 'The Shadow of St. Peter'; 'Martha and Mary'; 'Affliction'; 'Angels'; 'A Reasonable Sacrifice'; 'St. Thomas'; 'A Christian's Triumph over Death'; 'St. John'; 'To the Lord'—and these inculcate many wise and holy lessons.

"Man is an image of God, but in stone. Thou, who canst make marble weep, suffer not my heart to be harder than stone."

"As flames ascend towards heaven, so my prayers and aspirations, urging my soul continually, will lift it to God, if I faint not."

"We draw fire out of flints. Stephen drew heaven out of stones."

"Will you buy Christ with money? The Lamb was once sold for us. He bought us with His Precious Blood. Will you buy heaven? Calculate the price of one star. The only coin dear to Christ is a soul in which the image of God brightly shines."

"What spirit is this that dwells within me, and

stirs my soul with deepest emotion? Is it that as I was sitting at my garden-door a falling star shot into my breast; or as I was eating honey, I swallowed the queen bee? No—I am not scorched by star, or stung by bee. But it is thou, O blessed Book, which hast pierced my heart, has penetrated its innermost recesses, and dragged from their dark labyrinths my lurking sins. What wisdom, and power, and grace are thine!”

“O Lord, Thou didst once walk on the sea. The waves of trouble are now dashing over my head. If I may not walk *upon* the waters, suffer me to come to Thee *through* the waters.”

“What dost thou say, Death?—Thou boastest exultingly of thy invincible power, and of thy unsparing murders. How shall I meet thee in the dread encounter? I have no bow, no sword, no spear, no shield, no weapon of war for this battle. Ah! but I have the LAMB, and the CROSS.”

“Why is it that in England we have so few wars, while other lands are deluged with blood? She is in the midst of the seas, yet she is not overwhelmed by the waves; the sea is the cause of shipwreck, but our watery wall is our defence.”

“The secret of England’s happiness and greatness is her Religion—Thou, Lord, walkest upon our waters.”

“O Christ, my glory, my sweetness surpassing all earthly joys! Crown of my heart, the battle and

peace of my soul! O let me see Thee! O how often have I cried, 'Let me see Thee!' I am dying of prayer. O my Life, let me see Thee—Thee, who givest sight to the blind. It is sight only to see Thee. O save me from sinning by showing me Thyself!"

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

CHAPTER XX.

RECTORS OF FOULSTONE-CUM-BEMERTON.

A.D.	ECCLESIA.	EPISCOPUS.	PATRONUS.	CLERICUS.
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